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PIONEER COLLECTIONS.

REPORT

OF THE

PIONEER SOCIETY

OF THE

STATE OF MICHIGAN;

TOGETHER WITH

Reports of County, Town, and District Pioneer Societies.

VOL. 2.

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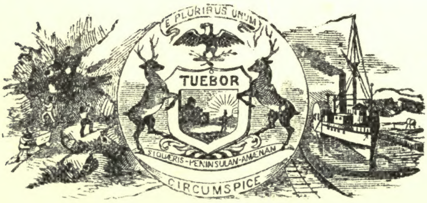

DETROIT:
WM. GRAHAM'S PRESSES, 52 BATES STREET.
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WM. GRAHAM, PRINTER,
DETROIT, MICH.

PREFATORY NOTE.

VOL 2.

In this volume the record of the work of the State Pioneer Society is continued; it contains the proceedings of the Society for the years 1877 and 1878, including papers that were read at its annual meetings held at Lansing in February, 1877 and 1878; also such of the early history of counties, cities, towns and districts, and notices of county pioneer societies and their proceedings as the Committee of Historians have been able to collect.

It is the desire of the committee to obtain all of the early history of each and every county in the State, and the proceedings of county pioneer societies. This information is to be gathered from the first settlers themselves in the new counties, and from old letters, papers and documents that have been carefully kept; and the recollections of the early settlers in both the old and the new counties; and the reports of county pioneer societies.

It is the intention of the State Society to publish a volume of "Pioneer Collections" as often as a sufficient amount of suitable material is collected, and the funds of the Society will permit, thus preserving, in a permanent form, as much of the early history of the State and its pioneers as possible, and containing the history from the past, through the present and into the future. For this purpose we ask all who have in their possession old letters, papers, pamphlets, etc., bearing upon the early history of the State, or any part of it, to send them to the recording secretary of the State Pioneer Society at Lansing.

J. C. HOLMES,
M. H. GOODRICH,
O. C. COMSTOCK,
H. G. WELLS,
HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Committee of Historians.

JUNE 18, 1879

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OFFICERS

OF THE

PIONEER SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN,

ELECTED FEBRUARY 7, 1877.

PRESIDENT.

HON. WITTER J. BAXTER, ... JONESVILLE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

J. FISK,	Allegan.	D. DARWIN HUGHES,	Kent.
H. A. GOODYEAR,	Barry.	F. A. DEWEY,	Lenawee.
ALBERT MILLER,	Bay.	RALPH FOWLER,	Livingston.
D. A. WINSLOW,	Berrien.	PETER WHITE,	Marquette.
H. WARNER,	Branch.	GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,	Monroe.
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MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,	Jackson.	E. D. LAY,	Washtenaw.
H. G. WELLS,	Kalamazoo.	EDWIN JEROME,	Wayne.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY, ... LANSING.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

EPHRAIM LONGYEAR, ... LANSING.

TREASURER.

ORLANDO M. BARNES, ... LANSING.

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HON. WITTER J. BAXTER, *ex-officio Chairman.*

ALBERT MILLER,	BAY CITY.
BELA HUBBARD,	DETROIT.
F. A. DEWEY,	CAMBRIDGE.

COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS.

J. C. HOLMES, *Chairman*,	DETROIT.
M. H. GOODRICH,	ANN ARBOR.
O. C. COMSTOCK,	MARSHALL.
H. G. WELLS,	KALAMAZOO.
HARRIET A. TENNEY,	LANSING.

PROCEEDINGS.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT,

HON. JONATHAN SHEARER.

FEBRUARY, 7th. 1877.

PIONEERS OF MICHIGAN,

Fathers and Mothers:

Through Divine mercy you are permitted to meet again in council on this joyful occasion, and pass the friendly greetings such as pioneers admire, and mingle, in review, the past with the present recollections. In changing a wilderness into fruitful fields of plenty, you left your native land and friends so near, to fill that noble mission of pioneers, to brave the hardships incident to a new country. All states and nations have had their pioneers to march in front and open the way for emigration—a worthy and noble undertaking.

Pioneers, you can well remember, in the days of youth, the anxious thoughts of finding broad fields for labor; to fill your boundless desires and become independent landholders; and when on those frail barks, sailing over tempestuous seas, undauntedly, you were willing to cling to the last plank when the storm and the night set in around you.

But, O! how pleased and blessed were you to behold, while traveling on Indian trails over the vast territory of Michigan, the most beautiful panorama spread out on every side, of crystal lakes, beautiful rivers, noble forests of timber, undulating lands, broad plains, beautiful prairies and sunny hillsides, with shady groves, where the Muses play their gambols and delight to haunt—most wonderful and delightful territory. This glowing picture cannot nor could be appreciated by those who never traveled through the territory, between forty and fifty years ago, where nature had been so lavish in her most beautiful scenery. On the other hand, our friends in the East had read of disasters on the lakes; of the warlike Indians, with tomahawk and scalping knife in hand; of the Black Hawk and Toledo wars; of the vast swamps and monstrous serpents; of sickness and starvation; and they were weighed down with the deepest solicitude for the condition of the brave pioneers.

But now all how changed! Now, it is understood by survey that Michigan has an area of 56,000 square miles—which is larger than the Empire State of New York and Massachusetts both together—more soil of natural fertility than both of them, and vast forests of valuable timber; her lakes and rivers are supplied with fish, and her mines and minerals are inexhaustible. With a population of industrious and enterprising people, her climate salubrious and healthy, and her winters made mild by her surrounding waters, the production of grass, grain and fruit not being excelled by any of her sister States; a generous and most cordial invitation is given to our anxious eastern friends to come and see and judge for themselves.

The dignity of labor is in all laudable undertakings. The labor of the pioneer in felling the forest and breaking up new land must be done by physical power, to prepare the way for labor-saving machinery. Brave pioneers, as you all more or less have been practical surveyors and mathematicians, you may, at your leisure, work out some problems to approximate at something near the amount of labor expended in preparing the fields for the successful use of labor-saving machinery—the cost of buildings, the number of miles of fence, the amount of crops grown and animals reared—and then extend it over the towns, counties and State, including in the calculation the building of thirty-three opulent cities and numerous villages and towns, all of which have received, more or less, the sustaining care of the pioneer. It is supposed by some that about one-half the population live in cities and villages. If so, it makes a market for some of the surplus products at home. It is understood that forty samples of wheat were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition from forty counties in Michigan. This is a wide range of wheat-growing in one State. And the fruit excelled all for beauty and goodness.

The Indian's wigwam and hunter's cabin have been replaced by beautiful dwellings and costly mansions, combining all the orders of architecture. Your edifices for divine worship and schools of learning, your highways, railways and steam navigation are in successful operation.

Fathers, you have laid large and deep foundation of a great commonwealth in the beginning, in this beautiful peninsula. Philosophy now comes down from her high places, and takes labor by the hand, that they may walk together among the works of God, and with an enlightened zeal investigate the curiosity of nature's laws. Art and Science volunteer their aid to mental power to save physical strength in the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural fields of labor. What are these new forces of steam and electricity? Have they not already propelled the nineteenth century a thousand years ahead, and leveled fictitious distinctions? The poor man of to-day can ride in a car, drawn by such forces as never waited on king or drove the wheels of triumphal chariots. Does he not yoke the lightning and touch the magnetic nerves of the world? It is the popular heart that throbs in its iron pulses; and the electric telegraph writes upon the walls of despotism, *Mene mene tekel upharsin.*

Our country first, our glory and our pride;
Land of our hopes—land where our fathers died;
When in the right, we'll keep thy honor bright;
When in the wrong, we'll die to set it right.

The business of your Society entrusted to the Historian and Recording Secretary has been arduous, and faithfully performed, in collecting and compiling the early and present history of the State, in compliance with the requirements of Act No. 209, Session Laws of 1875, being an act to provide an appropriation, for the benefit of the State Pioneer Society of Michigan, for the years 1875 and 1876, of $500 for each year; and as the Society had no use for the full appropriation made for the year 1875, only $250 was drawn for that year; the remainder, $250, went into the contingent fund of the State, and was a loss to the Society.

At the business meeting of the Society in February, 1876, five historians were appointed to prepare and publish pioneer collections, which will be seen in the report of that department.

The financial condition of the Society was submitted to the Auditor-General in September, 1876, and to the Governor of the State on the 15th of November, 1876, according to the requirements of the general laws of the State, as will be seen in the reports of the Recording Secretary and Treasurer of the State Pioneer Society.

The great importance of collecting the early and present history of Michigan cannot be held in too high esteem, and the highest commendation may be awarded to the Legislature of the State for their enlightened aid in this important undertaking. The immortal Sallust says, "that by virtuous action every person should strive to perpetuate his existence, and make the world better by living in it." The mere trifling appropriation of $500 for collecting and printing the early and present history of Michigan will be considered by our sister States, and by the generations to follow you, money well invested, as the tax per capita is a mere nothing compared with the beneficial results to follow.

Fathers, your useful lives have been spared to behold the centennial year of your national existence, and when you look back upon the history of your own time, you are struck with wonder and surprise at the vast development made in scientific improvement. Wonderful period in the world's history! The Centennial Exhibition has brought together representatives from the four quarters of the globe, with their industrial arts and inventions, not so important in the wonderful display as in the moral influence of kindred fellowship shed abroad among the nations of the earth, showing the onward progress of the age, which may form a step toward that grand millennium when might will be swallowed up in right, and nations learn war no more.

Fellow pioneers, your labors in laying the foundation of a great State are illustrious, and yet you have another duty to perform in gathering up your history to hand down to posterity, and when this is done your pioneer labors will be brought to a close on this earthly ball. As this life is a preparatory mode of existence to fit you for a journey far more important, when the soul leaves this earthly tabernacle it may range through the vast fields of space, continually viewing the unfolding, sublime beauties of the great Jehovah's kingdom.

Pioneers, the time has arrived for me to retire from the office, so unexpectedly received from your Society, of presiding over your deliberations. This mark of your kindness will be held in lively remembrance to the latest recollection.

To obtain the early and present history of Michigan, and transmit it to future generations, has been the object of your organization, and in my retirement I shall ever hope for the successful prosperity of this noble undertaking and worthy cause.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

LANSING, Feb'y 7, 1877.

Pursuant to the provisions of Art. 7 of the constitution of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, I have the honor to transmit, in writing, my third annual report, as follows:

The second annual meeting of the society was held on Wednesday, Feby. 2, 1876, in Representative Hall, Lansing, the president, Dr. O. C. Comstock, in the chair. [For proceedings of this meeting and list of officers elected, and committees appointed, see pages 56-58 Pioneer Collections, Vol 1.]

SOCIAL REUNION.

The social reunion of the society was held in the Opera House, in the city of Ann Arbor, on June 7, 1876, on the invitation of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society. At 11 o'clock fully three hundred were present. The meeting was presided over by the president of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society, Gen. Edward Clark, of Ann Arbor. [For a full account of this meeting, see page 76, Pioneer Collections, Vol. 1.]

This meeting was a very pleasant and enjoyable one, and our society is under many obligations to the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society, and the people of Ann Arbor, for their kind attentions and profuse hospitality shown on this occasion.

These social reunions have become a marked feature of our society, and should be generally encouraged.

COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETIES.

It is a source of regret, that the County Pioneer Societies do not send to the office of this society, their official reports, properly made out, and copies, at least, of the most interesting and valuable papers read at their respective meetings.

Only one official report has been received—that of the Sanilac County Pioneer Society, organized at Marlette, on the 22d day of February, 1876, with the following list of officers:

President, - - - - - William Walker.
Vice-President, - - - - John Wilson.
Secretary, - - - - - Allegne H. Wiggins.
Treasurer, - - - - - James Walker.
Historian, - - - - - Allegne H. Wiggins.

This society seems to be organized with a determination to do good work, and we expect to receive from it interesting reports.

DONATIONS.

The following is a list of the donations received during the year, and placed among the archives of the society:

- E. S. Ingalls, Menominee:
  - Centennial history of Menominee county, Menominee, 1876, two copies.
- B. O. Williams, Owosso:
  - Copy of the "Owosso Weekly Press," dated Feby. 2, 1876, containing a pioneer paper, prepared to be read at the State pioneer meeting, at Lansing, Feby. 2, 1876.
- Damon A. Winslow, St. Joseph:
  - Manuscript history of Berrien county, read Feby. 2, 1876.
- Col. Charles Dickey, Marshall:
  - Paper relating to the early history of Calhoun county, read Feby. 2, 1876, manuscript.
- Rev. C. A. Lamb, Ypsilanti:
  - Reminiscences of the past fifty years, manuscript written in 1874.
  - Address on the fast day proclamation, by President Lincoln, Aug. 1861, manuscript.
  - Some incidents in pioneer life, manuscript.
  - Pioneer life in 1824, first trip to Michigan, manuscript.
  - Copy of the "Poughkeepsie Journal and Constitutional Republican," dated Oct. 9, 1804.
  - Photograph of himself—age nearly 80.
- M. H. Goodrich, Ann Arbor:
  - Copy of the Gazetteer of Michigan, 1838.
- H. P. Cherry, Lansing:
  - Copy of the semi-weekly "Hastings Republican Banner," dated Feby. 1, 1877, containing an essay on pioneer life, by Mrs. Amos Wakefield.
- Dr. O. C. Comstock, Marshall:
  - Address as President of the State society, read Feby. 2, 1876, manuscript.
  - Manuscript history of Calhoun county by townships.
- O. M. Barnes, Lansing:
  - Diary of Silas Beebe, with notes, by his son, H. H. Beebe, being a trip from Utica, N. Y. to Ingham county, Mich, in 1838, manuscript.

WM. BESLEY, St. Johns:

A manuscript copy of a bear story, or incident that occurred 28 years ago; also, a picture of his friend, H. A. Smith, who had the fight with the bear.

Copy of a book of patents, Vol. 5, page 72, of the State of New York, dated 1663.

LEMUEL H. FELCHER, Saginaw City:

Photograph of himself—age 65.

WILLIAM CROSS, Centreville:

A patent, in frame, granted to him from Andrew Jackson, in 1831, covering a portion of the lands on which the city of Coldwater now stands, which he entered in Oct. 1830.

MRS.———PRATT, Lansing:

A $5.00 bill on "The Farmers' Bank of Sandstone," dated Jany. 8, 1838, No. 2077.

A $2.00 bill on the "Wayne County Bank" at Plymouth, dated Dec. 13, 1837.

F. M. HOLLOWAY, Hillsdale:

Manuscript copy of the history of Hillsdale county, from its first settlement to and including the year 1876.

Newspaper cuttings, containing the proceedings of the Hillsdale county Pioneer Society, from its organization in 1872 to 1876.

JOSEPHUS WOODHULL, Woodhull:

Early history of the township of Woodhull, manuscript.

J. C. HOLMES, Detroit:

Collection of 30 papers relating to the early history of Wayne county, received by him for publication in Vol. I. of "Pioneer Collections."

S. M. WOOD:

Sketch of life and death of O. Balch, one of the pioneers of Calhoun county.

EDWIN JEROME, Detroit:

A bear story, or incident that occurred in Cayuga county, N. Y. many years ago, manuscript.

SAMUEL ZUG, Detroit:

Newspaper cuttings, from the "Detroit Tribune," 1873, being articles on our State motto.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Washington, D. C.

Senate Journal 1st, less 44th Congress, 1875–6.

House Journal 1st, less 44th Congress, 1875–6.

J. Q. A. SESSIONS, Ann Arbor:

History of the early settlement of Ann Arbor, manuscript.

History of the early settlement of Ypsilanti, manuscript,

H. H. HOLT, Muskegon:

Centennial history of Muskegon county, manuscript.

J. D. WILLIAMS, Ann Arbor:

Early settlement of Freedom, by Jacob Preston, newspaper.

Early settlement of Ann Arbor, by J. Q. A. Sessions, newspaper.

A part of the history of the town of Webster, by J. D. Williams, newspaper.

H. A. GOODYEAR, Hastings:
Historical sketch of Barry county, manuscript.
SECRETARY OF EATON COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY:
Organization of the Eaton County Pioneer Society, manuscript.

MEMBERSHIP.

Since my last annual report, seventy-three persons have joined the society, making now a total membership of three hundred and ten.

Only 31 of the 76 counties are represented on the membership book of our society.

Kalamazoo remains the banner county, having a membership of sixty-four; Washtenaw has thirty-nine, Ingham thirty-seven, Calhoun thirty, Wayne twenty-five, the other counties represented having from one to eleven members each.

OBITUARY.

Your Secretary has not received notice of the death of any member of the society during the year.

Dr. O. C. Comstock, historian of the Calhoun County Pioneer Society, has sent us an obituary notice of Thomas Chisholm, a pioneer of Calhoun county, who died at his residence in Marengo, Jany. 1, 1877. Mr. Chisholm attended our annual meeting one year ago, in this city, and intended to join our society at that time, but for some reason failed to do so.

CONCLUSION.

In writing to your Secretary, on other matters, Benson J. Lossing, the noted American historian, under date of Dec. 22, 1876, incidentally remarks, alluding to our society, "The Pioneer Society are performing a noble task, in gathering accurate and voluminous information concerning the histories of townships, etc., for the use of the future historians of your state. This information, classified and arranged in alphabetical order, with a good index that may be constantly expanded, will give immense facilities to writers on the history of the Peninsula."

Your Secretary is quite certain that these sentiments of Mr. Lossing will meet with a ready and hearty endorsement at the hands of every pioneer in Michigan.

Our society continues to make commendable progress, as the members will learn from the report of the historians, and by examining the work accomplished by them during the past year. It looks for future triumphs in the near future.

It is a potent agent designed to rescue from oblivion the history of the hardships, toils, trials and successes of those noble men and women who came here, labored early and late in the wilderness to lay the foundations of a State, that in enterprise, education, intelligence, humanitarianism, and all of the elements of material wealth and greatness, to-day ranks as a peer with any of the states of the great American Union.

HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Recording Secretary.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS

OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING FEBRUARY 7, 1877.

The Legislature, at its session in 1875, passed the following Act, viz:

SECTION 1. The People of the State of Michigan enact, That there is hereby appropriated from the general fund, until the Legislature shall by law otherwise direct, to the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, the sum of five hundred dollars for each of the years eighteen hundred and seventy-five and eighteen hundred and seventy-six, to be expended by said Society in collecting, embodying, arranging, and preserving in authentic form, a library of books, pamphlets, maps, charts, manuscripts, papers, paintings, printing, statuary, and other materials illustrative of the history of Michigan, to rescue from oblivion the memory of its early pioneers, to obtain and preserve narratives of their exploits, perils and hardy adventures; to secure facts and statements relative to the history, genius, progress, or decay of our Indian tribes; to exhibit faithfully the antiquities, and the past and present resources of Michigan, and in paying other incidental expenses of the Society; but no part of such appropriation shall ever be paid for services rendered by its officers to the Society.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee of the said Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan to keep an accurate account of the manner of expenditure of the said sum of money hereby appropriated, and transmit the same with the vouchers therefor to the Governor of this State biennially, to be by him laid before the Legislature.

Approved May 3d, 1875.

In order to carry out as fully as possible the intentions and requirements of this Act, and the objects of the Association, the Pioneer Society, at its annual meeting in February, 1876, appointed a committee of five to be called a Committee of Historians, whose duty it should be to collect and put into authentic and permanent form, with the proceedings of the State Society, papers relating to the early history of each county in the State and the early settlers thereof.

In pursuance of this object your Committee held a meeting in the State Library at Lansing on the 28th day of February, 1876, and decided upon the following plan, viz: To publish in book form the proceedings of the State Pioneer Society from its beginning to the present time, including the pioneer papers that have been read before the Society. Then to give the name of every county in the State, with the date of being laid off and organized; the changed name, if any, and when changed; the English of all Indian names of counties; the boundaries; the number and names of the townships in each, and such reliable information as we could collect with regard to the early settlement and settlers of the counties.

This plan being adopted, a circular letter was issued, (see page 82, vol. I., Pioneer Collections.) asking the co-operation of all who could in any way further the object in view, and mailed to every Pioneer Society in the State of which your Committee had any knowledge. A few of them responded to the call.

A general circular (see page 83, vol. I., Pioneer Collections.) was also issued, asking for detailed information in regard to the history of the towns and counties of the State, and mailed to several persons in each county.

In answer to this circular several promises of full reports were received, but the receipts of Pioneer Collections from counties fell short of the promises. Some of the excuses for non-compliance were that the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia and the political movements in general absorbed all the time that would otherwise have been given to the preparation of answers.

Notwithstanding the many disappointments your Committee met with in the progress of their work, they have succeeded in preparing for the press a sufficient amount of interesfing and valuble matter to make a book of about six hundred pages. They were desirous of placing the manuscript in the hands of the printer by the first of September, so as to be certain of having the book ready for distribution at this annual meeting, but the delay in receiving reports and papers from the counties prevented them from completing the work until late in November.

Early in December a contract was made with W. S. George & Co. to print fifteen hundred copies of Vol. I. of the "Pioneer Collections" for eighteen hundred and seventy-five dollars. It was the opinion of the Committee that a larger edition should be printed, but as the Society had only about two hundred dollars in its treasury, which together with the appropriation from the State of five hundred dollars for the year 1876, making seven hundred dollars in all, must be paid out immediately for the purchase of paper and paying the printer as the work progressed, they were unwilling to contract for a larger edition.

For funds to meet the payment of the remainder that will be due the printer on the contract, your Committee rely on membership fees, sale of the book, and an appropriation by the Legislature. The appropriation from the State for the year 1875 was, as above stated, five hundred dollars. The Act making this appropriation was passed about two months subsequent to the annual meeting of the Society for that year, and it did not hold another business meeting until the annual meeting in February, 1876. It was at this meeting that the Committee of Historians were appointed. At this time only two hundred and fifty dollars of the appropriation for 1875 had been drawn from the State treasury and the remainder, $250.00, had already been lost to the Society, for the State Treasurer, as by law he was required to do, had charged it over to the general fund, consequently the Society received $250.00 less of the appropriation than the Legislature intended it should have.

The printing of the book is now progressing. By the terms of the contract one-half of the sum agreed upon is to be paid during the progress of the work, and the balance on delivery of the volume complete.

It now remains for the Society to furnish the money to meet the payments as they become due, also to state by resolution or otherwise, in what manner the books shall be disposed of.

The actual cost per copy will be about $1.25.

Should the Society decide to publish annual or biennial reports of Pioneer Collections it will be necessary to make arrangements at this meeting for collecting material and publishing Volume II.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. C. HOLMES,
M. H. GOODRICH,
O. C. COMSTOCK,
H. G WELLS,
HARRIET A. TENNEY, *Sec'y.*
COMMITTEE.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 7, 1877.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand at date of last report, Feb. 2, 1876	$365 20
Received for memberships during the year	113 00
Received for interest on bank account	6 05
Received from State Treasurer, appropriation for the year 1876	500 00
Amount of receipts	$984 25

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for postage, telegraphing and stationery	$ 32 50
Paid for printing and printing paper	511 30
Paid for expenses of Historian	42 35
Paid Mrs. Howard for copying for historians	65 00
Amount disbursed	$651 15
Balance on hand	$333 10

Respectfully,
O. M. BARNES, *Treasurer.*

THE JEROME FAMILY.

A PAPER READ BY EDWIN JEROME, OF DETROIT, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1877.

Mr. President and Members of the State Pioneer Society:

When I met with you here last winter, pain and anguish of body, wasting form and tottering limb, strongly admonished me that my time-whitened locks would never again be numbered with the silvery headed pioneers of our State. The fundamental and primary object of this society is to perpetuate the incidents, facts and recollections of individuals that make up the history of our country. As your relator will probably (unless divinely blessed) never meet you again at these happy annuals, embraces this opportunity to make a brief family memorial, and also to dot down a few of the small anecdotes and incidents unwritten in the history of Michigan, or the life of Lewis Cass.

My father, Horace Jerome, was born in old Stockbridge, Massachusetts; the pilgrim State that set the cradle of American liberty in motion, and was still rocking it at the time, Dec. 24th, 1780. Springing from a numerous family stock that eventually dotted the States of Connecticut and New York with their progeny, affording *peers* for able statesmen and jurists, the sportsmen of park races, the skillful clock maker, the beneficent fish breeder, down to the simpleton—so inter-married with the somewhat historic families of Hopkins, Reed, Storey, Geddes, Filmore and others, that I never met but one man that could sit and recount by the day and trace our genealogy with unerring certainty so as to assure me who my 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th cousins were. This was John Filmore, elder brother of the President; nor can I now remember how the Jeromes and Filmores inter-married, so that he and I were 2d cousins, or how the Storeys and Filmores inter-married, so that he and my first wife were 2d cousins; yet, he had no difficulty in making it plain.

At the age of ten years father moved with the family to Fabius, Onondaga county, New York, there married into the Reed family, and moved to what was then familiarly called the Genesees, or Holland Purchase, locating upon the present road leading from Batavia to LeRoy, about midway. Through the agency of the same benevolent being, *Santa Claus,* that brought grandmother, just twenty-five years before, a present, presented me to mother on Christmas eve, 1805. My mother's sister, aunt Joanna, has since related to me an incident of this Christmas eve, although present, I cannot recall to memory; she rode on horseback (guided principally by foot paths) sixteen miles to a ball, meeting there the neighboring young people, of fifty miles square. The now model agricultural township where Batavia stands was supposed to be an impenetrable swamp, and said to be so reported by the original surveyor. Here, in this malarious, miasmatic, fever and ague country, we suffered the most extreme sickness; here Indians resorted to the stratagem of making snakes to frighten women to give fire water (whisky). Here father refused the offer of two hundred acres at the head of Genesee falls, and a log house (at present the heart of the flourishing city of Rochester) for two shillings per acre, the payment to be a mare; which, in that moneyless country, would not command half the amount in currency; a significant shake of the owner, attended with fever, dissolved the bargain.

In my third year we moved to Cochecton, Pennsylvania, twenty miles east of Mount Pleasant, at the crossing of the Newburg Turnpike, over the Delaware river. In this hilly, rocky place, at about the age of four years (young America like) your relator learned and practiced the art of rattle-snake catching, and the chewing of his first and last tobacco; in this level country the first is not worth teaching, but for the hope of being a great benefactor to rising generations, give this receipt: take a thoroughly dried chunk of plug tobacco, size of a blue plum, powder into a tin cup with a wine-glass of water and swallow it quickly; if the family physician saves the child's life, the pecuniary panacea is perfect, or else my experience will be of no more use to the world than Jeff. Davis or the lost cause. Here father engaged largely and very successfully in rafting pine logs to Philadelphia, planting in his breast the germ that ever after permeated his life for milling and lumbering, transmitting its fibrous roots from sire to son, infusing an ardent spirit of emulation in his children for extensive lumbering operations, as witnessed by the millions of feet in years past and present, piled upon the docks of Saginaw river and various other places. Again the cloud of adversity lowers; the embargo proclaims an approaching war, reducing the value of a forty thousand dollar raft, then on its way to market, to the pitiful sum of seven thousand dollars. Again he started to pursue fickle fortune, bought a revolutionary soldier's claim to section 27, in the town of Ulysses, Tompkins county, N. Y., starting on the high road to prosperity; but the State set up a claim to the section, and sent surveyor and appraisers, who estimated it at $1.00 per acre, in the year 1800; rather than trust the doubtful meshes of the law, he paid the claim, sold the land and moved to Podunk in the same town, embarked in paper making on Taugahanac creek; subsequently the mill was consumed by fire. From romantic Podunk I was sent to the celebrated Bartow school, in the belligerent village of Shinhollow, where, after suffering unenduring indignities, the deep rooted piety instilled by my sainted grandmother gave way, and I began the war on Abner Trumans, (son of the founder of this shin-bruising hollow, in honor of whom the place is now called Trumansburg) day by day pounded, kicked, scratched and bit my way to the first rank of respectability among my fellows; attest, my schoolmates, our honored President, Oliver C. Comstock, of Marshall, and John Starkweather of Ypsilanti. Fame blew her trumpet, and like our lamented Governor, Stevens T. Mason, was at the ripe age of nineteen years, for like prowess and merit richly rewarded with a lieutenant's commission from Gov. Dewitt Clinton, in the 183d militia regiment of New York *Barefoots.* Father bought further down the stream, including the Taugahanac or Goodwin falls, of 228 perpendicular feet, with numerous smaller falls above and below; the upper gulf was near 200 feet, the lower gulf was estimated at 450 feet, 300 feet being perpendicular rock. In this lower gulf was enacted the thrilling feat of Samuel Weyburn and his son George, killing a monster bear in a hand to hand conflict; a copy of the published account sent me by the Hon. George Geddes, taken from Rees' Cyclopedia of the State of New York, I now *present* to the society. In and about the fall and gulf, I think your relator made as many daring, hair-breadth escapes for life as any boy in any age; even the thought of some of them at fifty years lapse brings a thrill. On this purchase father erected a flouring mill, and soon after, on the same stream, bought the Opdike flouring mill, distillery, carding and fulling works; borrowing largely of the banker, Daniel Kellogg, of Skaneateles, to purchase wheat and stock the mills; ultimately ending in the finale of forwarding some $30,000 worth of flour to consignees in New York, *who* shipped and went with it to South America, without making any return to meet $20,000 going to Kellogg, who through great sacrifice at sheriff's sale satisfied his claim, leaving insufficient to fully satisfy smaller claims. Again borrowing of Daniel Kellogg, took up the cry and line of westward, ho! and in 1827, with my younger brother, Reed, Samuel Quigley, Walton Hubbell, John Lacox, Isaac Quigley and——— Rounds, with two full sets of saw-mill irons, came to Michigan, loaded their effects on a double ox-team at St. Clair, on St Clair river, and in less than two days cut their way through woods and brush to Pine river, a distance of over three miles, and there built two mills on opposite sides of the stream, attached to one dam.

Robert Smart had previously built a saw-mill on Black river, and Judge Bunce built one about this time; these were all the saw-mills in northern Michigan.

The following year father shipped household goods and family upon a canal boat, sailed down Cayuga lake, thence by horse-power ploughed the raging waters of the lately constructed Erie canal to Buffalo, embarked on the steamer William Penn, commanded by Captain Wight, Oct. 2d, 1828. After many imprecations from impatient passengers at delay, the Captain, at a late hour in the morning, ran the Quaker steamer out of the quiet harbor upon the crank, turbulent dead waves of Lake Erie just as a long and exceeding gale was gradually subsiding. Then began the never-to-be-forgotten scene; no one required a physician to cleanse the stomach; the implorings and heart-felt prayers from every quarter to return to port fell listless on the obdurate captain's ear. After a long and perilous voyage the anchor was dropped under Point Abino, on the Canada shore, ten miles distant from Buffalo. The next day the anchor was weighed, a speedy and pleasant voyage began, coasting the south shore of Lake Erie, stopping at Dunkirk and every port or end of a plank where a signal flag was flying; ending our speedy voyage on the sixth day, under an azure sky and beautiful sunshine, on the afternoon of Oct. 7th, by firing our brass three-pounder, and tying up at the central wharf, foot of Woodward avenue, Detroit; making the family home in the city; my elder brother, Horace, running the mills in St. Clair.

The only full blooded wolverine in the family is David H., born Nov. 17th, 1829, at the east end of Michigan avenue, in a log house belonging to Gen'l Charles Larned, where now stands the massive brick store of Peter Henkel. Father died March 30th, 1831, in a small dwelling on the corner of Campus Martius and Woodward avenue; the ground is now occupied by the extensive four-story store of George and Robert McMillan.

By this bereavement the family were scattered, the living never to meet again entire, until 1869, over 38 years; then, in honor of our Wolverine brother, David Howell Jerome, we met at his house in Saginaw City, in honor of father and my birthday, on the 24th of December, where the multiplicity of anecdotes of a long life time were thoroughly discussed by seven brothers and one sister. Now in sorrow the *pall* mantles the general memorial in the plain announcement: Died, at his residence in Saginaw City, January 16th, 1876, Horace R. Jerome, aged 72 years.

A narrow planking into the river 60 or 80 feet; wide enough for a team; ending in a T, served the city for wharves running out from Randolph street on the east, Bates, Woodward avenue, Shelby and Scanlon's tavern on the west, near the foot of Cass street, these being the extremes of the city proper, having four outlets by roads, one down the river bank in front of the venerable log mansion of Governor Cass, said to have bullets embedded in its logs by the Indians in the war of 1763, running thence to Monroe; one up stream along the shore of Detroit river and Lake St. Clair to Mt. Clemens; one on the road to Pontiac; one northwest by old Mother Handsome, on Vinegar Hill (alias Mary Ann Chappell) to Pontiac, a divide at Royal Oak, twelve miles from the city, being the land route by the Hoxie Settlement and Indian trail to St. Clair; and one west, by the residence of the historic Coon TenEyck, and the famous log tavern of Stephen G. Simmons at Wayne, to Ypsilanti.

The market stood on the south side of Jefferson avenue, in the centre of Woodward, supplying the citizens with Ohio beef at two cents per lb.; near its entrance, on Jefferson avenue, stood a whipping post, where culprits received justice by being lashed according to their merits, by Tom. Sheldon, sheriff. Jefferson avenue extended beyond the Governor Hull house, where the Biddle house stands, as far as the east line of the Brush farm, where it was closed by the log military pickets that once barricaded the city. The following year they were removed; a half-mile extension made to the avenue, so as to include the present residences of Hon. C. C. Trowbridge and Chancellor Elon Farnsworth. A majority of the houses were built of logs; memory says six were brick, including the Capitol and David Cooper's house, then building, and four stone buildings, the United States Arsenal, with its small pyramids of cannon balls, Gov. Cass' office, Wayne county jail, and the St. Anne's Church, then finishing off inside. I attended the first services ever held in the main auditory, Christmas, 1828, containing less than two thousand souls, just emerging by the power of steam and influx of immigration, from a small isolated fun-loving community to a more extended business, commercial character; fond of dancing to a passion; taking great delight in sleighing on the ice with their carioles and fast pacing pony; no need then of rinks, the unobstructed river shore afforded a highly enjoyed amusement for skating; one of the principal feats was to jump clear of the wharves inside the **T.** The fashionable ladies were very much attached to the low French cart for pleasure and party gathering, being in after years relinquished for the finely equipped four-wheeled carriage, with a wistful look and a deep drawn sigh over the left shoulder at departing glory. I remember well the sensation when one of our prominent ladies on her way to a ball in a very muddy time, the fore pin dropped from the staple, rudely depositing its precious load into the mud.

As soon as curiosity had subsided, I took my first pioneering trip in Michigan, to visit on the outskirts of civilization, my former friends, the Markhams, Opdikes and others about Ann Arbor and Lodi Plains; returning five miles by the old Detroit and Plymouth road, thence by devious Indian trail, through an unbroken wilderness to Pontiac. Notwithstanding the recent report to Congress, by the Surveyor General, Edward Tiffin, of Ohio, that the interior of Michigan was an interminable swamp, wholly unfit to reward our veterans of the war of 1812–15, not one acre in a hundred being arable. The hardy pioneers of "Oakland led off in the settlement of the interior," surrounding the Surveyor General's impassable swamp, and opening a picturesque, luxuriant and delightful farming country. Being greatly in need of roads and mills, the enterprising Stephen Mack, by the old route of Lake St. Clair and Mt. Clemens, came to their relief, built a flouring mill on the Clinton river and founded the flourishing city of Pontiac; also, becoming interested with David C. McKinstry and Thomas Palmer in the 10,000 acre tract immediately in rear of Detroit, donated by Congress, for territorial wants (buildings and roads) to make these lands available, took the contract and built 5¾ miles of the present Detroit and Saginaw Turnpike, leading directly towards this impassable swamp.

"QUOTATION."

"The treaty of Saginaw already alluded to, opened the eastern part of the Peninsula to survey and settlement. The village of Pontiac was founded, and while its flouring mill was being erected, committees of the citizens used to go to inspect progress. These committees were composed of friends of the proprietors, who went, as our friend Rice's friends are sometimes privileged to go, to render such assistance as the case required. When the mill was completed a large delegation went out, including many official personages and members of the bar; before concluding their task they were placed, one by one, in the hopper and ground; some came out superfine, some fine, some middling, and as none bolted, there was no bran. The route to Pontiac at first was by the way of the shore of the river and Lake St. Clair to Mt. Clemens, because the dreaded cranberry marsh, twelve miles north of the city could not be traversed. From Mt. Clemens potatoes and other provisions, and even the shingles for the mill, were transported on pack horses. So formidable was this marsh, that a meeting was called at the hotel of Major Whipple, for the purpose of discussing the expediency of constructing a canal from its border to the Detroit river; three important ends were to be gained by the undertaking; the lands were to be drained, and made available for culture, a road was to be built across the marsh, and a constant supply of water was to be obtained for propelling a flouring mill, to be erected at the foot of Woodward avenue. As late as 1822 or 1823, large parties of farmers made a bee to construct a causeway across the cranberry marsh. They erected a commodious log shanty there, and spent several weeks in making the marsh passable." *

In November, 1828, I opened an English school; taught in the University building on Bates street, Governor Cass' building, corner of Wayne and Jefferson avenue, and other places in the city. Teaching was so high and disproportionate to the circulating medium, (being twenty York shillings per quarter) it was requisite to keep a strict account of every half-day's attendance of each scholar, in order that no employer should be taxed one cent unjustly. One of these calendars, embracing parts of 1830–31, with its record of an evening school for apprentices, and two terms of a spelling class for prizes, showing something of the inspirations and primitive territorial inducements in the education of the rising generation, I now present to the society. The sound of the war bugle, reveille and tattoo having long since passed beyond their echo. You might suppose the military spirit had oozed out, but no, the territorial Toledo war of 1835 fanned the smouldering embers of military ambition, snuffing glory in the breeze; Michigan hearts beat a lively reveille, and among the many daring companies that went forth to do or die, the Detroit Light Dragoons were prominent, a splendidly equipped horse company, commanded by Col. Garry Spencer, who being confined by sickness, the command devolved on the 1st Lieutenant, John Wright: he applied himself to the manual, and learned the command forward march, face, wheel, etc. Being anxious to make a favorable impression upon the inhabitants, and teach Generals Jackson, Scott, Brady and Maj. Kearsley that the military sons were worthy of the military sires of New Orleans or Lundy's Lane, drew up the company in front of Governor Hull's mansion, facing down street directly upon the foe at Toledo; with waving plume and drawn sabre, drew taught rein, straightened ten degrees beyond perpendicular, wheeled his noble steed in front of the column, touched his forearm with the burnished spur, commanded in stentorian voice, march forward; riding across Randolph street, 2d Lieutenant, Simeon B. Brown, hearing the reversed order, did not know whether to go backward or forward, therefore stood still. The commander not hearing the tramp of horse, turned round, called loudly, why in h—l don't you come along? This command was fully understood, instantly obeyed, and, making good time to

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* Address of C. C. Trowbridge before the Historical Society of Michigan.

the seat of war, signalized themselves by scattering the midnight Ohio court from the school-house, capturing Stickney, his hen-roost, potato patch and young roasters. On forming the hollow square they stood gallantly by the Governor, listened to his recital of their noble deeds, receiving directly from his lips, "well done good and faithful servants." For this well deserved tribute Stevens T. Mason was elected by grateful hearts first Governor of our new fledged State.

To return to the past: John T. Mason, territorial secretary during the winter of 1830–31, secured, through President Jackson, his son as a successor, and resigned. Indignation meetings were called, and committees appointed to meet a central one at Detroit, who sent a delegation to demand his commission and return it to its source. Receiving in answer, "General Jackson appointed me with his eyes open, go home and mind your own business." While public indignation was at fever heat, Governor Cass, having received the appointment as secretary of war, invited the citizens to a parting feast. After the appropriate address of Major John Biddle and the Governor, and their sentiments, each washed down with a glass of wine, other toasts were drank. Standing next to John T. I saw his every move. At an opportune moment, Austin E. Wing gave the order, *fill glasses—up glasses,—the health of Ex-Secretary of State.* Mason slowly setting down his glass delivered a masterly extempore speech, assuring us the boy was smart, and thoroughly understood the duties of the office, pleading not to condemn the boy untried; pressing his right thumb upon the heart, with deep pathos and suppressed tone said, *try the boy; try the boy;* President Jackson is not to blame; the boy is not to blame; if any blame can be attached it is in the affections of the father for the son. The wine-moistened tear swelled in every eye, crying, peace be still, and every passion ceased.

Time will not admit a full detailed account of the trial and hanging of Stephen G. Simmons, previously alluded to at Wayne, convicted of the murder of his wife, and executed September 24th, 1830. The only white man who ever suffered the death-penalty in our borders; a man of culture and education transformed from a debonair to debauchee by that deadly enemy of man, ardent spirits. Five years of drunken brutality dealt in detail upon travelers and neighbors, whom the extreme muddy roads obliged to call at his hotel, rendered him an intolerable nuisance, and so outraged the public sentiment of society that nearly the entire community hailed with delight a justification by any excuse to rid the earth of his presence. In making up a jury about three hundred men were sworn, and to the question, have you made up your mind in this case; one answer only was given: Yes; hang him, except by the twelve men who tried him. Being a man of 250 pounds avoirdupois, and well proportioned, was a knock-down argument to his fellow man, not to give vent to their wrath until distance lent a charm to the situation. The material and eye witnesses were their two daughters. Among the many facts they related two were prominent. One added hard wood fuel to the heated flame of public sentiment by stating the fact, they had known father to previously beat mother a hundred times, each *harder* than on the fatal occasion; the other recites the tragedy: father, as customary, on the fatal Sabbath, brought to the stand at the head of the bed a bottle and glass, taking a drink, and enforcing on mother a social glass and going to bed; in a few minutes arose, took another drink, and enforcing another upon his wife. On the 4th or 5th similar repeatings, her implorings and protestations to be excused incensed his drunken senses, and to enforce the social glass held in his right hand, with the left dealt a single blow in the abdomen, inwardly bursting a blood vessel, the blood gushing forth from the mouth and nose, and instantly suffocating her to death. Frightened at the rushing of blood, he ran to an adjoining room, and brought three vials of restoratives; finding all endeavors vain, staggered back, dropping into a chair, moaned most piteously, suffusing his face in a flood of tears, and so powerful was the effect, that in five minutes he was perfectly sober; giving the most conclusive evidence of no premeditation, but of astonishment beyond expression. There is a consolation, and may have been some to him on the gallows, to know, and realize the high character of the court organization. A jury—the embodiment of human intellect. The honorable, able, legal jurists, Solomon Sibley, Henry Chipman and William Woodbridge, as Territorial Judges; the calm, dispassionate Benjamin F. H. Witherell, U. S. prosecuting attorney; and defended by the talented counselor, George A. O'Keefe, aided by that clear headed firm, Cole & Porter, The Court thus constituted drops a pall over their final proceedings by pronouncing the single word, "guilty." On the morning of the execution, to relieve his conscience in the case, Thomas S. Knapp refused to hang Stephen G. Simmons, and tendered to Governor Cass his resignation as Sheriff of Wayne County.

On the platform, Simmons sang the hymn in proportion to his size, his voice rising smoothly to a very high key, far above all others, descending with a gentle, harmonious melody, and as the last closing cadence sank to rest, one loud, simultaneous, sympathetic sound gushed forth from twelve hundred surrounding voices. Like Simmons or the yearly pilgrims seeking a holy place for penance, it has ever been my privilege to atone by once a year singing that hymn at the topmost key my voice can reach.

Show pity, Lord, O, Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace.
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found. Etc.

I must close, with many anecdotes and incidents still crowding on my mind of my U. S. surveying journey to Wisconsin during the month of November, 1831, along the line of the contemplated Chicago turnpike, traveling and camping on the sand beach around the head of Lake Michigan; the great enjoyment through a twenty hours' pelting rain storm of the hospitable floor and fire of the soldiers' kitchen in little Fort Dearborn, the only accomodation in Chicago; the pioneer mode of ferrying the St. Joseph at Niles, Calumet, Chicago and Rock rivers in flats propelled by passengers pulling at a rope spanning the stream, or pushing with a pole; the attaching our tent ropes to the tongue of our baggage wagon, sending the packer on his pony with the other end across the Fox and other rivers, to tow us ashore in case the current swept us down stream; or the falling of the monarch of the forest to bear us over, also the tragedies and scenes of the Black Hawk war, the glittering lead mines, etc., not related in my former history of events given to this society.

Pioneer Settlers of Michigan, ours has been a sturdy task manfully performed; transforming rude nature from a crude state to one commanding the credit and admiration of mankind, and while we retrospect with satisfaction, the mind reverts to our present condition, solemnly whispering in the ear, Time with his scythe is thinning your ranks; look to the future; and as our end is inevitably near, let us strive, so far as human nature will admit, to embrace the sentiment of the psalmist and say:

"We would not live alway; We ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for its joys, full enough for its cheer."

A PAPER PREPARED BY JACOB CORNELL OF LANSING AND READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 7, 1877.

In the autumn of the year 1833 my father, Stephen Cornell, of Poughkeepsie, New York, came to Michigan and purchased of the United States one hundred and twenty acres of land on section 28 in the township of Unidilla, Livingston County, and with the help of two men, a yoke of oxen, and a rope, erected the first log house in the county. He hauled the clapboards and the lumber for the floor from Dexter, fourteen miles southeast of our home. He and his men built a camp of brush and marsh hay in which they lodged and cooked for three weeks, using brush for a spring bed. My father returned home late in the fall preparatory to removing his family the following spring to our home in the Territory of Michigan. About the middle of April, 1834, we packed up our little all, together with a year's supply of provisions and medicines, and employed a sloop to carry us to Albany, a distance of 80 miles, on the Hudson river; the trip from Poughkeepsie occupying nearly a week. At Albany we took a boat on the Erie canal for Buffalo, reaching that city in about nine days; thence by way of lake Erie, on the steamboat Daniel Webster, to Detroit. At Detroit we made a contract with two teamsters to take us the remainder of our journey, sixty miles, through the mud. We counted up our funds and found we could foot the bill and have fifty cents left. We left Detroit, plodding our way, when not stuck in the mud, over a wild and horrible road to Dexter, being then within fourteen miles of our new home, for eight miles of which we were blessed with an Indian trail to guide us; the remainder being trackless marshes and lakes. We waded about fifty rods through a lake, and this seemed close akin to shipwreck, and my mother and sister thought if this was Michigan life their days were numbered; but we reached the shore in safety, and three miles more brought us up in front of our new log house, and although without paint or cornice, and having a chimney of sticks plastered with mud, we all repaired to it with great relief from a long and fatiguing journey of three weeks, being obliged to walk most of the way from Detroit. We soon discovered that several hundred miles lay between us and our New York home, and to return, with but fifty cents in the treasury, was impossible, so we resolved to submit to the fortunes of the pioneer and protect our scalps from the swarm of Indians that surrounded us as best we could; they were so numerous we felt that we were completely in their power. When our goods were unpacked and the rough floor was cleaned my mother remarked that she was now prepared to receive company. After a hearty laugh over the remark, sure enough, in marched her company in single file, to the number of nine, all red men, squaws and pappooses; this was a stunner, as was shown by the pale face of my mother, who soon distributed among them all the cooked provisions she had in the house, hoping to save her life thereby, but they soon departed in a friendly manner, and we found it a great convenience to have such friends, for they often brought us venison to exchange for flour, and we ever found them friendly and honorable unless influenced by whisky. We experienced very close times the first two years, and one year our scanty supply of provisions gave out before harvest time, and we were compelled to cut the unripe wheat, dry it in the sun, thresh it on sheets, fan it in the wind, grind it in the coffee mill and bolt it through crape, and this flour made into biscuits we partook of with a relish that I shall never forget. As we were fourteen miles from post-office, mill, or store, it required three days to make the trip with an ox team, so that the bread box sometimes got lonesome before the new grist came from the mill.

The howling of wolves of a winter evening was of frequent occurrence but we were never disturbed by them or any other wild animals; the worst enemy to mankind with which we came in contact was whisky; some of our nearest neighbors who settled about us the first year being intemperate men who sought to injure every outspoken temperance man, and my father being of the latter class, undertook to raise a barn without the customary aid of intoxicating liquors, but inviting all to the raising. The whisky lovers came with bottles of whisky of their own, and a more disgraceful scene than the one that occurred on that occasion I never witnessed. After furnishing them with a good supper, they remained till a late hour drinking and carousing; they broke our dishes, butchered the dog, tore down all the out buildings, and threatened to destroy the barn frame. Nearly all of these rioters have dropped into drunkards' graves. But we were not entirely without good society, for one mile south of us resided the family of Amos Williams, who came from Connecticut and settled there the same spring that we did; they were an excellent family of ten persons. This family, together with the family of Elnathan Nobles and two or three others, formed a good, respectable society. At our first election our voters were so few that several persons had to fill two offices. Elnathan Nobles was our first Justice of the Peace; our first road district was only eight miles long, and every man worked as much road tax as he chose to. The first arrest of a criminal was ordered by my father, who, while trying to collect a school bill, as school assessor, was struck three blows with a whip stock, the party hoping by that means to avoid payment, but when arrested he was tamed down by a fine of twenty dollars, which he paid in addition to the school bill.

The first knowledge we had of a pine tree growing in Michigan was in 1835, when a man called on us and said he was one of a party of surveyors who had been trying to survey a very fine forest of pine trees north of us, but the mosquitos had driven them off. We placed no confidence in his story, not dreaming that there was a pine tree in Michigan.

During our first year's residence in Livingston County, Messrs. Dyer, Dunn, Cool and others settled in the north part of the town, moving with their teams from New Jersey. A few of these persons are still living on their old farms. My mother died in 1845, after eleven years of Michigan life; my father died in 1850, and both were buried on the old farm, side by side. My oldest sister and myself are the only survivors of the family, having resided in Michigan about forty-three years.

ANCIENT GARDEN BEDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY BELA HUBBARD.

(Read before the State Pioneer Society, February 7th, 1877.)

A class of works of the Mound-Builders exists in Michigan, of unknown age and origin, which have received the name of "Garden-Beds."

An unusual importance attaches to these remains of a lost race, from the fact that they have been almost entirely overlooked by archæologists, and that of those which were so numerous and prominent forty, or even thirty years ago, nearly every trace has disappeared. For any knowledge beyond the scanty details hitherto recorded we are forced to rely upon the recollections of the "oldest inhabitants." We know how uncertain this reliance often is, and were it otherwise, we cannot but recognize the rapidity with which we are losing our hold of this kind of testimony, and the very brief period at which it must cease altogether.

THE EARLIEST MENTION OF THESE RELICS,

which, I find, is by Haven, in his "Archæology of the United States." It is the report of Verandrier, who, with several French associates, explored this region before 1748. He found in the western wilderness "large tracts free from wood, many of which are everywhere covered with furrows, as if they had formerly been plowed and sown."

Schoolcraft was the first to give to the world any acccurate and systematic account of these "furrows." Indeed, he is the only author of note who honors this interesting class of the works of the Mound-Builders with more than the most meagre mention. Observations were made by him as early as 1827. He gives figures of two kinds of beds, and he records the fact, that "the garden beds, and not the mounds, form the most prominent, and, by far, the most striking and characteristic antiquarian monuments of this district of country."

Another writer of early date, still resident of our State, John T. Blois, published, in 1839, in his "Gazetteer of Michigan," a detailed description, with a diagram, of one kind of the beds.

No mention is made of these remains by Priest or by Baldwin. Foster devotes to them less than a single page of his voluminous work, and only says, in effect, that "they certainly indicate a methodical cultivation which was not practiced by the red man."

Dr. Lapham describes a few of this kind of remains which were found upon the western shore of Lake Michigan, as "consisting of low parallel ridges, as if corn had been planted in drills. They average four feet in width, and twenty-five of them have been counted in the space of one hundred feet."

Yet these relics constitute a unique feature in the antiquities of our country. They are of especial interest to us, from the fact that they were not only the most prominent of our antiquities, but, with the exception referred to in Wisconsin, they are confined to our State.

Some investigations, by no means thorough, enable me to define more accurately and fully than has been heretofore done the different kinds of these beds, which I shall attempt to classify, according to the most reliable information obtained. But I must first define

THEIR SITUATION, EXTENT AND CHARACTER.

The so-called "Garden Beds" were found in the valleys of the St. Joseph and Grand Rivers, where they occupied the most fertile of the prairie land and burr-oak plains, principally in the counties of St. Joseph, Cass and Kalamazoo.

They consist of raised patches of ground, separated by sunken paths, and were generally arranged in plats or blocks of parallel beds. These varied in dimensions, being from five to sixteen feet in width, in length from twelve to more than one hundred feet, and in height six to eighteen inches.

The tough sod of the prairie had preserved very sharply all the out lines. According to the universal testimony, these beds were laid out and fashioned with a skill, order and symmetry which distinguished them from the ordinary operations of agriculture, and were combined with some peculiar features that belong to no recognized system of horticultural art.

In the midst of diversity, sufficient uniformity is discoverable to enable me to group the beds and gardens, as in the following

CLASSIFICATIONS:

1. Wide convex beds, in parallel rows, without paths, composing independent plats. (Width of beds 12 feet, paths none, length 74 to 115 feet.) Fig. 1.
2. Wide convex beds, in parallel rows, separated by paths of same width, in independent plats. (Width of bed 12 to 16 feet; paths same; length, 74 to 132 feet.) Fig. 2.
3. Wide and parallel beds, separated by narrow paths, arranged in a series of plats longitudinal to each other. (Width of beds 14 feet; paths, 2 feet; length, 100 feet.) Fig. 3.
4. Long and narrow beds, separated by narrower paths and arranged in a series of longitudinal plats, each plat divided from the next by semi-circular heads. (Width of beds five feet; paths, 1½ feet; length, 100 feet; height, 18 inches.) Fig. 4.
5. Parallel beds, arranged in plats similar to class 4, but divided by circular heads. (Width of beds, 6 feet; paths, 4 feet; length, 12 to 40 feet; height, 18 inches.) Fig. 5.
6. Parallel beds, of varying widths and lengths, separated by narrow paths, and arranged in plats of two or more at right angles N. and S., E. and W., to the plats adjacent. (Width of beds, 5 to 14 feet; paths, 1 to 2 feet; length, 12 to 30 feet; height, 8 inches.) Figures *a*, *b* and *c*, are varieties. Fig. 6.
7. Parallel beds, of uniform width and length, with narrow paths, arranged in plats or blocks, and single beds, at varying angles. (Width of beds, 6 feet; paths, 2 feet; length, about 30 feet; height, 10 to 12 inches.) Fig. 7.
8. Wheel-shaped plats, consisting of a circular bed, with beds of uniform shape and size radiating therefrom, all separated by narrow paths. (Width of beds, 6 to 20 feet; paths, 1 foot; length, 14 to 20 feet.) Fig. 8.

LOCALITIES.

I present diagrams of each of these classes or kinds of beds on a scale of thirty-two feet to one inch. Of these only those numbered 1, 2 and 4 have ever before been delineated, to my knowledge. (See figures.) Nos. 3 and 5 are *described* by Schoolcraft and Blois, while the others are *figured* as well—1 and 2 by Schoolcraft and 4 by Blois. No. 3, according to the latter, consists of five plats, each 100 feet long, 20 beds in each plat. Schoolcraft does not give the exact localities, and I am unable to state whether beds of the same class have been noticed by other observers. As to their extent, his language is, "The beds are of various sizes, covering generally from 20 to 100 acres." Some are reported to embrace *even* 300 acres. *Plats* of beds are undoubtedly here referred to.

Of the plat figured by Blois (No. 4.), the writer says: "They are found a short distance from Three Rivers, on one side of an oval prarie, surrounded by burr-oak plains. The prairie contains three hundred acres. The garden is judged to be half a mile in length by one-third in breadth, containing about one hundred acres, regularly laid out in beds running north and south, in the form of parallelograms, five feet in width and one hundred in length, and eighteen inches deep." The distinctive peculiarity of these beds is what Blois calls the "semi-lunar" head, at the extremity of each bed, separated from them by a path as represented.

Class 6, so far as my own inquiries warrant, represents the form and arrangement which is most common, viz: that of a series of parallel beds formed into blocks of two or more, alternating with other similar blocks placed at right angles to them. (See figures *a*, *b* and *c*.) The prevailing width of the bed is five or six feet, and that of the paths one and a-half to two feet. The length of the plats or blocks varies, the average being about twenty feet. Gardens of this kind were found by the early settlers, at Schoolcraft; the burr-oak plains at Kalamazoo; Toland's prairie; Prairie-Ronde, and elsewhere.

Mr. Henry Little says, that in 1831 they were very numerous on the plains where now stands the village of Kalamazoo; and south of the mound, eight or ten acres were entirely covered by them.

Mr. E. Laken Brown confirms this account, and says they reminded him of old New England gardens, being very regular and even, and the beds five feet by twelve or fourteen feet. In 1832 the outlines were very distinct, and the burr-oak trees on them as large as any in the vicinity. Mr. A. T. Prouty concurs as to the extent covered, but thinks the beds were six feet by twenty-five to forty long. On the farm of J. T. Cobb, section 7, town of Schoolcraft, the beds were quite numerous as late as 1860. There must have been 15 acres of them on his land. The "sets" would average five or six beds each. Neighbors put the number of acres covered with them in 1830, within the space of a mile, at one hundred.

Fig. 6-*b*, of class 6, is from a drawing by James R. Cumings, of Galesburg, of a garden in which the beds are of more than usual diversity in width and length. H. M. Shafter and Roswell Ransom, old settlers, say that three or four acres on the edge of the prairie, at this place, were covered with the beds. On the farm of the latter in the town of Comstock, of one hundred acres, there were not less than ten acres of beds, six feet by twenty five to forty, arranged in alternate blocks, having a north and south and east and west direction.

Fig. 6-*c*, is from a drawing by Mr. Shafter.

The series represented by *Class* 7, (fig. 7) were found at Prairie Ronde. They are platted and described to me by Messrs. Cobb & Prouty. They differ from the more ordinary form of No. 6, in the arrangement of the blocks or sets of beds, which is here not at right angles, but at *various and irregular* angles, also in the single beds outlying. The number of beds in each block is also greater than usual.

Class 8 is established on the authority of Henry Little and A. T. Prouty, of Kalamazoo. The figure delineated is from the descriptions and dimensions given by the former. The diameter of the circular bed and the length of the radiating ones are each twenty-five to thirty feet. The latter describes two of similar design, but of smaller dimensions, the centre bed being only six feet in diameter, and the radiating ones twenty feet. All occurred at Kalamazoo, and in immediate association with the other forms of beds at that place, represented generally by Class 6.

There is reason for supposing that there may have existed another class of beds, differing altogether from any I have represented, from expressions used by both Schoolcraft and Blois. The former speaks of "enigmatical plats of variously shaped beds;" and further "nearly all the lines of each area or sub-area of beds, are rectangular and parallel. Others admit of half circles and *variously curved* beds, with avenues, and are *differently grouped* and disposed."

The latter says, the beds "appear in *various fanciful shapes.*" Some are laid off in rectilineal and curvilineal figures, either distinct or *combined in a fantastic* manner, in parterres and scolloped work, with alleys between, and apparently ample walks leading in different directions."

This language is too vague to enable me to construct a diagram, nor have I any confirmation to offer from other sources. The reputation of the writers will not allow us to consider the descriptions fanciful, but it is possible to suppose they were misled by the representations of others.

WERE THESE VEGETABLE GARDENS?

To answer this question, we must proceed according to the doctrine of probabilities. All opinions seem to agree, that these relics denote *some species of cultivation*; and that they are very different from those left by the field culture of any known tribes of Indians. Nor do we find any similar remains in connection with the works of the Mound-Builders, which exist, on so extensive a scale, through the valley of the Mississippi river, although those unknown builders were undoubtedly an agricultural people.

The principal crop of the Indians is maize, and this was never cultivated by them in *rows*, but in *hills*, often large but always disposed in a very irregular manner. As little do these beds resemble the deserted fields of *modern agriculture.* On the other hand, the resemblance of many of the plats to the well-laid out *garden beds* of our own day is very striking; while the curvilinear forms suggest analogies quite as strong to the modern "*pleasure garden.*"

The nearest approach to anything resembling horticultural operations among Indian tribes, within the historic period, is noticed by Jones, who refers to a practice, among some of the southern Indians, of setting apart separate pieces of ground for each family. This author quotes from Capt. Ribault's "Discovery of Terra Florida," published in London, 1563. "They labor and till the ground, sowing the fields with a grain called *Mahis*, whereof they make their meal, and in their gardens they plant beans, gourds, cucumbers, citrons, peas, and many other fruits and roots unknown to us. Their spades and mattocks are made of wood, so well and fitly as is possible."

In the St. Joseph valley I learned of numerous places, widely apart, where the labor and skill of our ancient horticulturists were apparent in small gardens, *laid out in different styles*, and with an eye to the picturesque; as if each family had not only its separate garden patch, but had used it for the display of its own peculiar taste.

Historians tell us of the Aztecs, that they had gardens, in which were cultivated various plants, for medicinal uses, as well as for ornament. Was there something analogous to this in the Michigan Nation? Did the latter also have *botanical gardens?* May we accord to this unknown people a considerable advance in *science*, in addition to a cultivated taste, and an eye for symmetry and beauty, which is without precedent among the pre-historic people of this continent, north of Mexico?

ASSOCIATED AND CONTEMPORANEOUS RELICS.

These extensive indications of ancient culture necessarily imply a *settled* and *populous* community. We are led, therefore, to look for other evidences of the numbers and character of the people who made them. But here an extraordinary fact presents itself; such evidences are almost wanting! The testimony of nearly every one whom I have consulted—men who were among the first of the white race to break up the sod, that for ages had consecrated these old garden lands—agrees in the fact, that almost none of the usual aboriginal relics were found; no pottery; no spear and arrow heads; no implements of stone; not even the omnipresent pipe. Tumuli, or burial mounds of the Red man, are not uncommon, though not numerous, in Western Michigan, but have no recognized association with the garden race.

Upon the St. Joseph and Colorado rivers, and in the town of Prairie Ronde, exist several small circular and rectangular embankments, resembling the lesser works of the Mound-Builders so numerous in Ohio. But no connection can be traced between these detached earthworks and the garden beds. None of them seem to have been the bases of buildings, nor do they give indication of any religious origin or rites. There are no traces of dwellings, and the soil which has so sacredly preserved the labor of its occupants, discloses not even their bones!

At Three Rivers, and in Gilead, Branch County, are some ancient embankments, which are probably referable to this people, and may pass for works of defence. That at the first named place was notably extensive. It consisted only of an earth embankment, about six feet in height extending between two forks of a river, a mile apart. It thus enclosed a large area, and with a sufficient garrison might have withstood the siege of a large army of barbarous warriors.

It seems strange, indeed, that these garden beds, suggestive as they are, should be the only memorials of a race which has left such an evidence of civilized advancement, and was worthy of more enduring monuments! We may reasonably conclude, that they were a people of *peaceable disposition*, of *laborious habits*, and of æsthetic if not *scientific tastes;* that they lived in simple and *patriarchal* style, subsisting on the fruits of the earth, rather than of the chase. Their dwellings and their tools were of *wood*, and have perished. This simple record of their character and labors is all, it may be, we can ever know.

ANTIQUITY OF THE GARDEN BEDS.

But is this *all?* May we not form some reasonable conjecture as to the *period in which these gardeners lived?*

A fact mentioned by Dr. Lapham furnishes a species of evidence, as to the *relative* antiquity of the garden beds of Wisconsin, as compared with the *animal mounds.* They were found overlying the latter; from which he infers, of course, a more recent origin. We may also suppose a considerably *more recent* age, since it is not likely that the race could have thus encroached upon the works of another, until *long after* these had been abandoned, and their religious or other significance forgotten.

The date of the abandonment of the beds may be approximately fixed, by the *age of the trees* found growing upon them. One of these, mentioned by Schoolcraft, cut down in 1837, had 335 cortical layers, This carries the period back as far as 1502, or some years prior to the discovery of this country by the French. How long these labors were abandoned before this tree commenced its growth may not be susceptible of proof. Early French explorers do not appear to have been interested in the question, and it does not seem to me necessary to go further back than the three centuries during which that tree flourished, for a period quite long enough to have crumbled into indistinguishable dust every trace of wooden dwellings and implements, as well as of the bodies of their fabricators, if the latter received only simple earth burial.

At the time of the arrival of the French the country was in possession of Algonquin tribes, who emigrated from the St. Lawrence about the middle of the 16th century. They were ignorant of the authors of these works, and were not more advanced in the arts of culture than the other known tribes.

It is probable that the few defensive works, I have mentioned, were erected by this settled and peaceful race of gardeners, as places of temporary refuge for the women and children, against the raids of the warlike tribes living eastward of them. The larger one may have served for the general defence in a time of sudden and great emergency. It is probable that on some such occasion they were surprised by their savage and relentless foes, and were overwhelmed, scattered or exterminated.

Most of the facts I have been able to present are gathered in large part, from the memories—of course not always exact or reliable—of early settlers, and after modern culture had for many years obliterated the old.

It is perhaps useless to regret, that these most interesting and unique relics of a lost people have so completely perished, through the greed of the dominant race; or that they could not have received, while they yet remained, the more exact and scientific scrutiny which is now being applied to the antiquities of our land. Much that might then have been cleared up, must now remain forever involved in mystery, or be left to conjecture.

ANCIENT GARDEN BEDS, GRAND RIVER VALLEY, MICHIGAN.

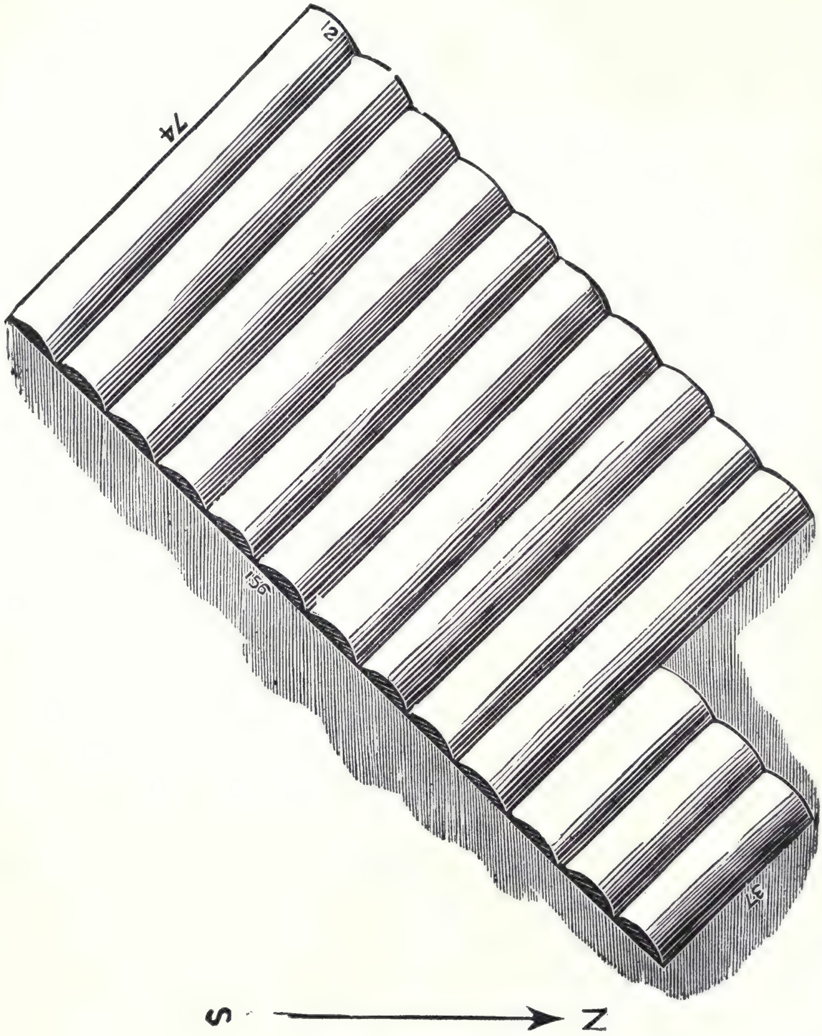


Fig. 1.

[Scale 32 ft. to 1 inch.]

ANCIENT GARDEN BEDS, GRAND RIVER VALLEY, MICHIGAN.

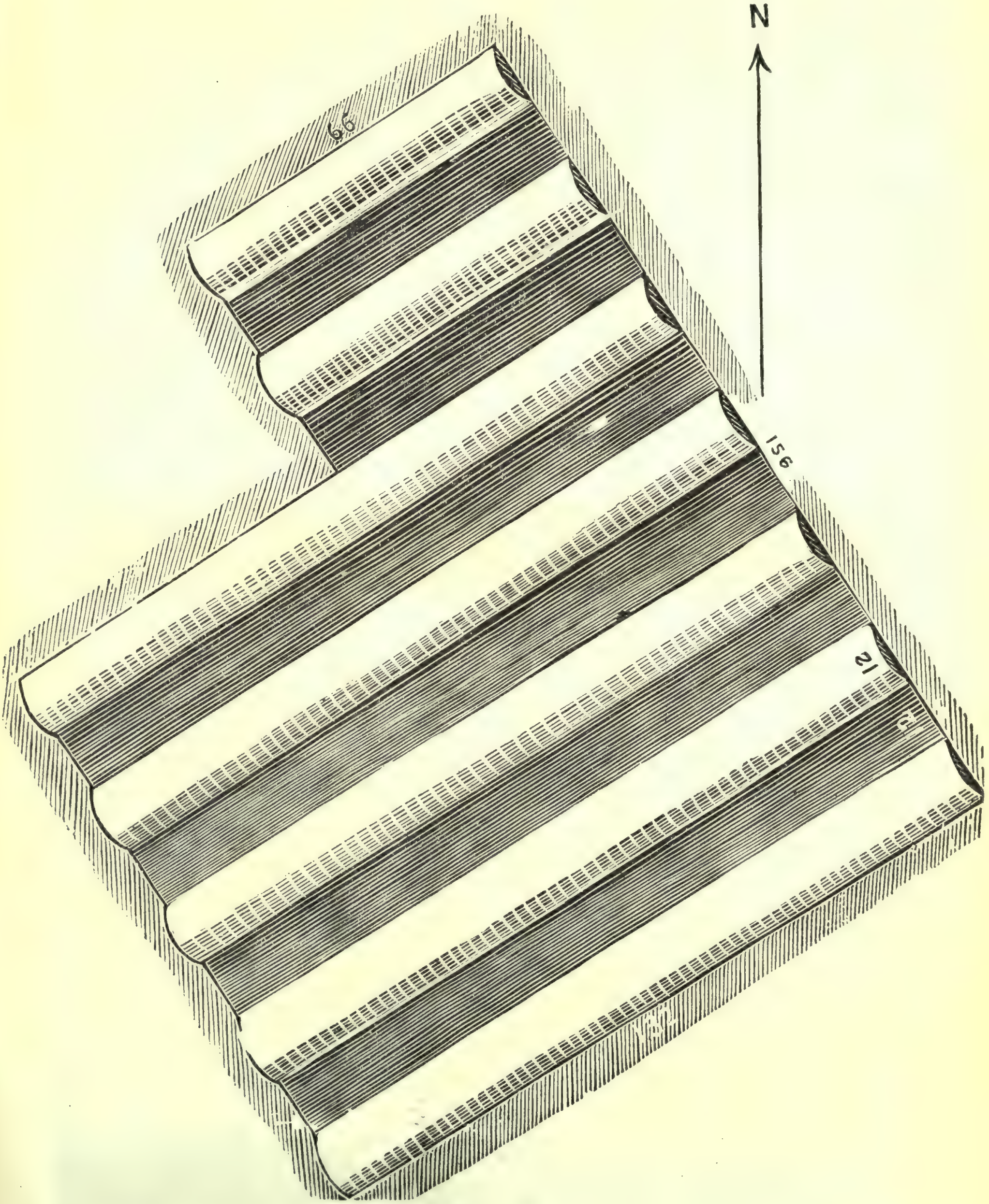
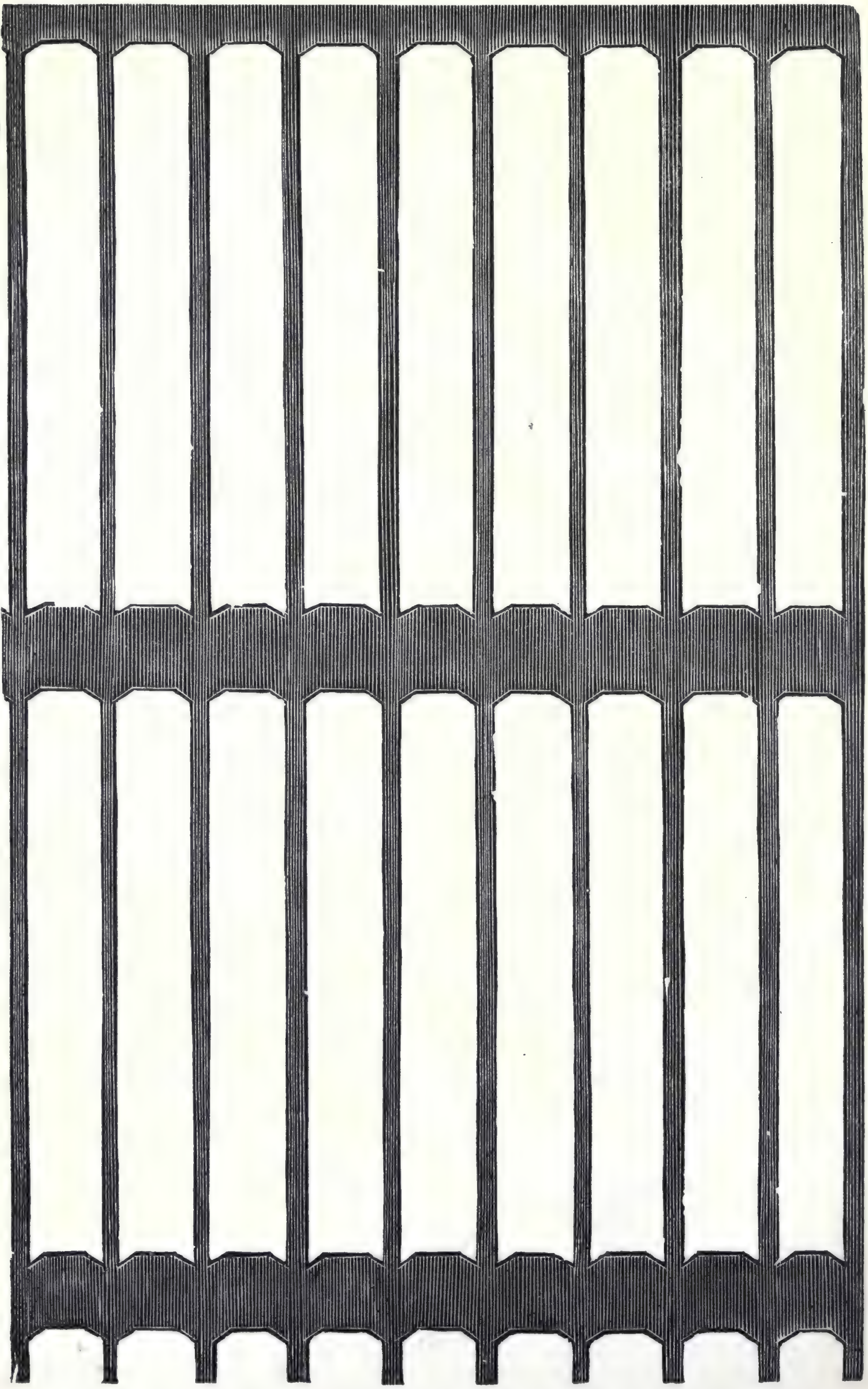


Fig. 2.



ANCIENT GARDEN BEDS, ST. JOSEPH RIVER VALLEY, MICHIGAN. Fig. 3.

ANCIENT GARDEN BEDS, ST. JOSEPH RIVER VALLEY, MICHIGAN.

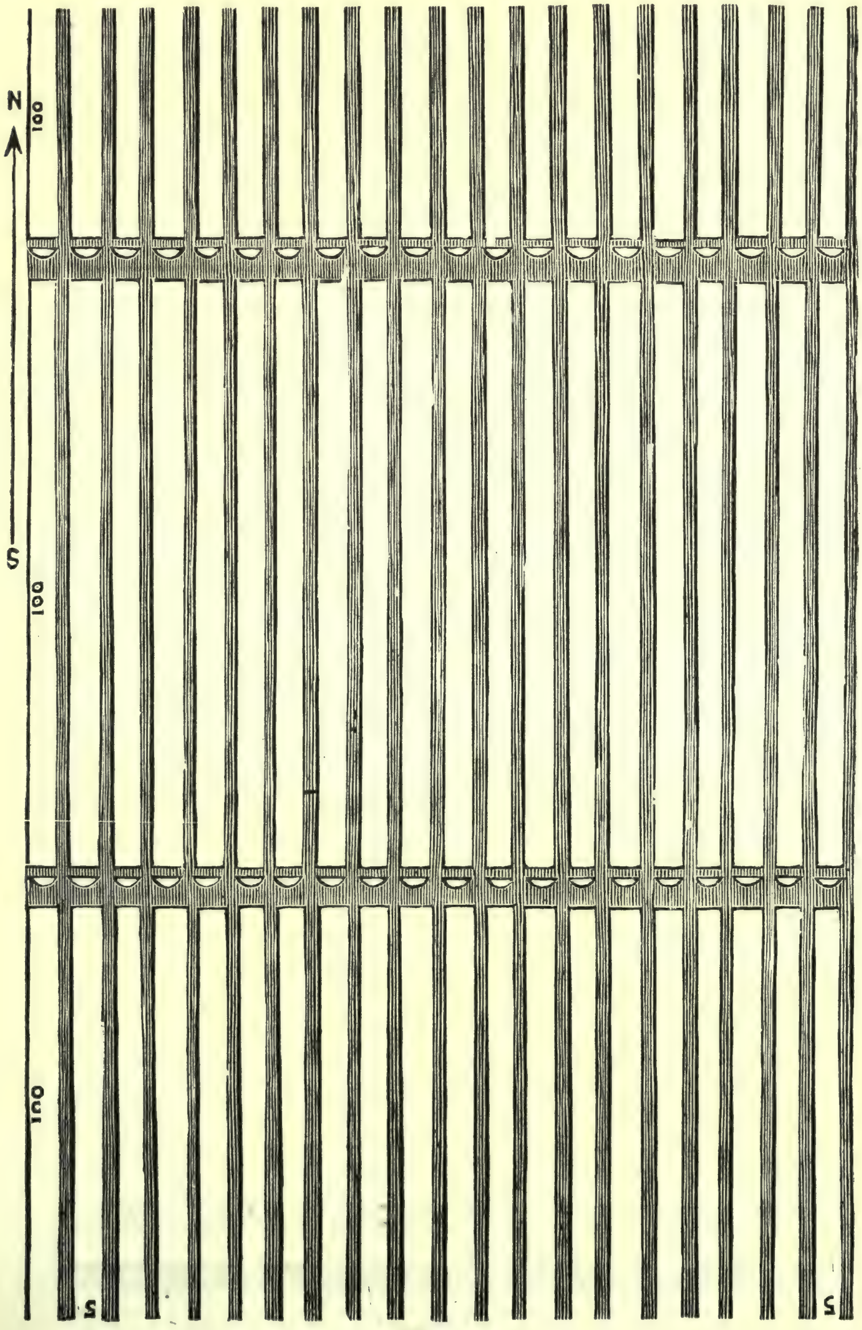


Fig. 4.

ANCIENT GARDEN BEDS, WESTERN MICHIGAN.

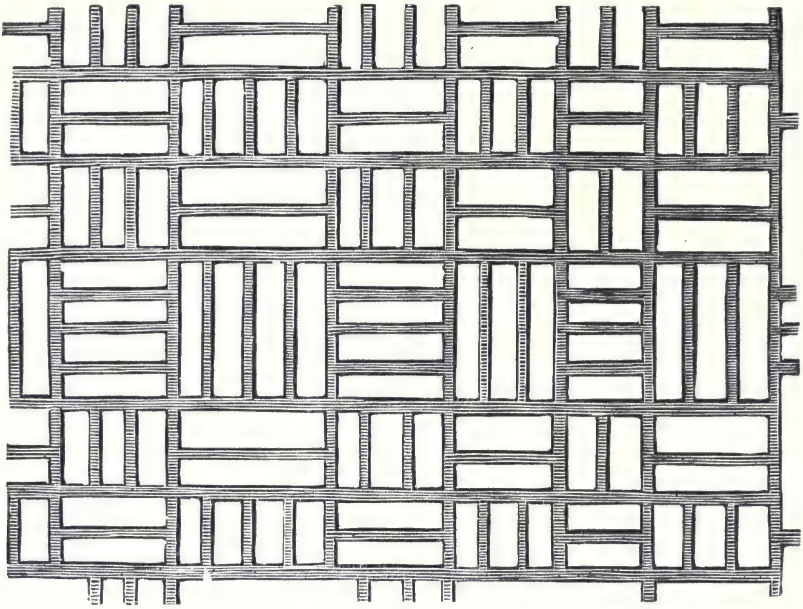
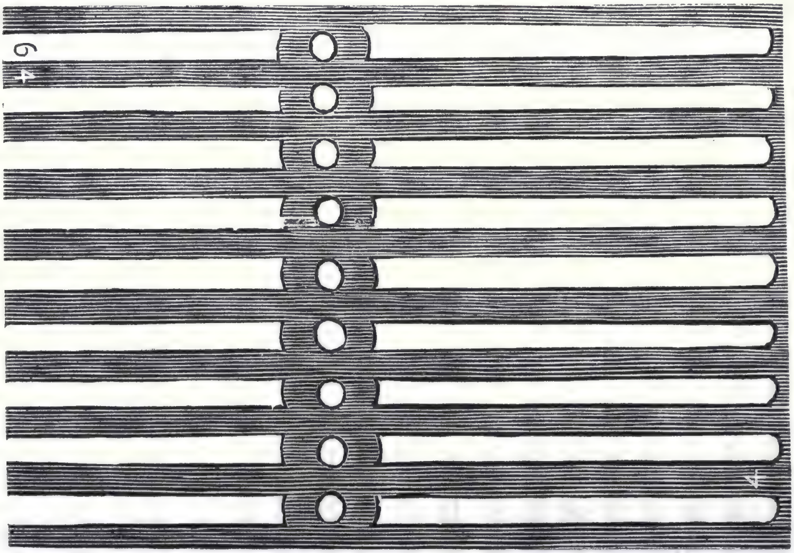


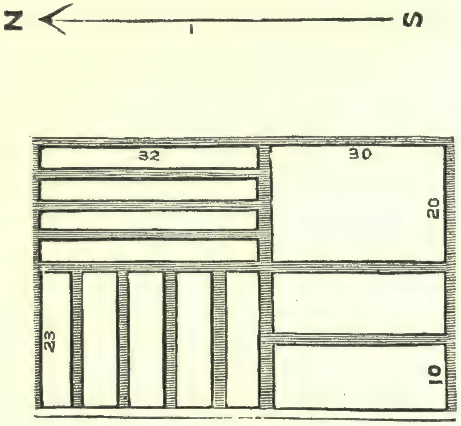
Fig. 5.

ANCIENT GARDEN PLATS, KALAMAZOO COUNTY, MICHIGAN.



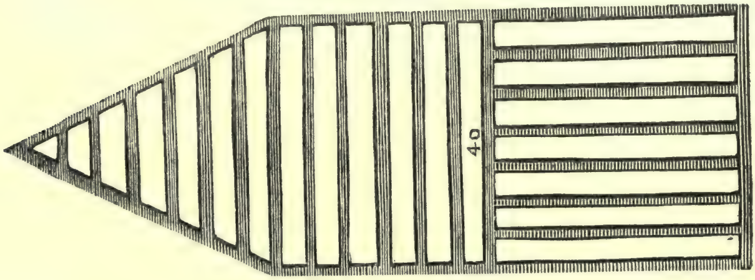
[a] **Fig. 6.**

ANCIENT GARDEN PLATS, KALAMAZOO CO., MICHIGAN.



[b] Fig. 6.

ANCIENT GARDEN PLAT, NEAR GALESBURG, MICHIGAN.



[c] Fig. 6.

GARDEN BEDS ON PRAIRIE RONDE, MICHIGAN.

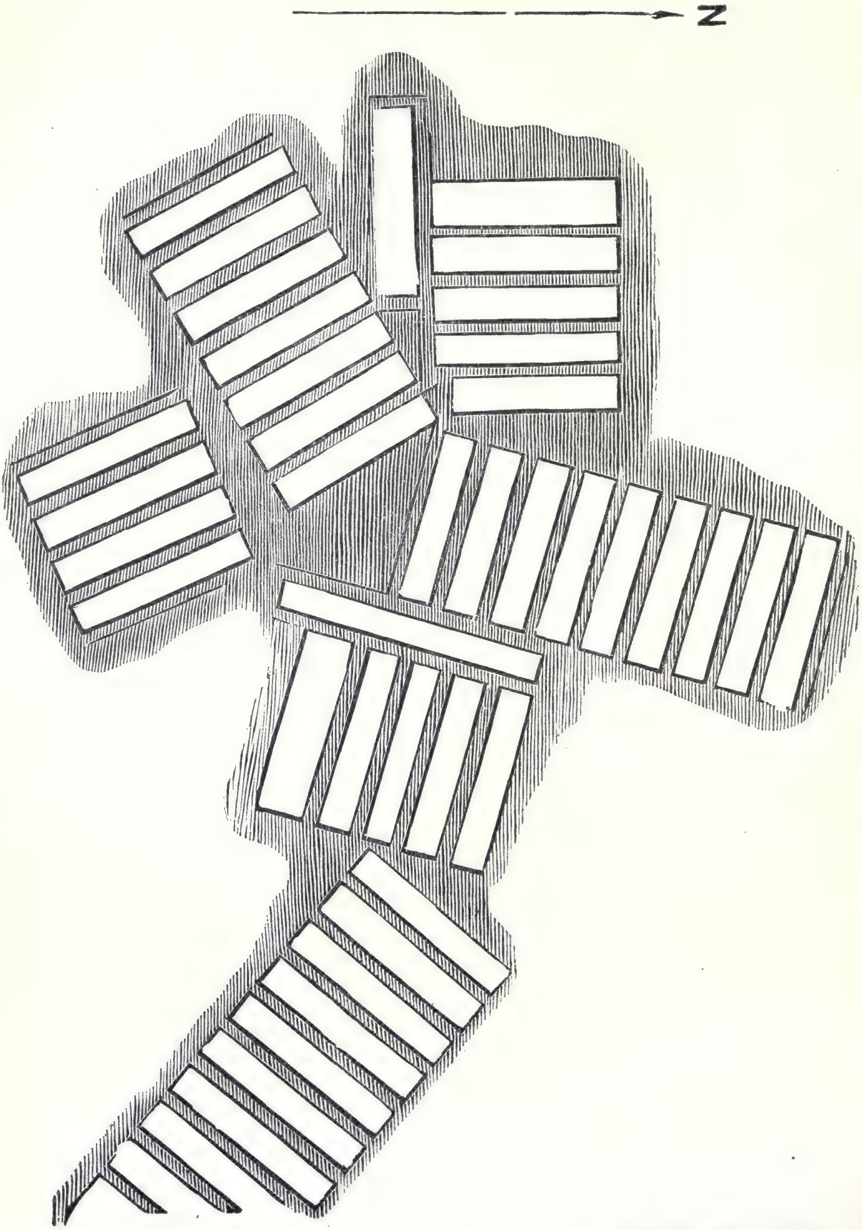


Fig. 7.

Scale 16 ft to 1 inch.

ANCIENT GARDEN BED, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

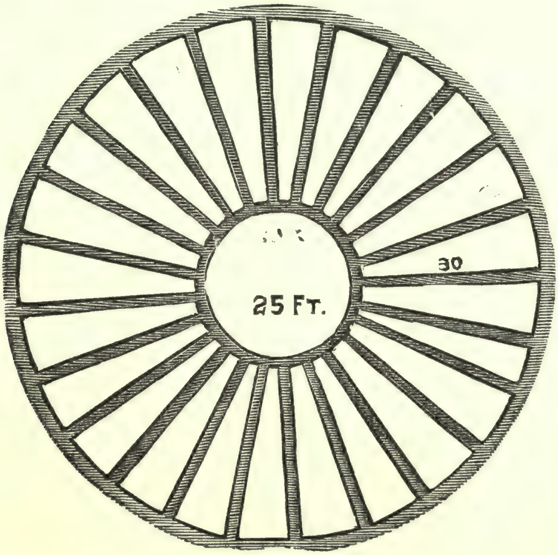


Fig. 8.

EARLY MICHIGAN.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF OLIVER WILLIAMS AND FAMILY, READ BEFORE THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING, FEBRUARY 2D, 1876, BY B. O. WILLIAMS.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan:

Nothing but a desire to aid in supplying a few links to the historic chain that our society is yearly forging for the benefit of those who will follow us, could induce one fully conscious that a lack of an early education in consequence of having been reared in the back woods, has unfitted him for the task of writing an account of the early experiences of those who through many trials of sickness and the privations incident to all early settlers, with true Yankee energy and enterprize, moved a large family of small children, in the year 1815, from Old Concord, Massachusetts, to Detroit, in the country then called the North-west Territory. That early removal was in consequence of, or rather was hastened by, the destruction and entire loss of a large property and business which my father, Oliver Williams, had built up for himself in Detroit and along the frontiers, in the mercantile and fur trade, by the war of 1812. As early as the year 1808, he had established a business at Detroit, purchasing his goods in Boston annually, and carting them overland in covered wagons to Buffalo, thence to Detroit by water, making generally two trips a year on horseback, home and to Boston. During the winter and spring of 1810 and '11, he built at the River Rouge, a large sloop, naming her the *Friend's Good Will,* and in the summer of 1812, just before the war broke out, went on board of her to the post of Michilimacinack, himself acting as supercargo. At Mackinaw, his vessel was chartered by the government to take military supplies from there to the United States troops at Chicago, and also to bring back to Detroit a cargo of furs and skins from the factor of the government at Chicago; Lieutenant Hanks, in command of the post, furnished him a box of ammunition, twelve stands of arms, a non-commissioned officer and six men, as a guard against Indians who were then manifesting hostile intentions, a declaration of war being daily expected. Upon returning from Chicago, a few days after the capitulation of Mackinaw, without information of that occurrence, he was captured, made a prisoner of war, and his vessel condemned as a lawful prize of war by the British in consequence of such charter, cargo and troops. This vessel's name was then changed by the English and called *Sloop Little Belt,* and mounted with three guns. It was recaptured by Commodore Perry and fleet at the battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, and was burned at Buffalo the next winter. My father was paroled and sent to Detroit in a cartel, was present at Hull's surrender and after Winchester's defeat, sent east through Canada in the winter with most of the business men of Detroit, before the arrival of Gen. Harrison's army. After Winchester's defeat many prisoners were brought by the Indians to Detroit, to be ransomed by the whites, some badly wounded. My father purchased several, either five or seven, from the Indians and squaws, and in 1828, was paid on this account by the government of the U. S., the sum of $28 apiece for two of those Kentuckeyans, being the sum paid the Indians for their ransom, and this sum was not paid until after the affidavits of those living soldiers were duly appended to the military papers properly made out at the time of purchase in Detroit. Those who had died or whose affidavits could not be obtained were never paid for, and these two small sums, thus apparently reluctantly repaid, was the only remuneration he or any of his family ever received from the general government or any other source, for all his losses during the war. His invoices in Boston the year before the war, amounted to $64,000. At the close of the war nearly all had been swept away.

In 1835, upon settling the estate of my father, I found one bundle of dead notes, and mostly against men then dead, amounting to over $30,000. My mother, upon my handing them to her, raked open the coals and threw them into the fire at our old homestead, saying that she did not wish to be reminded by seeing them again of the horrors she had passed through.

That devoted mother, in the fall of 1815, left her home in Concord, leaving an aged mother, and with eight children, the oldest not fourteen years of age, traveled with one four-horse team and covered wagon, and another spring carriage and horses, over to Buffalo, (accompanied by a sister and her daughter, a young lady,) and from Buffalo to Detroit on board a small schooner named the *Mink*, arriving at Detroit on the 5th day of November, a beautiful Indian summer day, when she met her husband, and we, our father, who had long been anxiously expecting our arrival in great dread of some accident having befallen us, as a violent storm had overtaken and compelled the vessel to take shelter several days in Put-in-Bay at the Islands, where we lay tempest-tossed.

About a mile above Malden, thousands of wild Indians were then encamped, where they annually gathered to receive valuable presents from the British, in payment for their services during the war then just ended. It was late in the afternoon, and the Indians were holding war dances, sending forth over the water, hideous yells, when all at once pop, pop and whiz, whiz, came bullets of rifles or muskets over our heads. One was said to have passed through a sail of our vessel, while the war whoop rang out more horrible than before, which caused our captain to swear great wicked oaths, and us little folks and the ladies to scamper below into the cabin, expecting the tomahawk and scalping knife soon to be after our scalps. This was said to be the work of drunken Indians, and no doubt was so.

We cast anchor one mile below the Fort at Detroit, the wind having died away, when we were met and taken off to shore by my father and a brother of the late Hon. Shubael Conant, who was with us on board the Mink from Buffalo. We walked up the river bank, passed the guns of the fort with pyramid piles of cannon balls, the muskets of the sentries and soldiers gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, passing up the principal street, now Jefferson avenue, to our home near the upper end; where it was entirely closed up by a great block-house and a strong stockade, before which stood some open mouthed big cannon and a sentry, and another on the block-house, the guns pointed ready to sweep the street.

We were all glad enough to find a resting place. The people seemed to have all turned out to see the Yankees, and as we passed along in front of the quaint French one story and story-and-a-half houses with dormer windows and strong, tight outside blinds, we little folks were warmly greeted with a kiss and an "Ah! *Mon petite Bostonien,*" by the kind hearted French ladies. At Buffalo we had found but one house of any pretensions that had been left standing by the fire, and that on the site of the Mansion house, and at Detroit but three brick buildings, with a resident population that did not exceed probably one thousand, exclusive of the military forces.

In 1816 many families who had gone east previous to, and during the war, returned, and Gen. Cass brought his family to reside in Detroit, also my uncle, Alpheus Williams, brought the rest of his family there. The extremely cold summer of that year had raised the price of produce to rates before unknown Potatoes were worth two dollars a bushel, and whisky the same price per gallon. Potatoes were retailed at two shillings per dozen. The currency was largely cut money, a Spanish dollar was cut into nine and even ten pieces, which passed for York shillings.

On the 14th day of August, 1817, James Monroe, President of the United States, arrived at Detroit, and was received with public honors by both the civil and military authorities. It was a proud day for the little frontier town, which was everywhere illuminated in the evening. My youngest brother was born that day, and of course was named James Monroe.

The summer of 1818 brought the first steamboat, *The Walk-in-the-Water*, and when she began to blow off steam, the Indians in some cases fled to the woods in real fright, their credulity having been made a source of amusement by some waggishly inclined Frenchmen.

I wish here to correct an error to be found in Charles Landon's Red Book of Michigan. On page 80 he states that in 1819 this "steamboat first made her appearance on Lake Erie," and again on page 126 says, "the Walk-in-the-Water, Capt. Jedediah Rogers, arrived at Detroit May 20, 1819, and occupied a week in making one trip to Black Rock." Those statements are incorrect. The boat certainly first came to Detroit in 1818,—our family all saw her on her arrival; and in 1819 we were in the interior. There must be somewhere a correct date of the day and month.

In 1818 the first of the interior settlements made in the territory, were commenced in Oakland county. Early in the month of September of that year, my father and mother, uncle and aunt, with two gentlemen friends, all on horseback, with a French guide, followed the Saginaw Indian trail out into the section now called Oakland county. These two ladies were then considered to be the first English speaking American women who had ever voluntarily slept in the back woods of Michigan. After reaching the lake country north and west of Pontiac, finding those beautiful plains covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and flowers, splendid open forests free from underbrush, abounding with deer and birds, the lakes alive with fish, and covered with water fowls, all so tame as scarcely to fear the presence of man; the little party fairly clapped their hands with joy for having found a place so beautiful for their homes.

The most graphic description of that section I have ever seen is to be found in a book entitled "Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis De Tocqueville," written in 1831, and perhaps I cannot do better than to give you a short quotation from his "Fortnight in the Wilderness."

"After we left Mr. Williams, we pursued our road through the woods. From time to time a little lake (this district is full of them) shines like a white table cloth under the green branches. The charm of these lonely spots, as yet untenanted by man, and where peace and silence reign undisturbed, can hardly be imagined. I have climbed the wild and solitary passes of the Alps, where nature refuses to obey the hand of man, and, displaying all her terrors, fills the mind with an exciting and overwhelming sensation of greatness. The solitude here is equally deep, but the emotions it excites are different. In this flowery wilderness, where, as in Milton's Paradise, all seems prepared for the reception of man, the feelings produced are tranquil admiration, a soft melancholy, a vague aversion to civilized life, and a sort of savage instinct which cause you to regret that soon this enchanting solitude will be no more. Already, indeed, the white man is approaching through the surrounding woods; in a few years he will have felled the trees now reflected in the limpid waters of the lake, and will have driven to other wilds, the animals that feed on its banks."

Our little party of explorers selected their farms, searched out the surveyors' lines and marked corners, returned to Detroit and entered the land at the U. S. land office. The price was two dollars per acre, only part being required to be paid down. That fall and winter (which was a very warm and open winter, scarcely any frost or snow until March,) my father built on his farm at Silver lake, a double house of hewn logs, 20x50 feet, one-and-a-half stories high, and in March moved his family from Detroit into it.

The next fall Gen. Cass made the Saginaw Treaty with the Indians, and on the return of the party, stopped over night at our house. Our family, comprising thirteen persons, had all been sick for months with shaking ague—you all well know from experience what it was. The mother of the Indians who brought me the war club which I have shown you, came daily for weeks and sympathized with my mother, bringing us medicinal roots and herbs, also fresh venison, birds, honey, and every species of berries the woods afforded, a free offering of real friendship and kindness. Her husband, a great hunter, was killed in 1824 by a bear, and was buried on our farm. That old woman died near Chesaning about three years ago. I had the pleasure of giving her from year to year articles of clothing, and paid the last act of gratitude I could to her on earth, by furnishing her funeral shroud.

In the fall of 1820, the Indian chief and tyrant of all the Saginaw bands,—the dreaded Kish Kor Co, encamped on our farm, and accompanied by his old men counselors, and a body guard of armed braves, came to the house and demanded to be furnished with two barrels of flour and one of pork, which we did not have. But after a smoke from a pipe of peace (one of which my father had) and a few speeches that were interpreted by a Mr. Riley, my father freely offering them what the Great Spirit had given us from the earth, consisting of corn, potatoes and pumpkins then in the field; Kish Kor Co ordered about twenty men and squaws to go with Riley and my oldest brother and gather what was necessary to feed them, and then proceeded to name my father, calling him Che Pontiock and adopted him as a brother, saying our family should belong to his people, which was solemnly confirmed by a shaking of hands by all the old men, with every one of the family, and kissing each on the left cheek. After another smoke all around, including father, each taking a few whiffs from the two long stemmed pipes, one of which was Kish Kor Co's, both passed around by his pipe bearer, each of the old men was presented with a plug of tobacco by Pontiock, and the chief with a double portion, and some more for distribution among his braves. Then this solemn council broke up, and from that day no member of our family ever lost anything by theft or was treated with any indignity by Indians from the Saginaws, although we became the pioneer settlers of Genesee, Saginaw and Shiawassee counties, in Genesee county in 1824, Saginaw in 1826, and in Shiawassee in 1831.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS IN MICHIGAN.

BY HENRY GILLMAN, OF DETROIT.

Read before the Detroit Scientific Association May 6th, 1874.

Throughout the region of the Great Lakes abundant evidence, often of the most interesting character, of the presence in bygone ages of that peculiar race known as the Mound-builders, is constantly being brought to light. And our own State of Michigan, from the low monotonous shores of lake Erie, to the rocky cliffs of lake Superior, has contributed, in many directions, some of the most remarkable relics and monuments of a people whose cranial affinities and evidently advanced civilization totally separate them from the North American Indian, and ally them to the ancient race of men who inhabited Brazil and the remote past.

Along the Detroit and Rouge rivers those monuments, in the shape of the well known mounds, were at one time not infrequent; but in numerous instances, and even within our present city limits, they have been destroyed, often without their true character being recognized; and thus large amounts of valuable relics have fallen into ignorant hands, and have finally been forever lost. Even those works which remain are fast disappearing before the march of modern improvement.

Indian tradition says that these mounds along our river were built in ancient times by a people of whom they (the Indians) know nothing, and for whom they have no name; that the mounds were occupied by the Tuetle Indians, and subsequently by the Wyandottes, but were constructed long before their time. These facts were ascertained by me in the course of some investigations which I made several years ago, and at that time I further learned that the Tuetle Indians had been absorbed by the Six Nations, and if any survive it is there they must be looked for.

In this connection it is proper to state that I have lately been informed, through the instrumentality of Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, of the result of some inquiries made at my suggestion in regard to the name Tuetle. The conclusion arrived at is that the word Tuetle is probably a corruption of Tutelo, a tribe "admitted as a younger member of the confederacy of the Six Nations, about the middle of the last century;" and that the Tuteloes "are believed to have migrated from Virginia northward, to lands assigned them on the Susquehanna by the Six Nations; but very little is known of their early history and migrations." An interesting paper on the Tuteloes was read by the Rev. J. Anderson, before the American Philological Association, in July, 1871. Reporting Mr. H. Hale's discoveries, this assigns the Tuteloes to the Dakotan and not the Iroquois stock, and gives an account of Mr. Hale's visit to Nikungha, the last survivor of the tribe of the Tuteloes, and who has since died at the age of 106 years.

The establishment of the identity of the Tuetles with the Tuteloes, and their residence on these mounds and along the Detroit river, is not only an interesting addition to our local history, but is of special value in view of its tending to sustain Mr. Hale's opinion (opposed to the conclusions of others regarding the Dakotan migration) that "in former times the whole of what is now the central portion of the United States, from the Mississippi nearly to the Atlantic, was occupied by Dakotan tribes, who have been cut up and gradually exterminated by the intrusive and more energetic Algonquins and Iroquois."

The relics exhumed from the mounds consist of stone implements, such as axes, chisels, scrapers, arrow-heads, spear-points and knives, fragments of pottery of a great variety of pattern, including the favorite cord pattern so frequently seen in such connection, from the northern lakes to the gulf of Mexico; and the bones of man, generally much decayed, and exhibiting other indications of antiquity. From the fragments of burned bones and charcoal found, it would appear that in the earlier interments cremation was practised.

The tibiæ present, in an extreme degree, the peculiar flattening or compression pertaining to platycuemic men. In the fourth annual report of the Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology, attention is called to this, some of the relics which I collected here having been donated to the museum by the Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop, to whom I had presented them. The curator, Prof. Wyman, says: "Of the tibiæ of forty individuals from the mounds of Kentucky, one-third presented this flattening to the extent that the transverse did not exceed 0.60 of the fore and aft diameter. The most extreme case was from the mound on the river Rouge in Michigan, in which the transverse was only 0.48. In the most marked case mentioned by Broca, viz: In the old man from the Cro-Magnon (France), it was, as deduced from his figures, 0.60." Prof. Wyman draws attention to certain resemblances in this bone to the same bone in the ape, adding: "In some of the tibiæ the amount of flattening surpasses that of the gorilla and chimpanzee, in each of which we found the short 0.67 of the long diameter, while in the tibiæ from Michigan it was only 0.48.

Subsequent to this (in 1870), I discovered in adjacent mounds several instances in which the compression of the tibiæ was developed to even a greater extreme. Two remarkable cases of this peculiarity were afforded by tibiæ taken by me from a mound on the Detroit river. In one of those unique specimens the transverse diameter of the shaft is 0.42, and in the other 0.40 of the antero-posterior diameter, exceeding, I believe, any platycuemism which has been observed before or since in any part of the world. In communicating these facts to the *American Naturalist*, not long afterward, I claimed that the last mentioned case "may be considered as the flattest tibiæ on record." (See *American Naturalist*, October, 1871.) Both of these bones are strongly marked with the saber-like curvature, also a characteristic of the chimpanzee, as are likewise many others of the tibiæ from the vicinity. The majority of the tibiæ present the flattening, which is an exception to the facts as noted in other sections of the United States where it is supposed to pertain to "only about one-third of all the individuals observed." In fact it is an exception to find a tibiæ from our mounds along the Detroit destitute of this peculiarity; and where one is found it is generally of later burial and consequently of less ancient origin.

A few years ago the greater part of this large circular mound in the vicinity of Fort Wayne was removed and most important results were obtained. Eleven human skeletons were exhumed; a large number of buriel vases, stone implements in great variety and of superior workmanship, consisting chiefly of axes, fleshers, spear-points, arrow-heads, chisels, drillers and sinkers; pipes, a peculiar implement of unknown use, formed of an antler, with duplicate perforations at its thickest end; and two articles manufactured from copper, one the remains of a necklace, formed of a number of beads strung on a two-stranded cord, a few fragments of which remained sufficiently preserved to satisfy me that it was made from vegetable fiber, probably from the basswood (*Tilia Americana*, L.). The other article of copper consisted of a needle, or borer, several inches in length, quadrangular at the base, and well wrought. One of the skulls is remarkable for its diminutive size, though adult, its capacity being only 56 cubic inches, or less than 76 per cent. of that of the average Indian cranium, which is given as 84 cubic inches by Morton & Meigs, the minimum observed by them being 69 cubic inches. The measurement by Morton of 155 Peruvian crania gives 75 cubic inches for the average bulk of the brain, (no greater than that of the Hottentot or New Hollander) the maximum being 101 cubic inches, while the maximum sinks to 58, the smallest in a series of 641 measured crania; and yet you will perceive this is exceeded in diminutiveness by this crania from the Detroit river. The average volume of the brain in the Mexicans is 79 cubic inches, while in a series of measurements of 24 crania from the Kentucky mounds it is found to be 84. The Teutonic crania gives the average of 92 cubic inches. Thus it is seen that while the great volume of the brain is indicative of power of some sort, the opposite is not always to be regarded as proof of a degraded condition. In short, quality may here, as in other instances, compensate for deficiency in quantity. So we find the cranium of the Peruvian, who possesses a high degree of civilzation and refinement, equaled in capacity by that of the New Hollander or Hottentot, while it is exceeded by that of the degraded, brutal North American Indian to the extent of nine cubic inches. Still the crania of the Mound-builders, it must be acknowledged, present characteristic, which, in the language of Foster, "indicate a low intellectual organization, little removed from that of the idiot." And this skull from the Detroit river mound must be placed in the same category. Prof. Wyman, in the sixth annual report of the Peabody Museum, in referring to this skull, goes on to say: "In ordinary skulls the ridges of the temporal muscles on the two sides of the head are separated by a space of from three to four inches, seldom less than two, while in the Detroit mound skull this space measures only three-quarters of an inch; and in this respect it presents the same conditions as the skull of a chimpanzee." It is interesting to remember that "the flattest tibiæ on record," already referred to, were taken by me from this mound; and all the tibiæ had more or less saber-like curvature associated with the platycuemism.

It remains for me in this connection to call attention to the fact that the perforation of the humerus is another remarkable characteristic which I have observed to pertain to those platycuemic men of our region. I refer to the communication of the two fossæ situated at the lower end of the humerus. This is of great interest, as this peculiarity is most frequently met with in the negro race; it has also been observed in the Indian, and though not always present, is quite general in the apes, while it is very seldom seen in the white races.

One of the most remarkable and extensive series of tumuli which are known to exist in this part of the lake region it was my good fortune to discover in the year 1872. I refer to the mounds situated at the head of the St. Clair river, and at the foot of lake Huron. They extend in continuous succession for about one mile and one-half northward, as I have satisfactorily determined. Strange to say those who lived in their immediate vicinity, knew nothing of their character. A paper which I wrote on the subject, embodying the principal facts, subsequently formed a part of the sixth annual report of the Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology, and was afterward copied into several of the leading periodicals of the country, including the *American Journal of Science.* The general publicity thus given the discoveries precludes the necessity of more than a passing notice here. The numerous mounds, with few exceptions, are of similar character, having been largely used for burial purposes. One of them presented some features distinctive of the "refuse heaps" of our Atlantic Coast, and of the north of Europe, a wide area at one end being covered with a solid crust of black ashes from eighteen inches to two feet thick, containing the bones of various animals used for food, broken pottery and stone implements. The relics from the burial mounds, in addition to those usually found, consisted of an extraordinarily large number of broken stone hammers of the rudest kind; a plate of mica five by four inches, and two necklaces, one made of small bones, mostly cervical vertebræ, stained a beautiful green color, resembling enamel, the other composed of the teeth of the moose, finely perforated at the roots, alternating with well-wrought beads of copper, and the bones of birds stained green as in the first instance. In the mound containing the last mentioned ornaments several interments had been made, and the decayed stump of a scarlet oak (*Quercus coccinea, Wang.*) two feet in diameter surmounted the summit, the roots spreading above the contents in all directions. All the tibiæ noticed by me exhibited the compression characterizing platycuemic men. In dwelling on this circumstance, in connection with my previous discoveries in the same direction, I make the remark, "I cannot but believe, from what I have seen, that future investigation will extend the area in which this type of bone is predominent to the entire region of the great lakes, if not of the great west; or, in other words, that at least our northern Mound-builders be found to have possessed this trait in the degree and to the extent denoted;" which prediction recent discoveries in Wisconsin and Iowa would seem in a fair way of fulfilling.

On the west bank of the Black river, a tributary of the St. Clair, is a burial-mound, which contributed some unusual features. A road having been cut through the easterly slope of this mound, the consequent excavation revealed a large number of human bones, pottery, stone implements and other relics. Stone-lance or spear-heads of great length were taken out, two of them being each over a foot long, and one sixteen inches in length. But the most interesting feature of this repository of relics was a grave, the interior of which was described to me as being lined with pottery similar to that of which the vases, pots, etc., are formed. This was so peculiar a circumstance, no other instance of the kind having come to my knowledge, that, at first, I considered the statement highly improbable. But I availed myself of an opportunity of visiting the locality not long after to make a special examination. Though the construction of the road through the mound had destroyed most of the original features, and scattered a multitude of valuable remains, further excavation revealed a considerable quantity of fragments of the pottery above referred to as having been said to have lined the grave. This certainly appeared to confirm the statement. I found this pottery to be of rather a coarser description than usual, and marked abundantly with the cord pattern, known to be of such frequent employment, but in this instance made with a large cord or small rope. The side so ornamented was invariably concave, while the other side was convex and unsmoothed, different from any other specimens I have seen elsewhere. So rough and unfinished was the unornamented side that it had every appearance of having been pressed upon the ground while yet plastic, and sand, and even gravel, adhering to it, confirmed this impression. After having viewed the evidences I had no longer any great difficulty in receiving the statements previously made. My chief informant was perfectly uneducated in such matters, and even attributed the peculiar formation lining the sides of the grave to the coagulation and final hardening of blood, accounting for its presence in such large quantity by presuming a battle to have been fought in the vicinity. The few fragments of human bones, which, on this occasion were exhumed with the pottery, were in the last stages of decay.

Time will not permit me to speak of a number of other mounds which have come under my observation. A remarkable series of those works occurs at Beaver Harbor, on Beaver island, in lake Michigan. A very limited and hurried examination which I made of the group in 1871, sufficiently satisfied me as to their ancient origin. They appear to be of the same character as the mounds on the Detroit river, and those at the foot of lake Huron. They were probably largely used for purposes of sepulture. From the success attending my brief labors it would appear that the more valued relics of the Mound-builders have been here deposited in unusual abundance. Highly wrought stone implements, many of them being of uncommonly skillful workmanship, are frequently encountered. They are formed of a great variety of stone, such as diorite, or greenstone, sienite, shale and chert, many of them being finely polished. One of the handsomest stone axes I ever saw was taken out at this place; it is made from sienite, a favorite material for this implement, and the handicraft displayed in its construction is of the highest order.

I shall close with a short account of the recent discoveries of

ANCIENT MINING AT ISLE ROYALE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

In the year 1872 some of the most remarkable of the ancient works yet encountered were brought to light by a party of explorers on Isle Royale. Some idea of their extent may be arrived at from the statement of a gentleman well known in mining interests, who is at present engaged in developing the mineral resources of the place, and who calculated that at one point alone, on three sections of land toward the north side of the island, the amount of labor performed by those ancient workmen far exceeds that of one of our oldest copper mines on the south shore of lake Superior, a mine which has now been constantly worked with a large force for over twenty years. This may well appear almost incredible when we take into account the disadvantages under which these primitive miners must have labored, and all the advantages comprehended by our present civilization, including the various improvements in mining appliances and the vast resources of modern science.

Isle Royale is situated about fifty miles from the south shore of Lake Superior, and from fifteen to twenty miles from its north shore, and lies off Ontario, Canada, to which geographically it would seemingly belong; or one might suppose that belonging to the United States it pertained to Minnesota rather than to Michigan; consequently, the mistake of supposing it to belong to Canada is frequently made. The island is nearly fifty miles in length, varying from five to nine in breadth, having, in most parts of the coast line, an exceedingly ragged, rocky shore, abounding in deep inlets and small harbors or coves. A large number of islands and rocky inlets lie off the main island, particularly in a northeast and southwest direction—the line of its greater axis—to which direction the rocky elevations of the island, in some places rising more than 700 feet above the level of Lake Superior, correspond in a remarkable degree. Nearly the entire of the island is covered with a growth of timber, more or less dense, consisting of the species usually composing our northern forests.

The works, generally pits of from ten to thirty feet in diameter, and from twenty to sixty feet in depth, are found scattered throughout the island, wherever examined being sunk through the few feet of superincumbent drift, where it exists, into the amygdaloid copper-bearing rock. They invariably are on the richest veins; and the intelligence displayed in the tracing and following of the veins when interrupted, etc., has elicited the astonishment of all who have witnessed it—no mistakes having apparently been made in this respect. These excavations are connected under ground, drains being cut in the rock to carry off the water. Slopes one hundred feet in length are found. A drain sixty feet long presented some interesting features; having been cut through the surface drift into the rock, it had evidently been covered for its entire length by timbers felled and laid across. When opened, the timbers had mostly decayed, and the center portions had sunk into the cavity, filling it for nearly its entire length with the rotted wood.

At a deep inlet known as McCargoe's Cove, on the north side of the island, excavations such as are described extend in almost a continuous line for more than two miles, in most instances the pits being so close together as barely to permit their convenient working. Even the rocky islets off the coast have not escaped the observation of those ancient miners, and where bearing veins of copper are generally worked. The stone hammers, or mauls, weighing from ten to even thirty pounds, the chief tool with which the labor was performed, have been found by cart loads; they are either perfect or broken from use, and the fragments of large numbers of them are found intermingled with the *debris* on the edge of the pits, or at their bottom. These mauls are occasionally found grooved for the affixture of the handle, but are oftener without this adaptation. Tools made of copper, and consisting principally of chisels and knives, have also been taken from such of the pits as have been explored. Arrow-heads of copper have also been picked up, both in the vicinity of the pits and scattered over the island at the surface, as if lost in the chase. The tools, though injured from oxidation, appear to have been of fair workmanship, and were evidently hardened, apparently through the agency of fire. With the exception of the stone hammers, no other tools formed of stone have been observed. A large portion of a wooden utensil shaped like a bowl was taken from the *debris*, charcoal, etc., at the bottom of a pit. This vessel had possibly been used in bailing water from the excavation. It must originally have been about three feet in diameter, and from its appearance something of the rude character of the tool employed in shaping it could be gathered. The fragment was not of uniform thickness throughout; the wood having been more easily removed when working in certain directions, *e. g.*, when cutting with the grain, the vessel was thinner in those portions.

Having seen the remark that the copper tools of the ancient miners are of rough and not polished exterior, inferences being drawn therefrom as to their rude construction, I wish to say that, having examined a large number of those tools, I believe this roughness to have been caused mostly by corrosion; in many cases this is quite palpable, the original surface being apparent in places, and evidently confirming the fact that at least the external faces of the tool were originally approximately smooth, if not polished.

Excellent arguments have been advanced by Mr. Foster to prove that the Mound-builders understood the art of fusing copper, and that, at least, some of their copper tools were made by being cast or moulded. From the method pursued by this people in mining, in which the agency of fire bore so prominent a part, it would seem improbable they could have long remained ignorant of the fusibility of the metal; yet in most cases the evidence appears conclusive that the rudely-fashioned tool was simply wrought by being beaten into the desired form, often in the roughest manner. It is possible the two classes of tools here referred to may mark two distinct eras in the history of this manufacture, and that the moulded tool designates an advance from the primitive method of hammering the metal into shape. Some of the copper heads taken from the "mounds" in Michigan display a wonderful degree of neatness in the manipulation of the metal, the junction of the bead being in many cases almost imperceptible; yet the agency of fire was here evidently not employed.

The pits which have been examined, by being cleaned out, invariably had on top a large deposit, mostly of vegetable matter, the accumulations of many a fall-of-the-leaf, beneath which lay a thick bed of charcoal and mud mingled with fragments of copper-bearing rock. Besides this, they were partly filled with water; the removal of the contents was consequently very dirty work. The method of mining pursued by those people was evidently, on turning back the overlying drift, to heat the rock through the aid of fire; then, when by the application of water the rock was sufficiently disintegrated, to attack and separate it with their great stone mauls. What a slow, wearisome process! Even with a large force constantly engaged in this labor, it must have taken a long series of years to accomplish the work exhibited; and, if those people withdrew during the lengthy winter season, as has been supposed, it would more than double the period required. An experienced mining captain computed that 200 of those men, with their rude methods, could barely be equivalent to two of our skilled miners. Though no exact estimate can now be made as to the length of time occupied in the prosecution of those extensive works, more or less interrupted as they undoubtedly must have been, yet it does not seem too much to estimate hundreds of years for their accomplishment.

As to the time which has elapsed since the mines have ceased to be worked by this bygone race, a more definite approximation can be reached. Various careful estimates have placed this period from 700 to 800 years. I cannot but conclude that since the last work was done on those pits several generations of trees have arisen and disappeared. The remains of trees older by hundreds of years than the oldest of our present timber are found in and on the sides of the pits. The present growth of forest covers, unbroken, those excavations and the *debris* surrounding them; all the timber now growing on them being of the same character as that covering the adjacent land, and which is now in process of supplanting by what is known as our "second growth." The late General Harrison, President of the United States, acknowledged to have been remarkably skilled in woodcraft as well as in warfare, in his notes on the Ohio mounds, has made some valuable and suggestive remarks on the relation observed by the different species of forest growth. Lyell, in his "Antiquity of Man," quotes the passage with further and approving remarks. As at Isle Royale, therefore, the species of the present forest covers equally the excavations and the adjoining land, no difference being observable in the growth, we may form some slight conception of the period which must have elapsed before, through the regular rotation, the present condition of things was brought to pass. Trees, from two to four feet in diameter, are now growing in the pits, on their sides, and on the tumuli formed of the excavated *debris* which surround them. In one case, the partially decayed stump of a red oak (probably *Quercus coccinea Linn.*) was found on the tumulus at the edge of a pit. This tree had not been blown down, but had grown and decayed where the stump stood. A large proportion of the rotted wood surrounded it; only the red, interior portion of the stump remaining sound. A careful enumeration of the annual rings composing this red, undecayed centre of the tree, gave as the result the number of 384. If to this be added 200 rings, as representing the decayed outer portion of the stump, and not considered an overestimate, we have 584 years as the period of its growth. To this will have to be added the number of years which a tree with the durability of the wood of this species takes to reach the stage of decay here exhibited; and some years may also be allowed for the time which may have elapsed before it commenced growing on its peculiar site. So that the placing this period at from 700 to 800 years, as already given, may not be far from the truth. But it must be remembered that this does not prevent the period of the desertion of the works being placed back at twice or even three times that distance. In other words it only proves that the pits had not been worked within the time mentioned. On removing this stump the *debris* underlying it was found to consist of the usual angular fragments of copper-bearing rock, thrown out from the adjoining pit, and with which were intermingled a large number of stone-hammers, some perfect, others fractured from use, and, more interesting still, a knife made of copper. Pine trees (*pinus strobus*) of the present forest, in which 380 annual rings have been counted, have frequently been cut on the tumuli.

From another pit, beneath a third deposit of vegetable matter, the remains of the skeleton of a deer were exhumed. The bones were so decayed, however, that they crumbled to pieces, and it was only through the undecayed portions of an antler that the animal was recognized. It had evidently fallen into the pit long after it had been deserted, and, unable to escape, had perished. Another interesting relic consists of a sheet-like piece of copper, which had apparently been exposed to the action of fire and then had been partially hammered into a shape approximating to a bowl-like utensil. This, too, exhibits the character of the copper generally sought by those men. It is manifest from the working of the veins, that those miners followed the deposits of sheet-like copper, which varied from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness, rejecting as unmanageable the fragments of rock which contained even large-sized nuggets of the metal. The latter are found in large quantities in the rubbish forming the tumuli at the mouths of the pits, as well as in the excavations themselves, where, mingled with considerable amounts of charcoal, they seemingly had been pushed behind those miners as they advanced in the exploration of the vein, the walls of which were generally left unbroken.

At an indentation of the coast on the south side of the island, where a stream about 40 feet in width had cut a channel through the rocks and formed quite a fall of water, was discovered what is taken to be the site of the town, or the habitations of these people. It occupies an elevated slope, giving an extensive view of Lake Superior, and overlooking the intervening point of land which makes the little bay an excellent harbor. The remains consist of a series of shallow excavations, generally about four feet in depth, and occupying the successive terraces of the slopes. Some of these pits are circular, others are quadrangular, and they vary from 10 to 30 feet in diameter. Indications suggest that timber or bark was used in their construction, the soil being thrown up around them to a sufficient height. But time did not permit a satisfactory examination of this interesting locality, which, with other points on the island, it is hoped will afford, on a thorough exploration, many valuable facts connected with the life of this remarkable people. They, doubtless, shipped the copper, the object of their toil, to the south shore of Lake Superior, the wonderful metal finding its way thence to other parts of the country, as is testified by the articles of copper found in the burial places of the Mound-builders. This point, therefore, was well selected as a town site. The good landing, the admirable harbor, the abundant stream and fall of water, the sheltered and yet commanding hill-side, which enabled them to watch the return and departure of their copper-laden flotillas, were all strong recommendations, even to those semi-savage inhabitants.

Singular to say, up to this time the bones of the man have not been met with on the island. Some contend that, during so long a lapse of time, they have comepletely disappeared through decay. But this conclusion will hardly be accepted as satisfactory. It is difficult to believe but that, of a population so crowded as is implied by the extensive excavations on Isle Royale, some must have died during even the periodic occupation of the island, and have been buried there; and it is to be hoped that the explorations in process of being made will result in the discovery of human remains. These will, doubtless, identify this people with the Mound-builders, whose monuments are so widely distributed through our country. The conformation of the bones of this race, and especially the cranium, as has been already remarked, widely separate from the North American Indian, and ally them rather with the ancient inhabitants of Brazil; the skull being orthocephalic, *i. e.*, occupies a position between the Indian cranium, which is brachycephalic, and the Teutonic, which is dolicocephalic. Their characteristics suggest a people, who, though not of any great intellectual development, are yet capable of patient endeavor, and the unremitting toil which is devoted to the amelioration of life through the improvement of its surroundings, and are not devoid of an ambition which, however humble, places them above the Indian in the scale of humanity.

It is also remarkable that the discoveries of the remains at the settlements on the South shore of Lake Superior have never included human bones, so far as I am aware, but have been confined chiefly to excavations, copper tools, and stone hammers. It is possible those men may have had some superstitious beliefs which led to the removal of their dead to their burial-mound further south.

Of the excavations on the small islands lying off Isle Royale, an interesting example was discovered by me on the rocky islet which, for the purpose of distinguishing it, I have named, from its general outline, Triangle Island, it being hitherto unnamed on any of the maps. This island lies off the south-west end of Isle Royale, and is a sandstone rock with very little soil on any part of it, and only a few small trees or brushes at one end. The sides of the island rise abruptly, and there is no landing for even small boats, except for a short space on the north-east side, and also in a cleft-like indentation on the south side. This last mentioned landing has much the appearance of its natural conditions, having been improved by artificial means; a gradual slope, 60 feet in length by about 20 feet wide, leads down to the lake, the rock being generally smooth throughout. Small boats could easily be hauled out here, particularly with the aid of timbers laid for the purpose. Near this and all along it, wherever are indications of copper mines, are the circular pits of the ancient miners. Though of small size, from two to five feet in diameter, and about as many feet deep, they are remarkably distinct. At this place the rock is mostly as level as the floor of a room, and the well-like pits are immediately perceived to be the the work of human agency. Though careful search was made, no relics were met with other than the angular fragments of the rock broken off by the usual methods pursued by those rude miners. The fragments occasionally contained copper.

One of the smaller pits, a little over two feet in diameter and nearly two feet deep, had a large slab of rock covering its mouth. It required two men to remove this. We found this pit more than half full of the angular fragments above alluded to; but though emptied of its contents nothing further was encountered, to our disappointment, as, from indications, we hoped to find this the repository of some valuable relics. Had any tools or other utensils been deposited here, as a place of safety, they had long since disappeared; probably decaying through the lapse of ages. From appearances and the isolated character of the island, I am inclined to think that mine were the first hands to rest on those objects since the departure of the primitive workmen.

At two places at each end of the circular pits, the copper veins in the wall-like cliff had been attacked and partly excavated. The rock was disclosed, as if from the action of fire, and at the base of the more central point the sandstone is considerably hollowed. All those works exhibited the same roughish surface, totally unlike that produced by the action of water.

Immediately at the end of the southern landing, already described, is a marked depression, occupying nearly the centre of the island, and presenting some indications of artificial origin. But about 35 feet northwestward of the head of the landing occurs a more remarkble excavation. This is of rectangular form, 25 feet long by 20 feet wide. It is filled with water, as are most of the pits.

It may not be uninteresting to state in this connection that I found the rare fern *Botrychium lunaria* (Swartz) flourishing and rather abundant on the exposed rock of this island. It grows in tufts of *Potentilla tridentata* (Ait.) grass, and other dwarf plants.

The discoveries on Isle Royale throw a new light on the character of the Mound-builders, giving us a totally different conception of them, and dignifying them with something of the prowess and spirit of adventure which we associate with the higher races of men. The copper, the object of the mining, to be available, must in all probability, have been conveyed in vessels, great or small, across a stormy and treacherous sea, whose dangers are formidable to us now, being dreaded by even our largest craft, and often proving their destruction. Leaving their homes, these men dared to face the unknown—to brave the hardships and perils of the deep and of the wilderness, actuated by an ambition which we to-day would not be ashamed to acknowledge.

In contemplating the facts involved, many questions are naturally suggested. How did these people become aware of those mineral deposits at so isolated a point? How did the men become present in such large numbers as is implied by the extent of the works discovered? What was the character of their vessels or sailing craft, if such were employed? How did so great a population support life in such circumscribed limits while still carrying on their mining operations? Did they make a permanent settlement, their families abiding with them, or were they simply migratory, visiting the island and returning as occasion offered? Did any or all of them remain throughout the severe northern winter, or was the work prosecuted during the summer months only? These are questions not easily answered.

It is evident that such extensive operations as are here described required a system and an organization of no mean order for those days. The vast extent, and the method of their labors, would seem to imply that they were of no desultory or intermittent character. The island probably abounded in game. The deer, caribou, bear, and smaller mammals, were doubtless not scarce, while the waters were alive with many varieties of fish, thus affording food in considerable quantity. The caribou, long extinct here, gives evidence of his former presence in the horns which are some times found; and I have now in my possession two interesting relics—the larger portions of the antlers of this animal, much decayed and gnawed by rodents—which were picked up at two separate points on the island. However, we have hitherto supposed that the Mound-builders were essentially an agricultural people, largely dependent on cereals for subsistence. If grain food was used by them, as is probable, it was most likely transported to the island in sufficient supply from a more southern latitude. The so-called "garden beds," covering so wide an area of the St. Joseph River and Grand River Valleys, Michigan, as well as similar grounds of other places, demonstrate the agricultural habits of the ancient people of this region. The remains of these cultivated fields also afford a clue as to the source of the chief part of the supplies required for the mining adventurers in the northern country.

The question will not fail to suggest itself: Were these vast operations accomplished through slave labor? That a conquered people were kept at this isolated place by their victors, and in this thraldom obliged to work the copper mines, is an opinion, however, which cannot be received without further confirmation. That a central government, situated at the south, ruled with patriarchal if not autocratic sway over the entire region, from Mexico to Lake Superior, many circumstances more than hint at. If the ancient miners were not identical with the Mound-builders, that commercial transactions, at least, existed between them, the constant finding in the burial places of the latter of ornaments and utensils made of Lake Superior copper would warrant. The apparent similarity of their characteristics and habits is further testimony in this direction.

Standing on the rocky eminences of the island, and looking down on the surrounding features, in presence of the remarkable disclosures here detailed, it was not difficult for the imagination to repeople the solitudes once more with those primitive men. The past rises and recreates itself. Again they swarm along the rocky beaches with those ragged shores even then torn with the storms of thousands of winters; landing on the precipitous islets, baptized in the silvery spray of Lake Superior, the rude boats or vessels pass to and fro in busy traffic; some, disappearing in the distance, are bound with their valued freight for the main land far to the south; the half-naked savages, begrimed from their toil, delve in the slowly-deepening pits which lie scattered along the pleasant indentations of the coast, or by the banks of the beautiful lakes of the interior; the voice of an unknown language falls upon the air with a strange rythm; the overhanging cliffs echo and resound with the clang of their stone hammers; the forest falls beneath the blows of their rude axes; the curling smoke rises from their excavations or their dwellings, softly ascending to the same blue heaven which still bends over all with its eternal benediction.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY EDWIN JEROME, VICE PRESIDENT FOR WAYNE COUNTY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1877.

I herewith submit a Biographical Obituary Report of Aged Persons, who have died in Wayne county since our last meeting, leaving their substantial marks of improvements, and deep, beneficial and lasting impress of character upon society, arranged in chronological order.

Feeling desirous that the memory of one whose genius and learning connects Michigan with the by-gone days of auld lang syne should be perpetuated, I hope I may be pardoned if I change the chronological order by placing the name of John Trumbull first.

1st. John Trumbull: A revolutionary patriot poet, author of McFingal; lies entombed in our beautiful Elmwood Cemetery; making a link or bond between the East and West, the century of 1700 and 1800, and Michigan with the patriotic struggle for Independence. The attached biographical sketch in The Detroit Tribune contains extracts from the much-prized blank verse epic and letter of condolence from Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney to the relatives in Michigan; also one in The Detroit Post, March 23d, is interesting. For further information refer to Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Unitarian minister, Detroit, and the Boston papers of Revolutionary times. Harper's Monthly, February, 1876, speaking of noted men, in the sketch on John Trumbull says: "Perhaps we should assign him a higher plain," etc. He died at Detroit, May 10th, 1831, aged 81 years.

2d. Shadrach Gillett: Died February 15th, 1876, aged 75 years. His life and excellent merits are justly and beautifully shadowed forth in the accompanying obituary and the action of the Common Council.

3d. Abram C. Caniff: Died March 25th, 1876, aged 84 years. His Obituary represents his life and general character, and to his associates his jocose sociability will bring pleasant remembrances.

4th. John J. Garrison: Died May 14th, 1876, aged 68 years. Born of parents not wealthy, but most estimable and industrious, well worthy of the emulation of the son, who has not only bequeathed to us a worthy life and character, but substantial marks of improvement and an esteemed family of children.

5th. Charles Moran: Died October 13th, 1876, aged 79 years. His ancestors came to Michigan about 1720. Subsequently, say about 130 years since, east of the old town of Detroit and a few rods from the river, built a commodious log house as their family mansion, which still stands on the south side of Woodbridge street, between Antoine and Hastings, being one story with seven feet ceiling, covered with clapboards outside, stained with yellow paint, showing unmistakable signs of the yellow leaf and sear. The inside walls are heavily plastered, roughly, with common earth and sealed with boards, leaving no view of its original frame. Here in this mansion, 79 years ago, Charles Moran was to the manor born, and eventually became sole heir, from a family of three brothers, to the Moran farm, the estate being now estimated at four millions of dollars.

6th. Franklin Moore: Died January 17th, 1876, aged 77 years. His life and character are foreshadowed in the one thing said of him—that in all his varied and extensive business relations, in dry goods, groceries and lumbering, his conscientious fidelity was so strong to his God and his fellow man that he never cheated a customer across the counter.

From the Detroit Tribune, Mardh 22d, 1876.

JOHN TRUMBULL,

THE PATRIOT-POET OF THE REVOLUTION—HIS LIFE, HIS PUBLIC SERVICES, HIS DEATH IN DETROIT, AND THE TRIBUTE OF A POETESS.

Probably very few of the residents of Detroit are aware that in Elmwood Cemetery there sleeps one of the remarkable men of the Revolutionary days one hundred years ago—a man who was one of the leading spirits in the struggle of the colonies against British misrule and oppression, and whose quick wit and ready pen did nearly as much to nerve the patriots in their hour of danger as did the burning eloquence of Patrick Henry or the lofty examples of Washington. It was said of him that his works sent thousands of his countrymen laughing into the ranks of the patriot army. The literary merits of his productions alone would secure their immortality, were it not for the noble purpose for which they were written, and which renders them almost sacred in the eyes of the true American. In these centennial days, when the memory of our forefathers' Revolutionary experiences are being fanned again into a passing glow by their children's children, it will be of exceptional interest to glance at the history of that eminent patriot who, having seen the long struggle ended, and that cause crowned with success for which he had so earnestly worked and prayed, came to this city in his advanced years, and died and is buried in our beautiful Elmwood. Benson J. Lossing, the eminent historian, in his annotations of Trumbull's most celebrated poem, "McFingal," thus speaks of the author and the work:

"The scenes and incidents of the old war for independence, known as the American Revolution, furnished themes for contemplation and comment for every variety of minds, and evolved many brilliant sparks of genius which otherwise might have remained latent in the flint of common thought. While the powers of highest statesmanship and military skill were demanded in the management of the great public interests, there appeared much in the details of current events to excite mirth and provoke the keenest weapons of wit and satire to wonderful activity. Prudence generally commended anonymity to those who used the press for the exercise of their weapons at the time when there was an enemy in every bush. But such active men as Paine, Hopkinson, Frenau, Trumbull, and others of less note, could not long wear the disguise so as effectually to conceal themselves, and they became objects of admiration for the patriots and of hatred for the loyalists.

" Of all the literary productions of that day, having for its theme the character and doings of the men and times of the Revolution, the remarkable epic entitled " McFingal " is confessedly most deserving of immortality. It holds an honorable place among works of highest poetic merit; and as a satire, applied with scathing power to those who opposed the war and were active in their loyalty to the king, it exhibits force rarely equaled and never surpassed by its predecessors in that peculiar field. That force can be appreciated now, when almost three generations of men have passed away since the actors in the drama were upon the stage, only by a thorough knowledge of the points of each allusion, drawn from the character of the times, and familiarity with the social and political position of the victims of the keen Damascene blade of the satirist.

* * * * * * * * * *

" John Trumbull, the author of " McFingal," was the child of a Congregational minister. He was an only son, delicate in physical constitution, and a favorite of his accomplished mother. He was an exceedingly precocious child, and at the age of seven years was considered qualified to enter Yale College as a student. There he was graduated in 1767, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and remained a student three years longer. He turned his attention chiefly to polite literature, as well as the Greek and Latin classics, and became a most accomplished scholar. He and Timothy Dwight became intimate friends, and the bond of mutual attachment was severed only by death. They were co-essayists in 1769, and in 1771 they were both appointed tutors in the college. The following year young Trumbull published the first part of a poem entitled " The Progress of Dullness." He selected the law as his profession, and devoted much of his leisure time to its study. He was admitted to the bar in 1773, but immediately afterward went to Boston and placed himself under the instructions of John Adams. While in Boston he wrote an " Elegy on the Times," a poem of sixty-eight stanzas, which celebrated the Boston Port Bill, the non-importation associations, and the present strength and future glory of the country. He commenced the practice of law at Hartford in 1781, and soon became distinguished for legal acumen and forensic eloquence. As we have observed, " McFingal " was completed and published at Hartford in 1782. As authors were then unprotected by copyright laws, there were more than thirty different pirated impressions printed and circulated by " newsmongers, hawkers, peddlers and petty chapmen."

Mr. Trumbull was soon afterward associated with Humphreys, Barlow and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins in the production of a work which they styled the " Anarchiad." It contained bold satire, and exerted considerable influence on the popular taste.

In 1789 Mr. Trumbull was appointed State Attorney for the county of Hartford; and, in 1792 he represented that district in the Connecticut Legislature. His health failed, and in 1795 he resigned his office and declined all public business. Toward the close of 1798, a severe illness formed the crisis of his nervous excitement, and after that his health was much better. He was again elected to a seat in the State Legislature in May, 1800, and the following year he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut. From that time he abandoned party politics, as inconsistent with judicial duties. In 1808, he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, in which office he remained several years. In the year 1805, Woodruff and Periam printed an edition of "McFingal" at Elizabethtown, by permission of the author. In 1820 he revised his works, and they were published in Hartford in handsome style by Samuel G. Goodrich, from whom the author received the handsome compensation of $1,000.

"Judge Trumbull and his wife went to Detroit in 1825, and made their abode with their daughter, Mrs. Woodbridge, where he died of gradual decay on the 10th of May, 1831, at the age of 81 years."

Of John Trumbull's grandchildren there are now living: Edward A. Trumbull, born in 1804; William L. Woodbridge, born in 1817; and Mrs. H. T. Backus, born in 1815, all of this city; Dudley Woodbridge, born in 1826, of Grosse Point; John Trumbull, born in 1808, of Stamford, Conn.; and Julia E. Goodwin, born in 1806, of Brooklyn, N. Y. These are the only survivors of the John Trumbull family.

While Trumbull was at Hartford, Miss Lydia Huntley, afterward Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, one of the most famous female poets whom the new world has produced, removed to that place from Norwich, and for about two years after her arrival would permit none of her poems to be published which had not been first inspected and revised by Trumbull. The high esteem which she entertained for him remained in full force during all the succeeding years of their acquaintance, and when she was informed of his death Mrs. Sigourney sent a letter of condolence to his family, which has ever since been sacredly preserved by them, and which is now in the possession of Judge Trumbull's grandson, Mr. Edward A. Trumbull, a venerable man of 72 years, who resides with Mr. William L. Woodbridge, on the corner of Ninth avenue and Howard street. Yesterday a Tribune reporter was permitted by Mr. Trumbull to copy the concluding portions of the letter, and it, as well as the beautiful poem with which it concludes, are here published for the first time:

"The following is a tribute to the memory of one who was no less the pride of his native state than of his country; the patriotic bard who, having left among his native hills the thrilling harp, which had animated every camp and enlivened every cottage till its notes resounded across the Atlantic, went with his aged partner to spend the evening of his days with those so fondly endeared to him, in the family of our respected friend, William Woodbridge.

"Judge Trumbull was one of the fathers of poetry in New England, and having distinguished Connecticut by his birth, and Michigan by his sepulture, seems to have divided between the East and the West his heritage of fame:

I saw him in his revery.
Night had drawn
Dense curtains o'er the slumbering, snow-robed earth,
And a lone lamp its fitful lustre threw
Across his musing brow. 'Twas marked by age
And thought profound, perhaps by sadness tinged;
Yet from the piercing eye that beauty beamed
Which hoary Time respecteth.

This was he
Whose shaft of wit had touched the epic strain
With poignant power. The Father of the Harp
In his own native vales, he seemed to muse,
As if those loved retreats did spread themselves
Again before his eye. The sighing wind
Through the long branches of those ancient trees
Where first his boyhood lisped the love of song,
Doth lull his soul. There brighter visions gleam
As sound of music rises. 'Tis thy voice,
Connecticut, as when by vernal rains
Surcharged it swells in tuneful murmurs round
The vine-clad mansion where his children grew.
But the hoarse murmur of yon mighty lakes,
Holding high carnival with the winged storm,
Doth quell its melody.

And is it so,
That in the feebleness of four-score years
Thou with unshrinking hand didst pitch thy tent
Near the broad billows of the Michigan,
And mark in that far land, young life start forth
In beauty, and in vigor, and in power,
Where erst the Indian and the panther dwelt
Sole lords ? It was a bold emprise to change
The robe of science and of minstrelsy,
Worn from thy cradle onward, for the staff
Of the strong emigrant.

Once more I looked.
His lamp had faded, and the learned page
Was closed within his study. But the book
Of God's great love to man was open still.
Where was the eye that pondered it ? The heart
That prized it more than Greek or Roman lore ?
There was a shroud, a pall, a tender sigh
Of love and filial grief, and 'neath the sods
Of that new world the Patriot Poet lies;
And dust to dust concludes our noblest song.

Master and friend, until this feeble lyre
In silence moulders, until my heart forgets
The thrill of gratitude, the love of song,
The praise of knowledge, shall thy image dwell,
Bright with the beauty of benignant age,
In my soul's temple shrine.

Mr. Trumbull and his wife, who died three years after him, were at first interred upon the Woodbridge farm, but were subsequently removed to the Woodbridge lot in Elmwood Cemetery. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

TO
THE HONORED MEMORY
OF
JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D.,
THE AUTHOR OF M'FINGAL:
A SCHOLAR, A POET AND A PATRIOT.
HE WAS BORN
IN WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT,
IN 1750.
FOR NINETEEN YEARS
HE WAS A JUDGE IN THE
HIGHER COURTS OF HIS NATIVE STATE.
THROUGH ALL HIS LIFE
HE WAS THE ZEALOUS PROMOTER
OF GOOD LEARNING, ELEGANT
LETTERS, SOUND MORALS,
AND PURE RELIGION.
A MAN, A GENTLEMAN, A CHRISTIAN.
HE DIED
IN SPRINGWELLS, NEAR DETROIT,
IN 1831,
IN THE EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

G. W. D.

"——— and 'neath the sods of that new world the Patriot Poet lies.''—L. H. S.

In the course of time the city limits encompassed the Woodbridge farm, which was divided into city lots with a broad street running its entire length, a distance of about two miles. After this street had been opened to the legal width of eighty feet, Gov. William Woodbridge, the husband of Judge Trumbull's daughter, offered to donate to the city ten additional feet on either side of the highway along its entire length, on condition that the street should be known as "Trumbull avenue," and thus serve to perpetuate in what seemed to be a most durable manner the name and memory of the Patriot Poet of the Revolution. The conditions were accepted, and for a number of years the broad, beautiful street was designated as Trumbull avenue, becoming known by that name to all the residents of Detroit. One evening, however, in the fall of 1867, the Common Council decided that, for the benefit of street-car conductors, or for some other equally good and sufficient reason, the streets in that section of the city should be numbered off, and in one session, without any warning whatever, changed the name of the street from "Trumbull" to "Ninth" avenue. The Woodbridge and Trumbull families regarded this action as contrary to the contract made with them, and the people residing on or near the street were highly indignant at the contemptible action taken by a set of illiterate men who probably had never heard of Trumbull, and to whom O'Mulligan or Sweitzelheimer avenue would have seemed more appropriate and intelligible, but who could see no reason why sentimental or patriotic feelings should be at all taken into consideration. The change was made so suddenly that it was some little time before the mass of the people had thoroughly comprehended it, and the feeble effort which was made to have the act annulled soon died out, leaving a feeling of indignation and grief on the part of those who looked upon the change as not only unnecessary, but to a certain extent even sacrilegious. Although more than eight years have elapsed since the change was made, this feeling of injustice is still kept alive by the residents along the street, and there is no doubt that nearly every family on that beautiful thoroughfare would gladly sign a petition to the Common Council to restore to it the name of Trumbull avenue.

DETROIT'S REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.

Although the city of Detroit is one of the oldest in the country, it can contribute little or nothing to centennial memories. It was on "the wrong side of the line" through the whole of the struggle for independence. Indeed, it was conspicuous as one of the points whence the English organized expeditions of Indians against the American patriots, and paid them bounties on the scalps they brought back. The population was composed of French—who knew little and cared less about the sympathy which France felt toward America, or rather the hostility which France felt toward England—and of the English garrisons stationed here.

By reason of this dearth of associations and its poverty of patriotic history, it becomes the city to preserve and cherish all that has been bequeathed to it indirectly and collaterally. Since there is nothing of the kind of an original character, that which has been acquired by adoption is all the more valuable. Among the patriots of the American Revolution few exercised more influence than one man who was not soldier, general, or orator. Among the more prominent and brilliant actors of that time, he has sunk into comparative obscurity. His work was comparatively of a temporary nature. It was so well adapted to its purpose that its success probably had much to do with its failure to command great renown after the occasion which called it forth had passed away. It still survives in a few lines which are generally attributed to Butler, the English poet, among which are the following:

No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.
But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck and plover
Bear wide and kick their owners over.

He anticipated the celebrated Sir Boyle Roche's remark, "what has posterity ever done for me, that I should do anything for posterity?"

What has posterity done for us
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?

Yet John Trumbull and his poem of "McFingal," from which the lines above are quoted, by ridiculing the British, their generals and their troops, and the Tory neighbors of the patriots, had probably as much to do with the spirit and progress and success of the Revolution as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Petroleum Nasby" had to do with the spirit and progress and success of the late war for the Union. Indeed, it filled a larger place in the literature of the war than these did later. It took the place of the newspaper, which was so abundantly supplied in the Union armies, and furnished the patriots with their political thought and patriotic inspiration. According to Mr. Whipple, in his centennial review of American literature, recently published in Harper's Magazine, there were more editions published of it than of any American poem during this one hundred years. It was published in a cheap, small, portable form, and the American soldiers carried it in their pockets and read it by the light of their camp-fires or when they were at leisure on picket duty.

So remarkable was the influence of this poem that Trumbull, it is said, was one of the leaders whom the British would have hung had the rebellion been unsuccessful. But he survived, and being not only a poet and satirist, but a man "learned in the law," he was appointed to the lower courts, and afterward to the supreme bench in Connecticut. Subsequently he came to Detroit to reside with his son-in-law, Mr. Wm. Woodbridge, in whose house he died in 1831. Before leaving Hartford the principal men of Connecticut, of all professions, gave him a farewell banquet, and the city of Hartford soon afterward named one of its streets in his honor. A contemporary of Trumbull's, John Brainard, closed his poem on "The Connecticut River" with the following allusion to his friend's departure for what was then the border of a deep wilderness:

Thou had'st a poet once—and he could tell,
Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befel;
Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
But we shall hear his classic lays no more!
He loved thee, but he took his aged way,
By Erie's shore and Perry's glorious bay,
To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
Remote beside the dreary solitude.
Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
And our gnarled charter oak put forth a bough
Whose leaves shall grace thy Trumbull's honor'd brow.

Mr. Trumbull lies buried in Elmwood Cemetery in this city. When Gov. Woodbridge laid out and afterward enlarged the street now called Ninth avenue, he named it Trumbull avenue, in honor of his eminent father-in-law and the country's distinguished patriot. About ten years ago the Common Council, in a moment of thoughtlessness, changed the name of Trumbull avenue to Ninth avenue, in order to make it conform numerically to the parallel and adjacent streets. It is now proposed to do justice to Trumbull and to Woodbridge, and to the fame of a Revolutionary patriot, and defer to the spirit and character of this centennial year by restoring to the street this ancient and honorable name. There ought to be no opposition to it. It is the one connecting link which by association unites Detroit directly with the Revolution in which it took no share. There is less reason for obliterating this name than there would be for canceling the name of Washington, or Adams, or Jefferson, or Monroe, or Madison, or Lafayette avenue. These men were never in any way a part of the history of Detroit. But Trumbull was, and he was the comrade and compeer of these men. He was personally known to many of them. He was a correspondent of Washington's. He represented the independence, and courage, and political principles of the Revolution as fully and influentially as they. His tomb is here. His family still lives here. His memory is worthy of perpetuation here, and it is at once the duty and the privilege of Detroit to perform so simple and proper an act as this contribution to the honors of the year.

"TRUMBULL AVENUE."

To the Editor of The Detroit Tribune:

I was very glad to read in your issue of to-day the account of the poet Trumbull and his family, and hope that the name of Ninth avenue will be changed back to Trumbull avenue, as it ought to be. As ths donation of the ten feet on each side of the avenue was on the express condition that it should be called Trumbull avenue, cannot these twenty feet be recovered back by the Woodbridge heirs, unless the original name be restored? It would seem so, and this is a good question for the heirs to consider.

But I must protest against the idea of blotting out the old and cherished historical names of our streets and avenues, and placing on them names that have no historical or legendary significance whatever. If this system is to be tolerated we may soon have Jefferson avenue changed to Dunce avenue and Woodward avenue to Blockhead avenue.

A short time ago an earnest effort was made to put the name of the founder of the city on one of our avenues, in place of a name that had no historical significance whatever. The name of the illustrious Cadillac would have sounded well and properly in this connection, but it was no go among the wise "fathers of the city." If such a thing as this could not be done, at least let us have common decency observed in connection with this subject. VINDEX.

DETROIT, March 23d, 1876.

The name of Ninth avenue was subsequently changed back to Trumbull avenue.

SHADRACH GILLETT.

DIED FEBRUARY 15, 1876, AGED 75 YEARS.

At a session of the Common Council of the city of Detroit, held on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1876, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

A venerable man has passed away. His life is intimately connected with the history of this city for more than half a century. He loved his fellow-men with pure, unselfish friendship, which grew brighter as his years increased. To alleviate sufferings and distress in the world seemed to be, to him, the greatest of pleasures. He had a smile for all, both young and old, and was always cheerful. His superior talent, purity of life, honesty of purpose, have all been devoted to truth and justice; and the impress of his character has been left not only upon his fellow-men, but upon the spirit of his day and generation. "The memory of his virtues still lingers, like twilight hues when the sun is set."

Resolved, That in token of our respect to the memory of Shadrach Giliett, an old and faithful public servant, the Controller be, and he is hereby directed to cause the flag to be displayed at half-mast on Friday, February 18, 1876.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this Council now adjourn.

Adopted unanimously, the following Aldermen being present:

YEAS—Ald. Blodgett, Christian, Clark, Dorr, Dunlap, Finney, Finnegan, Gies, Guthard, Haller, Heames, Herrick, Jackson, Kurtz, Liggett, Mitchell, Rouland, Schmitt, Shanahan, Wilks, and the President—21.

And the Council then adjourned.

[SEAL.] Witness my hand and the Corporate Seal of the City of Detroit' affixed this 20th day of February, A. D. 1876.

CHARLES H. BORGMAN, City Clerk.

OBITUARY.

SHADRACH GILLETT DIED FEBRUARY 15TH, 1876.

Mr. Shadrach Gillett died at the residence of his son-in-law, Jacob Houghton, No. 51 Elizabeth street, at five o'clock this morning, aged seventy-five years. He was born in Lyme, Conn., on January 22d, 1801, and came to Detroit in 1815, and with the exception of seven years spent by him in the Lake Superior country, he resided here during the whole of these sixty years. Upon reaching Detroit he went into the employ of John Roby, who then kept a sort of general store not far from the present foot of Shelby street, and whose cottage residence occupied the spot upon which the Michigan Exchange now stands. He and Mr. Roby built the first private wharf constructed on the river front, and the steamer Walk-in-the-Water made this her landing place. He subsequently succeeded Mr. Roby in business, and later inaugurated an immense forwarding and commission trade, and became the owner of the old Roby warehouse and surrounding property. His own residence was on the south-east corner of Fort and Third streets, where the Fort street Presbyterian Church now stands, and from him the property was purchased for the church. Some time after succeeding Mr. Roby he took Mr. Charles Desnoyers into partnership, the firm being then known as Gillett & Desnoyers. Mr. Desnoyers died and Mr. Gillett's son, Thos. S. Gillett, succeeded to his interest in the firm, and the business was carried on for a long time by Gillett & Son. He was also at times in partnership with his older brother, with George S. Lester and with Elon W. Hudson. He was largely interested, too, with Messrs. John P. and George Clark in their lake and river fisheries, owned the steamer Gen. Scott, and controlled several other vessels and a few mills in the interior of the State, and was recognized as one of the solid men of the West. In 1840, while Detroit was the State Capital, he served one term in the Legislature, being elected as a Whig. In 1858 he retired from active business, and after a sojourn of seven years at Portage Lake, L. S., he returned to Detroit and accepted a clerkship in the office of B. G. Stimson, then City Controller, and remained in that office through all the subsequent administrations, both Democratic and Republican, up to the date of his death. One week ago last Thursday he was compelled to leave the office, owing to ill-health and continued to sink rapidly. He maintained his mental faculties almost up to the last hour of his life. He was one of the best accountants in the country, a man of wonderful memory, and thoroughly familiar with the history of Detroit, a subject in which he always took a great interest. He was intimately and well known among the business men of Detroit and the entire Northwest, and was everywhere and justly regarded as a man of strict integrity. His wife died about three years ago, and since then his home has been with his children. With the exception possibly of Dr. Whiting and Hon. C. C. Trowbridge, he was, it is believed, the oldest American born resident of Detroit. He leaves four daughters—Mrs. Henry W. Lord, of Pontiac; Mrs. F. C. Howard, an attache of the Postoffice; Mrs. Jacob Houghton and Mrs. Ambrose C. Smith, of Detroit; and one son, Mr. Thomas S. Gillett, of St. Joseph, Mo.

CANNIFF—In this city, March 25, at 63 Congress street west, Abram C. Canniff, aged 84 years. Funeral from St. Paul's Church, Monday, March 29, at 2.30 P. M. Friends of the family and the Masonic fraternity are invited to attend.

DEATH OF ABRAM C. CANNIFF.

Abram C. Canniff, familiarly known to the people of Detroit and vicinity as Judge Canniff, died Saturday morning at the family residence, No. 63 Congress street west, aged eighty-four years. He had lived in and near Detroit fifty-seven years, having come here in 1819. He was born in Rensselaer county, New York, August 26, 1791. He was for a long time engaged in the boot and shoe business here. He also at one time embarked in the grocery trade with Mr. Scott, father of James Scott, now living here, for a partner. He was active in Free Masonry, and was several times elected Worshipful Master of Detroit Lodge No. 2, in which he was "made" a Mason more than fifty years ago. He leaves one son and three daughters—James H. Canniff, of this city; Mrs. Tyler, of Greenfield; Mrs. Wagstaff, of Lafayette, Indiana; and another daughter in Philadelphia. His funeral will take place from St. Paul's Church at 2.30 P. M. Monday.

Judge Canniff was widely known as an inveterate joker, and many of his quaint sayings are treasured by the older residents of the city who knew him in his active time. Politically he was strongly opposed to anything that savored of Democracy, and he carried his political opinions to the last limit. Notwithstanding this, he never permitted his feelings in that respect to interfere in his personal relations with men, and he numbered among his warmest friends many of his most uncompromising political opponents. He never aspired to office but once, and then he was elected Alderman, a position which he did not seek a second time. He was a man of very genial qualities, and though he long since disappeared from active participation in affairs, intelligence of his death will cause a touch of regret in the hearts of many who read this announcement.

GARRISON—At the Michigan Exchange, Sunday morning, May 14, 1876, John J. Garrison, aged 68 years. Funeral from St. Paul's Church at 3 P. M., Tuesday, May 16.

DEATH OF JOHN J. GARRISON.

John J. Garrison was born in Cayuga county, New York, August 11, 1808, and came to this city with his parents when only twelve years old. In 1829 he entered into business for himself on the corner of Woodward avenue and Atwater street, and in a few years built up the most extensive wholesale grocery house in the West. He continued in that trade for the period of thirty-five years, in the meantime amassing a comfortable competence. He retired from active business in 1864. His health had been quite good for one of his age until within the past year. He has rapidly failed during the winter, and his death was not unexpected. He leaves a widow and five children—Mr. C. M. Garrison, Mr. J. W. M. Garrison, Mrs. F. L. Lasier, and Mrs. W. A. McCaskey, of this city; and Mrs. Alice Dwyer, of New York He was well known among the older business men and residents of the city, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of every one. He was upright and honorable throughout his long business career, and his example is a proud inheritance to his children and friends.

CHARLES MORAN DIED OCTOBER 13TH, 1876.

Judge Charles Moran, whose death was briefly announced in The Free Press of Saturday morning, was, with one exception, (Hon. Peter Desnoyers), the oldest resident of Detroit, having lived here continuously for upwards of seventy-nine years. The house in which he was born, August 13th, 1797, is still standing on its original site, on the south side of Woodbridge street, just west of Hastings street, and which has been for many years the dwelling-place of a favorite tenant of the Judge. The associations connected with the old homestead were very dear to the venerable owner, and it was his pride to preserve it intact so long as he lived.

His death, which occurred at half-past 10 Friday night, was sudden and unexpected. He had been out walking during the day, and at supper time he seemed perfectly well, ate heartily, and after tea he read the day's papers for an hour or more, talked animatedly about the recent elections in Ohio and Indiana, and was in an unusual flow of spirits. Later in the evening he entered upon the discussion of business matters with his son, Wm. B. Moran, the result of which afforded him peculiar satisfaction. From business the conversation turned to the political campaign, in which the Judge took a lively interest. About nine o'clock he complained of a sharp pain in the stomach, and Dr. Morse Stewart was immediately sent for. Some simple remedies were administered, and when the patient began to feel easier he resumed his cheerful conversation. While he was still talking a torchlight procession came down Jefferson avenue and he watched it through the window of his sitting-room. Not long after a pallor suddenly overspread his face, and the pain of which he had been temporarily relieved returned. Dr. Stewart advised him to retire, and he walked up stairs to his bedchamber without assistance. The pain increased, and while the attendants were in the act of applying more remedies his head fell forward and almost before any person present could realize it he was dead. Heart disease, superinduced by indigestion, was the cause.

Most of the long life of the subject of this sketch was uneventful, but he took an active part in public events during his earlier years and in his prime. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in the war of 1812, and fought side by side with the late Judge Witherell in Capt. Jacques Campau's company. He was "in at the death" when Hull surrendered to the British, which disaster he could never speak of but with indignation. He remained in the army until peace was declared. When about twenty-eight or thirty years of age he was appointed one of the side Judges of the Territorial Court of Michigan, which position he held until Michigan was admitted into the Union. He was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, and also served two terms in the State Legislature. For the last twenty-five years he devoted himself wholly to the management of his large estate, the principal portion of which is comprised in what is known as the Moran farm, a strip of land between four hundred and five hundred feet wide, extending from the river back three miles, with the exception of the block bounded by the line of the Beaubien farm on the west, and Jefferson avenue, Woodbridge and Hastings streets, which was sold many years ago. The remainder of the farm, as Judge Moran inherited it, is still intact.

In 1822 he married Julia, a daughter of Major Henry Dequindre. Five children were the fruit of that union, but they are all dead except one daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Mix, of Cleveland. His wife having died, he married in 1836 Miss McCormick, of Batavia, New York, who survives him. The children of that marriage are William B., John V., Alfred T. and Miss Kittie Moran, all of whom are living and highly respected.

Judge Moran was a man of very methodical business habits, and for many years he managed his enormous estate practically without assistance. He was domestically inclined, fond of his own fireside, simple in his mode of living, devoted to his family and rigid in his practice of morality. He leaves an estate, real and personal, estimated at $4,000,000.

AN OLD CITIZEN GONE.

DEATH OF FRANKLIN MOORE, ESQ.—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Mr. Franklin Moore, so long and well-known as the senior member of the grocery firm of Moore, Foote & Co., died at his residence in Springwells, just below the city limits, at 3.20 o'clock, January 17th, 1876. The demise of a citizen and business man so long and widely known and esteemed will awaken very general sorrow and regret.

Franklin Moore was born in Bedford, New Hampshire, about the beginning of the present century. His parents were of sterling New England stock. His uncle, John Moore, was appointed captain of a New England regiment at the outbreak of the revolutionary war, and was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. In the year in which the deceased attained his majority he was chosen a member of the Legislature of New Hampshire, a thing there considered a great honor. That Legislature, notwithstanding strenuous opposition, amended the charter of Dartmouth College, which gave rise to the famous case of that name in the law of corporations. Mr. Moore, the Hon. James F. Joy and Secretary Chandler, whose sister Mr. Moore subsequently married, were born and reared within a few miles of each other, and came to this city about the same time. Messrs. Moore and Chandler first embarked in business in Detroit in 1833, in a dry goods partnership on Jefferson avenue. Mr. Moore shortly afterward established himself in the grocery business at the corner of Woodward avenue and Atwater street, and from this venture sprang the since well-known house of Moore, Foote & Co., which, up to the time of its dissolution a year or so ago, was the largest wholesale grocery house in Detroit. Their trade extended all over Michigan and the contiguous territory, aggregating millions of dollars annually. About fifteen years ago Mr. Moore turned his attention to the manufacture and sale of lumber, having been associated for a long time with R. A. Alger under the firm name of Moore & Alger, and at the dissolution of that firm continued the business alone. He was also a member of the lumber firm of F. & S. Moore at the time of his death. Mr. Moore, together with Francis Palms, was also the owner of large tracts of pine lands in Michigan.

He was thrice married, his first wife, the sister of Secretary Chandler, having died a few years after he came to Detroit. In 1859 he married Madame Gauthier, a French lady, who was at the time teacher of French in the Detroit Female Seminary. By his second wife Mr. Moore had one child, Miss Mattie Moore, who is now attending school in Utica, N. Y. His third wife, who is still living, was formerly Mrs. Hall, a sister of Mrs. Waldo M. Johnson, and the issue of this marriage is a little boy.

Mr. Moore was the uncle of Mrs. S. M. Cutcheon, of Ypsilanti, and a kinsman of Alfred Russell, of this city.

About the year 1857 Mr. Moore united with the Fort Street Presbyterian Church, and up to the present time had continued his relations with that church, and was known and respected as an earnest and sincere Christian man. He was a regular attendant and gave liberally toward the support of the church.

Mr. Moore's illness was a very brief one, and the only one during his life. He contracted a severe cold about a week since and was soon after attacked with congestion of the lungs, which resulted in his death. As soon as he became aware that his illness would probably result fatally he expressed a desire to see his daughter Mattie before he died and she was immediately sent for. As he grew more feeble this desire appeared to be uppermost in his mind. The young lady arrived only a few minutes previous to her father's death, and when she appeared at his bedside he extended his hand in mute affectionate recognition and almost immediately expired.

Mr. Moore's career as a merchant and business man of Detroit was a prosperous one, and he will long be remembered as a man of sterling worth, energy and good sense, whose capacity, skill and prudence enabled him to amass a large fortune. He was thoroughly honest, and no more fitting words of praise can be said of him than those of one who knew him intimately for over forty years and met him daily in the transaction of business, that it seemed to be his aim "to do right and be just." Thus another of the few remaining old residents of Detroit has passed away, and having lived to a ripe old age, possessed of all his faculties, closed a long and good life by a final peaceful passage to a wider and more enduring sphere of action.

OFFICERS

OF THE

PIONEER SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Elected February 6, 1878.

PRESIDENT.

HON. JOHN J. ADAM, ... Tecumseh.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

J. FISK,	Allegan.
H. A. GOODYEAR,	Barry.
ALBERT MILLER,	Bay.
D. A. WINSLOW,	Berrien.
H. WARNER,	Branch.
CHAS. DICKEY,	Calhoun.
WILLIAM BESLEY,	Clinton.
H. A. SHAW,	Eaton.
E. H. THOMPSON,	Genesee.
J. G. RAMSDELL,	Grand Traverse.
RALPH ELY,	Gratiot.
E. O. GROSVENOR,	Hillsdale.
A. M. CHAPIN,	Ingham.
HAMPTON RICH,	Ionia.
MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,	Jackson.
H. G. WELLS,	Kalamazoo.
ROBERT HILTON,	Kent.
F. A. DEWEY	Lenawee.
RALPH FOWLER,	Livingston.
DANIEL B. BRIGGS	Macomb.
PETER WHITE,	Marquette.
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS	Monroe.
W. DIVINE,	Montcalm.
H. H. HOLT,	Muskegon.
A. C. BALDWIN,	Oakland.
WM. M. FERRY,	Ottawa.
W. L. WEBBER,	Saginaw.
B. O. WILLIAMS,	Shiawassee.
DANIEL B. HARRINGTON,	St. Clair.
ISAAC D. TOLL	St. Joseph.
J. R. HENDRYX,	Van Buren.
E. D. LAY,	Washtenaw.
EDWIN JEROME,	Wayne.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY, ... Lansing.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

JOHN J. BUSH, ... Lansing.

TREASURER,

EPHRAIM LONGYEAR, ... Lansing.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

HON. JOHN J. ADAM, *ex officio*, *Chairman.*

ALBERT MILLER, ... Bay City.

BELA HUBBARD, ... Detroit.

F. A. DEWEY, ... Cambridge.

COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS,

J. C. HOLMES, *Chairman*, ... Detroit.

M. H. GOODRICH, ... Ann Arbor.

O. C. COMSTOCK, ... Marshall.

H. G. WELLS, ... Kalamazoo.

HARRIET A. TENNEY, ... Lansing.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING AT LANSING,

FEBRUARY 6 AND 7, 1878.

The fourth annual meeting of the Society was held in Representative Hall, commencing at 7 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, February 6, 1878.

OFFICERS PRESENT.

President—Witter J. Baxter.

Vice-Presidents—Judge Albert Miller, Bay City; H. Warner, Coldwater; H. A. Shaw, Eaton Rapids; M. Chapin, Eden; Hampton Rich, Ionia; Michael Shoemaker, Jackson; H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo; F. A. Dewey, Cambridge; B. O. Williams, Owosso; Isaac D. Toll, Centreville; E. D. Lay, Ypsilanti; Edwin Jerome, Detroit; Daniel B. Harrington, St. Clair.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney.

Executive Committee—Witter J .Baxter, Albert Miller, F. A. Dewey.

Committee of Historians—J. C. Holmes, M. H. Goodrich, O. C. Comstock, H. G. Wells, Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney.

The President, Hon. Witter J. Baxter, of Jonesville, took the chair.

Prayer by the Rev. Francis B. Bangs, of Lansing.

The President then delivered his address, in which he congratulated the Society on its efforts in collecting historical matter, and the publication of Volume I. of "Michigan Pioneer Collections," so replete with valuable information.

On motion of Mr. Isaac D. Toll, a vote of thanks was tendered to the President for his very able address.

The Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, made her report, which was accepted and adopted.

The report of the Treasurer was read and referred to the Executive Committee.

The Memorial Committee from several counties made reports as follows:

Branch—Death of one Pioneer; promised a full report.

Calhoun—Dr. O. C. Comstock reported the death of Rev. Calvin Clark.

Clinton—One death.

Saginaw—Death of Mrs. Richards.

Shiawassee—Death of Col. Ebenezer Gould.

Wayne—A report from E. Jerome.

The Committee of Historians, through their chairman, J. C. Holmes, made their report, which was accepted.

Dr. O. C. Comstock introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan are due, and are hereby tendered to W. S. George & Co., for their very generous bequest of $59.44, being the amount charged for extra labor involved in furnishing the first volume of Collections with a good index.

On motion of Judge Albert Miller, a vote of thanks was tendered to the Committee of Historians for the faithful performance of their labors.

Hon. H. G. Wells moved that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to nominate a list of officers and committees for the ensuing year.

The President appointed as such committee H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo; Hampton Rich, Ionia; L. D. Gilbert, Grand Rapids; Michael Shoemaker, Jackson; Albert Miller, Bay City; who, after due consultation, reported a list of officers and committees who were unanimously elected.

Mr. A. Harrison was called for, who recited a poem of his own composition, entitled "Our Mothers Seventy Years Ago."

Mrs. H. A. Tenney read a letter from Gen. Egbert Brown, of Missouri, son of Gen. Joseph M. Brown of Tecumseh, in which he recounted many reminiscences of early times in Lenawee county.

Col. Isaac D. Toll, of Fawn River, gave a brief sketch of the military career of John T. Brown, of Mexican war fame.

On invitation from A. L. Bours, Secretary of the Building Commissioners, the Pioneers arranged for a visit to the new State Capitol at 7½ o'clock the following morning.

Hon. H. G. Wells offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That all papers presented, and to be introduced in succeeding volumes of "Pioneer Collections of the State of Michigan," be filed with the Secretary, and that the same be treated as the property of the State Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, and not to be withdrawn except for correction, and with the assent of the proper officers of the Society.

The Society then, at 10 o'clock P. M., adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock A. M. next morning.

The Society met at 9 o'clock A. M., Thursday, February 7, 1878, pursuant to adjournment. The President in the chair.

Reading of the Scriptures from Second Samuel vii: 21, 22, 23, 24, and First Chronicles xvii: 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and prayer by Rev. L. B. Potter, of Lansing.

A paper by Henry Bishop, of Kalamazoo, being a continuation of the "Early History of New Buffalo," was read by H. G. Wells.

M. Shoemaker read a paper on the "Early History of the City of Jackson."

A paper by Judge James V. Campbell, on the "Early French Settlements in Michigan," was read by J. E. Tenney.

Singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the audience.

A paper by S. C. Coffinbury, of Constantine, on the "Early Settlement of Nottawa Sippi Prairie," was read by Witter J. Baxter.

Hon. John J. Adam read a paper on the "Early Settlement of Lenawee County."

Gen. Joseph M. Brown, of Tecumseh, who commanded the Michigan militia during the Black Hawk and Toledo wars, was called to the platform and received with the greatest enthusiasm, and related many interesting incidents connected with his official life. He is now 84 years of age, hale and hearty.

The Society then, at 1 o'clock P. M., adjourned to meet again at 2 o'clock P. M.

The Society met at 2 o'clock P. M., pursuant to adjournment.

The President in the chair.

Prayer by Rev. Wm. H. Brockway, of Albion.

O. A. Jenison, of Lansing, read a sketch of the "Early Times in Lansing," and presented the Society with a valuable collection of newspapers, circulars, handbills, pamphlets, books, pictures, household implements, etc., all of which have some connection with the earlier or later history of Michigan.

Prof. J. C. Holmes offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan is greatly indebted to Mr. O. A. Jenison, of Lansing, for the large and valuable collection of papers and articles which he has this day presented to the Society.

A paper by J. H. Lawrence, giving a "History of California Township," was read by H. N. Lawrence, of Lansing.

Rev. George Duffield, D. D., of Lansing, read a paper on the "Recent Discovery of the Long-lost Grave of Pere Marquette, at St. Ignace."

Michael Shoemaker offered the following amendment to the Constitution, which was laid over until the next annual meeting:

To amend section seven by inserting after the word "year," in third line, "or such other time as the Society may determine at an annual meeting."

A memoir of the life of Hon. Alvin N. Hart, prepared by his daughter, Mrs. Belle Hamilton, was read by J. E. Tenney.

A paper by B. O. Williams, of Owosso, "The Survey of a State Road from Saginaw to Mackinac," was read by Prof. J. C. Holmes.

A paper by Judge Flavius J. Littlejohn, of Allegan, "The Pioneers of Michigan—their Devotion to Educational Interests Historically Illustrated," was read by Witter J. Baxter.

Biographical Notes and Incidents in the pioneer life of Mrs. R. B.

Norris, prepared by her grand-daughter, Maria M. Norris, daughter of Hon. L. B. Norris of Grand Rapids, was read by N. B. Jones, of Lansing.

The Society then adjourned at about 6 o'clock P. M., to meet again at 7 o'clock P. M.

The Society met at 7 o'clock P. M., pursuant to adjournment.

President in the chair.

Prayer by President T. C. Abbot, of the Michigan Agricultural College.

The "Life and Times of Rev. Abel Bingham," missionary to the Sault Ste. Marie, prepared by his daughter, read by T. D. Gilbert.

On motion, the Rev. William H. Brockway was requested to write his recollections of his labor among the Indians of Michigan.

A letter from Mr. S. Peets was read by Witter J. Baxter.

Ex-Governor Alpheus Felch, of Ann Arbor, read a paper on "Early Michigan Banking," in which he graphically portrayed the wild-cat scenes of 1837–8.

The President mentioned the fact that several letters of regrets had been received from members of the Society, that they were unable to attend the meeting.

A paper by H. G. Wells, being biographical sketches of the Governors of the Territory and State of Michigan, also of the judicial officers of the State who are now numbered with the dead; he also alluded to the men of the first Constitutional Convention held in Michigan.

F. A. Dewey gave a history of the rise and progress of the Lenawee County Pioneer Society.

Hon. George C. Bates, of Detroit, was then called out and entertained the audience with reminiscences of the "Bye-gones" of Michigan.

T. D. Gilbert offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be, and are hereby tendered to Witter J. Baxter for the efficient, able and impartial manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office of President of the Society.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be, and are hereby tendered to Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney for her faithful and gratuitous services as Recording Secretary.

The President called each of the sessions to order with a gavel made from a log taken from the first school-house erected in Washtenaw county, in the town of Pittsfield, which was presented to the Society by the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society.

About 200 of the white-haired pioneer men and women of Michigan have been in attendance during the sessions.

The business of the Society being completed, the audience was dismissed after singing the Doxology and the Society adjourned.

DONATIONS.

EDWIN JEROME, Detroit:
In memoriam, Edmund Askin Brush, died July 10, 1877. .
ENOS NORTHROP, Mason:

"First Trip to Michigan," written by himself.
"On Going to Mill," written by himself.

GOV. ALPHEUS FELCH, Ann Arbor:

Two dollar bill, "The Bank of Ypsilanti," No. 410, Ypsilanti, October 14, 1836.

Two five dollar bills, Bank of Saline, Nos. 2007 and 1109, Saline, Michigan, December 1, 1837.

Five dollar bill, "The Farmers' Bank of Sharon," No. 1379, Sharon, December 23, 1837.

Two dollar bill, The Kirtland Safety Society Bank, No. 176, Kirtland, January 8, 1837.

Two three dollar bills, The Bank of Manchester, Nos. 2973 and 3530, Manchester, Mich., November 20, 1837.

Two dollar and one dollar bills, The Clinton Canal Bank, Nos. 453 and 375. Pontiac, December 9. 1837.

———, No. 56, Pontiac, December 29, 1839.

———, No. 207, Pontiac, December 19, 1837.

DANIEL B. HARRINGTON, Port Huron:

Sketch of the life of Daniel Brown Harrington, of Port Huron.

L. SUTTON, Hartford:

Brief History of the Town of Hartford.

JOHN MULLETT, Meridian:

Receipt for 10 dollars, dated August, 1835, signed by Henry Chipman.

Statement of amount paid H. H. Smith by Coll. of Phelpstown, for 1839 and 1840, dated November, 1840.

One cent piece, composition, dated 1837.

An invitation to Miss Laura E. Walker to Jackson ball, January 6, 1831, dated Canton, December 30, 1830.

Card of Dr. H. A. Atkins, Locke, Ingham county, Mich.

Ten dollar bill, Bank of Lapeer, No. 637, Lapeer, December 20, 1837.

Ten dollar bill, Saginaw City Bank, No. 428, Saginaw, December 26 1837.

Ten dollar bill, Bank of Saline, No. 462, Saline, January 1, 1838.

Five dollar bill, Bank of Ypsilanti, No. 1461, Ypsilanti, Jan. 1, 1839.

Five dollar bill, The Farmers' Bank of Genesee County, No. 62, Flint Rapids, January 4, 1838.

Two dollar bill, The Bank of Allegan, No. 1270, Allegan, December 30, 1837.

"Union Bank of Louisiana," duplicate, $1,000, No. 3194, New Orleans, May 5, 1834.

Commission of Levi Rowley, Locke, by Edward Mundy, acting Governor of Michigan, September 9 1839.

Poem, by D. W. C. Leach, Mundy, Genesee county, July 5, 1844, cut from the "Signal of Liberty," published at Ann Arbor, 1844.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER, Jackson:

Biographical sketch of Cornelius Sammons, pioneer, Pioneer Song.

MRS. MARY E. FOSTER, Ann Arbor:

Cabinet picture of Capt. John Lowry, of Lodi Plains, Washtenaw county, died April 23, 1872, aged 79.

The same, of Sylvia Wickham Lowry, wife of Capt. John Lowry, died December 24, 1859, aged 58.

The same, of Thomas Wood, of Pittsfield, Washtenaw county.

The same, of Harriet Wickham Wood, wife of Thomas Wood.

GEN. J. W. BROWN, Tecumseh:

Papers relating to Grand River Road, as follows:

Copy of a letter to the Hon. Lewis Cass in relation to the Grand River Road.

Stephen Wells, bill of stationery $7.88, Detroit, December 18, 1832.

Commissioners' report on the Detroit and Grand River Road.

Statement of disbursements in laying out Grand River Road, $3,429.

Estimated expense, making first 30 miles of Detroit, Shiawassee and Grand River Road, $28,595.

B. O. WILLIAMS, Owosso:

The Owosso Press, September 12, 1877, obituary—death of Col. E. Gould, sketch of his life and military record.

WILLIAM S. CLARK, Saginaw:

"The Brighton Citizen," February 7, 1878, Vol. 7, Brighton, containing "By-gones of Brighton," by William A. Clark.

H. P. CHERRY, Lansing:

"Hastings Republican Banner," January 16, 1878, No. 38, Vol. 22, Hastings; Barry County Pioneer meeting; essays by Mr. Emery and Mrs. Wakefield, both of Middleville.

WILLIAM R. MCCALL, Marshall:

Presbyterian Church History, Marshall, Mich.

O. A. JENISON, Lansing:

"Boston Record," No. 48, Vol. 5, Boston, Mass., November 25, 1820.

"The National Gazette and Literary Register," No. 563, Vol. 2, Philadelphia, August 26, 1822.

"Syracuse Gazette," May 25, 1825.

"Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette," No. 381, Vol. 9, Cincinnati, October 4, 1827.

"Washington County Post," No. 10, Vol. 5, Salem, N. Y., March 7, 1839.

"The Democrat," No. 125, Vol. 3, Utica, January 29, 1839.

"Ballston Spa Gazette," No. 1, Vol. 22, September 20, 1842.

"Detroit Advertiser," Extra, No. 2, Vol. 1, Detroit, July 15, 1840; No. 12, Vol. 1. Michigan and her State Loan; No. 14, Vol. 1, Detroit, November 14, 1840; the Hamtramck ballot-box explosion.

"Old Hero," No. 25, Vol. 1, Ann Arbor, October 23, 1840, five million loan.

"Michigan State Journal," No. 2, Vol. 7, Ann Arbor, October 26, 1841. No. 25, Vol. 9, Ann Arbor, April 3, 1844.

"Michigan Farmer," No. 1, Vol. 2, Jackson, February 15, 1844; address to patrons and public by the editor, D. D. T. Moore.

"Peninsular Star," No. 28, Vol. 1, Mason, Ingham county, June 29, 1844; No. 37, Vol. 1. September 23, 1844.

"Detroit Weekly Advertiser," Extra, No. 25, Vol. 1, Detroit, October 29, 1844.

"The Clay Bugle," No 26, Series 1, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1844.

"Ingham Democrat," No. 1, Vol. 1, Leslie, March 28, 1845, by Story & Cheney; tribute to Gen. Cass by A. Johnson, of Tennessee.

"Ingham Herald," No. 18, Vol. 1, Mason, May 1, 1845.

"Ingham Democrat," No. 30, Vol. 2, Mason, December 21, 1846; the President's Message.

"Democratic Free Press," No. 38, Vol. 16, Detroit, December 7, 1846; Lake Superior mineral lands.

"Ingham Democrat," No. 26, Vol. 2, Mason, November 23, 1846; Official County Canvass, Ingham county, 1846; No. 50, Vol. 2, June 28, 1847; No. 8, Vol. 3, September 27, 1847.

"The Leather Apron," No. 1, Vol. 1, Detroit. July, 1872.

"The Sweetwater Miner," No. 40, Vol. 11, South Pass City, Wyoming, July 14, 1869.

"The Courier," No. 7, Vol. 4, Norwich, (Chelsea Society), January 8, 1800.

"The Massachusetts Spy, or American Oracle of Liberty," No. 219, Vol. 5, Worcester, May 3, 1775.

"Commercial Advertiser," No 1, Vol. 1, New York, October 2, 1797.

"Shreveport News," No. 8, Old Series, Vol. 7, Shreveport, La., September 6, 1864.

"The Natchitoches Times," No. 20, Old Series, Vol. 6, Natchitoches, La., October 15, 1864.

"The Caddo Gazette," No. 1, Vol. 24, Shreveport, La., October 28, 1864.

"The Sun," New York, July 5, 1870. Freedom's 94th Birthday; the celebration of the Fourth of July in the city and county. Illustrated.

"The Troller," No. 1, Lansing, 1850. Pasted to it a piece from the "Lansing Republican," dated December 5, 1873, about Daniel R. Barnes, an early settler; also a note from D. R. Barnes and Mr. Jenison, attached to the Troller.

"Democratic Free Press," No. 1, Vol. 1, Lansing, January 11, 1848. Message of Gov. Ransom.

"The Lansing Republican," No. 1, Vol. 2, Lansing, April 19, 1865. Assassination of President Lincoln and Proclamation by Gov. Henry H. Crapo.

"New York Tribune," No. 7500, Vol. 25, New York, April 20, 1865. The Funeral Services of President Lincoln.

"Detroit Advertiser and Tribune," No. 234, Vol. 29, April 15, 1865. Assassination of President Lincoln and attempted assassination of Secretary Seward.

No. 235, Vol. 29, April 17, 1865. Public meeting on the Campus Martius; remarks of Jacob M. Howard, Theodore Romeyn, etc., on the death of President Lincoln.

No. 236, Vol. 29, April 18, 1865. Sermon preached Sunday, April 16, 1865, by Rev. Geo. Duffield, on the assassination of President Lincoln.

No. 237, Vol. 29, April 19, 1865. The Nation's Tragedy. Action of the Supreme Court.

No. 239, Vol. 29, April 21, 1865. Some of the assassins of Lincoln captured.

No. 240, Vol. 29, April 22, 1865. Letter from J. Wilkes Booth.

No. 242, Vol. 29, April 25, 1865. The Funeral Cortege of President Lincoln.

No. 245, Vol. 29, April 28, 1865. The First Presbyterian Church; short sketch of Rev. Dr. Duffield's Life.

No. 246, Vol. 29, April 29, 1865. The Funeral Cortege of President Lincoln from Buffalo to Cleveland.

No. 280, Vol. 29, June 8, 1865. Our Returning Veterans; arrival of the 26th Infantry.

No. 248, Vol. 29, May 2, 1865. The Funeral Cortege of President Lincoln; arrival at Chicago. Capture of Booth.

No. 251, Vol. 29, May 5, 1865. Burial of President Lincoln's Remains at Springfield, Ill.

No. 221, Vol. 29, March 31, 1865. Annual Statement of the Trade, Commerce and Manufactures of the City of Detroit for the year 1864.

No. 117, Vol. 30, November 15, 1865. Motion to hang Jeff. Davis; Army Reduction, etc.

No. 242, Vol. 34, April 8, 1870. The 15th Amendment Celebration; Speeches by Gov. Baldwin, Wm. A. Howard, John D. Richards, etc.

No. 238, Vol. 35, April 4, 1871. Michigan Election; a general Republican success.

No. 92, Vol. 36, October 16, 1871. Devastation throughout Michigan, fires south of Port Huron, etc.

No. 92. Vol. 36, October 14, 1871. Fires at Chicago, Manistee, Holland and other places.

No. 93, Vol. 36, October 17, 1871. Proclamation by Gov. Baldwin; Charity for the Sufferers by Fire in our State.

"The Detroit Daily Post," No. 173, Vol. 6, Detroit, October 14, 1871. The situation of affairs in Chicago; brighter prospects for the Smitten City; Wisconsin fires; 500 persons burned to death at Peshtigo, Wis.

No. 11, Vol. 7, April 8, 1872. Picture of the new State Capitol at Lansing; eulogies upon Dr. Zina Pitcher; first Directory of the City of Lansing, by C. E. Brown, Lansing, 1873.

"Primitive Expounder," Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 23, 25, Vol. 7. Lansing. (Bound.)

"White Pigeon Republican and St. Joseph County Advertiser," complete from February 6, 1839, to March 4, 1840, White Pigeon. (Unbound.)

Book of Pamphlets, as follows:

Annual Report of the Board of State Building Commissioners of the State of Michigan, Lansing, 1871.—History of the City of Lansing, by M. Dash, Lansing, 1870.—An Act to provide for the erection of a new State Capitol.—Franklin Street Presbyterian Church Manual, 1869.—List of Premiums for the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Central Michigan Agricultural Society, Lansing, 1871.—Young Men's Society of Lansing, Mich.; Articles of Association and By-Laws, 1867.—First Annual Announcement of the Central Michigan Homeopathic Medical Institute, Lansing, 1878.—Charter of Lansing, approved February 15, 1859, Lansing, 1859.—Revised Charter and Ordinances of the City of Lansing, 1865.—Educational Needs of Michigan.—Address by Henry H. Crapo, Governor of Michigan, before the Central Michigan Agricultural Society, May 24, 1866, Lansing, 1866.—Laws of Michigan concerning the Solemnization, Record and Return of Marriages, Lansing, 1867.—Report of the Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives, Michigan, 1861, to investigate the Treasury Department and the official acts of John McKinney, late State Treasurer, etc.—By-Laws and Regulations of the Board of Education of the City of Lansing, etc., Lansing, 1871. —Revised Rules for the Government of the Common Council of the City of Lansing, adopted March 21, 1864.

Reprint of "The Boston Gazette and Country Journal," March 12, 1770.

Legislative Manual of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan for 1836, Detroit, 1836. (Pamphlet.)

Circular to the Board of Supervisors of the counties of Saginaw, Bay, Tuscola, etc., East Saginaw, May 26, 1868.

R. H. McDonald's Illustrated History and Map of Chicago, with a History of the Great Fire. New York, 1872.

Brownlow, the Patriot and Martyr, as reported by himself. Philadelphia, Pa. (Unbound.)

Oration on the Life and Character of Henry Winter Davis, by John A. J. Creswell, February 22, 1866. Washington, 1866. (Unbound.)

Life of John Charles Fremont, New York, 1856. (Pamphlet.)

Sketch of Judge Bazel Harrison, by J. H. Stone, Kalamazoo, 1874. (Pamphlet.)

Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana. Indianapolis, 1876. (Unbound.)

Manual of the Grand Army of the Republic, etc, with Memorial Day in the Department of Michigan, May, 1869; edited and compiled by I. M. Cravath. Lansing, 1869. (Unbound.)

Address of Henry L. Williams, Mayor of Salem, Mass., at the dedication of the City Hall extension, May 8, 1876. Salem, 1876. (Pamphlet.)

Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Centennial Newspaper Exhibition, 1876. Complete list of American newspapers. A statement of the industries and locations of towns in which they are published. Also, account of some of the great newspapers of the day. New York, 1876. (Unbound.)

Attached to the above is a tiny pamphlet, entitled, "American Newspaper Directory, 1776." New York, 1876.

1777-1877. The Centennial History of the Battle of Bennington. Compiled by Frank W. Coburn, Boston, 1877. (Pamphlet.)

Complete Manual of Short-Hand. Lansing. 1875. (Pamphlet.)

Annual Report of the County Clerk of Osceola County, Mich., for the year ending January 19th, 1874; also, Annual Report of the Treasurer of Osceola County for the year ending January 7, 1874. Lansing, 1874. (Pamphlet.)

Report of the Civil Service Commission to the President, April 15, 1874. Washington, 1874. (Unbound.)

Lansing, the Capital of Michigan. 1873. (Pamphlet.)

Madison, the Capital of Wisconsin: its Progress, Capabilities and Destiny. Madison, Wis., 1855. (Pamphlet.)

Argument maintaining the right of the underwriters to be heard in support of their claims, before the tribunal to be instituted to adjudicate on the claims to be paid out of the Alabama award. Joshua M. VanCott. (Pamphlet.)

National Republican. Grant and Wilson Campaign Song Book. Washington, D. C., 1872. (Unbound.)

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the years 1854–5–8. 3 vols. (Unbound.)

List of original purchases, at government sale, of lands in Lansing, Meridian, etc. Detroit, 1847. (Pamphlet.) Also map of Lansing and adjoining towns, by Macy and Driggs.

Shoe-Horn, owned and used by George Washington Hakes, a god-son of, and named by George Washington.

Lead buttons, cast in molds, showing that our forefathers could make buttons as well as bullets.

Old-fashioned pot-hooks and trammels.

Piece of petrified black walnut.

An old iron lamp. Its age undoubtedly reaches beyond the memory of this day and generation.

A piece of Cedar of Lebanon.

A wooden pin, taken from the last wooden bridge which spanned Grand River at the foot of Michigan avenue, Lansing.

A pair of flat (sad) irons, represented as being over 200 years old.

Counterfeiter's tools for making American half-dollars, (two dates,) taken from a counterfeiter in Palmyra, Lenawee Co., Mich., in 1835.

A pair of shears of y^e olden time.

Bunch of burglar's keys found in a hollow log on one of the Thousand Islands, in the River St. Lawrence.

Little instrument used in the war of the great rebellion, furnished by the government to soldiers, who, in cleaning the locks of their guns, are obliged to use it in setting the springs of said locks. Presented to Mr. O. A. Jenison, by Capt. John A. Elder, of the Eighth Michigan Infantry.

United States carbine holder, taken from a dead confederate, after the battle of the Wilderness, and presented to O. A. Jenison by U. D. Ward.

Gov. Blair's war proclamation. (Framed.)

An epigram, written and signed by George Francis Train. Lansing, December 13, 1869. (Framed.)

"The Daily Citizen." Vicksburg, Miss., July 2, 1863. (Framed.)

An advertisement or poster, put out by James Seymour, the founder of North Lansing, offering Michigan property for sale at Lansing. May 25, 1847. (Framed,)

Large scrap book, containing notices of all the important war meetings, rail road meetings, religious and political meetings of all parties. Posters announcing the time and name of every speaker engaged by the Young Men's Society, and Lansing Library and Literary Associations. Plats of the various additions to the city of Lansing. Proclamations of the mayors of the city of Lansing and of the governors of the State. Notice to the qualified electors of the city of Lansing, giving the name of every voter, from 1867 to 1872. Various subscription and other papers, signed at different times by the citizens of Lansing, thereby securing nearly a thousand genuine autographs. A full set of the Lansing Daily Republican. Also posters and advertisements of every man who has transacted business in Lansing for the last ten years; and many other papers pertaining to the city, going back to 1850.

Manuscript copy of the list of articles presented by O. A. Jenison to the State Pioneer Society, February 7, 1878. Presentation speech of A. O. Jenison, February 7, 1878.

R. HILTON, Grand Rapids:

"Grand Rapids Daily Eagle," No. 217, Vol. 22. Grand Rapids, February 15, 1878. Annual Reunion of the Old Resident Association of Grand River Valley, at Sweet's Hotel, Grand Rapids. About 300 of the "old settlers" present. Remarks by President Robert Hilton, of the Assocation, Thomas D. Gilbert, Wm. M. Ferty, etc. List of membership of the Association.

H. G. WELLS, Kalamazoo:

"Kalamazoo Daily Telegraph," No. 228, Vol. 9, whole No. 3027, February 21, 1878. Notice of the death of Hon. John Walker, of Cooper, 61 years of age. Short item about Gov. Croswell, with reference to pardoning criminals.

MISCELLANEOUS:

"The Detroit Free Press,,' No. 146, Vol. 43, February 9, 1878. Close of the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society at Lansing, February 7, 1878; Abstract of a paper by Gov. Alpheus Felch on Early Banking in Michigan; Miscellaneous Business; The Property of the Society; Mrs. Harriet C. Tenney.

"The Lansing Republican," 23d year, whole No. 1351, February 8, 1878. Fourth Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 6 and 7, 1878; Remarks by the President; Report of the Corresponding Secretary; Report of Historians; Election of Officers; Abstract of paper on Early French Settlement, by Judge Campbell; Paper by S. C. Coffinbury, on Nottawa Sippi Prairie, read by W. J. Baxter; Remarks by Gen. J. W. Brown; Abstract of a paper by Rev. Geo. Duffield, on Pere Marquette, the explorer, etc.

Feb. 12, 1878. State Pioneer Meeting continued; Valuable Donation by O. A Jennison; Remarks by Hon. Geo. C. Bates, of Detroit.

Feb. 15. 1878. Early Banks and Banking in Michigan, by Gov. Alpheus Felch. Read before the Society at Lansing, February 7, 1878.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT WITTER J. BAXTER,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING FEBRUARY 6TH, 1878.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Members of the State Pioneer Society:

It is my pleasant privilege to extend to you a welcome on this our annual gathering.

I greet you as those who from long residence and from the parts you have borne in giving form and character to the institutions of a new State, are entitled to the name of pioneers. You have *gone before* to remove obstructions and to prepare the way and the institutions for others, and yet while you are thus recognized as pioneers, you have so lived and acted, so kept pace to the onward march of progress, that you are in no sense fossils, but still active motors in the living present.

I congratulate you that so many of you are permitted to assemble; so many of the friends and neighbors of that period in the history of Michigan, when those living within a radius of fifty or sixty miles regarded themselves as having social neighborhood relations. It is gratifying to us all, and becomes more so as we advance in years, to come together from time to time and revive the recollections of those by-gones. The memories of those days are now memories of unmingled pleasure. Whatever there was of hardship, peril, sickness, suffering, privation or want, incident to that pioneer life; whatever there was of laborious effort, the reward of which was seemingly very meagre, or long delayed; whatever there was of any or all these things, the memory of them by the kindly ministry of time has been smoothed and mossed over, and to-day in recalling them, you only dwell upon the pleasurable aspects; the excitements and surprises, the unlooked-for, and at times almost unhoped-for favorable results. Many of you are now in the enjoyment of rewards, more or less abundant, that have come to you after the lapse of many years. It is indeed a merciful dispensation that enables us thus to forget sorrows, and to remember, and again and again in the recounting, live over the joys of life.

It is my privilege also, at this annual meeting, to congratulate you on the work already accomplished by you through your historians, in the collection, arrangement and publication of a volume so replete with valuable information in relation to the early history and settlement of Michigan.

It is not so much your purpose or mission to publish a complete history of the State, as to collect and preserve in authentic form, the many formative facts and incidents, the story of the personal characteristics and acts of those who, coming into this then wilderness territory, upon which our race at least had made no mark, gave character and form to the future State. No fact is better attested by wide experience than this: the character, habits, personal worth, and even personal peculiarities of the pioneer settlers, are seen, felt, and perpetuated in the peculiar civilization subsequently developed; and these primitive inferences may still be traced after the lapse of many years. In view of these facts, the collections and publications of this society will be of inestimable value to the biographers and historians of later times, in tracing effects to causes, and in enabling them to give the honor due to those who shall then have been called from labor to refreshment and reward. They will thus be enabled to treat, with the assurance which a full knowledge of facts will alone justify, of our institutions, religious, political and educational, and of their growth and development; and to assign with certainty the predominating influences that have made Michigan one of the foremost States in the grand galaxy of States of our American Union.

In pursuance of the general purposes of our society, it has been the earnest desire and purpose of your officers to make this annual meeting, not only a most pleasant and enjoyable social gathering, but to secure for you at the same time a valuable intellectual and literary entertainment. The volume that has been issued by your society is intended to be but the pioneer, to be followed by a long series of volumes, all replete with historical incidents and illustrations.

It is desirable, in addition to full biographies of pioneers, and full histories of the settlement of towns, counties, villages and cities, to gather also, archæological information pertaining to the territory now embraced within the limits of our State.

Again: We desire to make collections illustrative of the history and developments of our State in all its various departments and relations, to be placed in our museum, for which we trust a suitable room will be assigned in the new Capitol.

There are among our citizens, many who have valuable private collections, and who, if they could feel assured of their preservation for public entertainment and instruction, would gladly contribute them to our society. We greatly desire, by the character of the publications we issue, the papers read, and the discussions had at our meetings, to establish a character for our society that will justify, and to inspire a confidence that will secure for us the guardianship of these valuable collections. If we can do this, we shall at the same time arouse in all parts of the State an enthusiasm in making collections for our museum, and in contributing valuable papers for our future publications.

In our day of wonderful mental and physical activity and progress, of splendid successes and gigantic failures, of philosophical investigations and speculative theories, of genuine religious faith, effort and growth, and of pseudo-religious codes and teachings, dependent in theory and practice, not upon scriptural revelations and teachings, but only upon the assumed revelations of those who having once walked the earth in material form and presence, now speak through favored mediums from the impalpable realms of shade. In times like these it is well occasionally at least to revert to the lives, arts and teachings of the fathers.

In the prodigal wealth of the present, it is not well to despise the day of small beginnings. In an admiration of the superstructure, let us not forget the foundations. It may possibly be found by such reference to the early history of our State, and to the lives, conduct and character of those who modeled its institutions, that they were wise master-builders that we shall do well to imitate, in whose foot-steps we do well to walk, rather than to seek untried paths. It may be that with all our greatly increased advantages and facilities, by the enjoyment of which we ought perhaps greatly to so surpass them, we shall do well if we even equal them, and fittingly perpetuate their virtues and achievements. In saying this, do not misunderstand me. I have no sympathy with those who would decry the present for the sake of eulogizing the past; and while there were good old times, and grand old times, and good and grand men in those times, so also are the present times good and grand, with men eminently good and grand suited to them, characteristic of the present; and we hope, believe and most devoutly pray that these better, nobler and more elevating characteristics and men may constitute the prevailing element in our own day and in the future of our state and nation. This will however be more likely to prove the case, if, in the present we dwell with love and grateful remembrance on the lives of those who with wise forethought, great self-denial, and earnest effort wrought out for us the institutions which are now our inheritance and possession. They have builded, and we enjoy, they have sown, we reap; some seeds, indeed, they planted which even now are but beginning to vegetate.

As in the material world, grains of corn, that in the tombs of Egyptian mummies have slept a sleep of centuries, when given to sun and soil and rains of heaven, after the torpor of unnumbered years, spring up and flower and fruit; so, in the mental and moral world the lives, thoughts and deeds of those long since dead, after a seeming torpor and forgetfulness of many years duration, again appear in life and vigor and abundant fruitfulness in their remote descendants.

Whether the theory be true or false, that all history repeats itself; that the nations of to-day are but what the nations have been in the long forgotten past; that the arts, sciences, civilizations and refinements of the present age are but the reproductions of what has already been, passed away, and been long forgotten; whether the saying of the wise man, "there is nothing new under the sun," be of universal interpretation, or of partial and restricted meaning, we at least live in an age of upward and onward tendencies; in an age when the study of the lives and conduct of our immediate predecessors is calculated to inspire in us an earnest purpose to so live that we, like them, may leave to our sons and daughters a fragrant and blessed memory.

Especially have we in our educational institutions a carefully devised and well rounded and developed system of dependence and gradation from the lowest to the highest, from our common primary school up, through graded schools, normal school, agricultural college, up to our noble university, by which and in which the State, mindful of her duty to all her children, of every age and sex, mindful of the axiomatic rule, that upon the virtue, culture and intelligence of her citizens must her greatness and permanence depend, in which and by which the State, wisely mindful of these things, furnishes freely and equally to all, native or foreign born, the means and opportunities for full education and development in all the departments of human thought and industry.

Though in this the pioneers of our State may have builded more wisely than they knew, let us not, through passion, prejudice, sectarian or party zeal, in any manner lay sacrilegious hands on our educational system or institutions. Let us warmly support and cherish them, not only with material aid, but with earnest personal sympathy and moral support, fully assured that we shall receive in return, for ourselves and for our sons and daughters, for long years to come, rich blessings and benedictions.

While then, as pioneers, we cherish the past, let us not neglect the present, nor be unmindful of the future, but seek to so live and labor that what we have received from our fathers, and more especially our educational system and institutions of learning, suffer through us, either by action or neglect, no detriment, but that we hand them down, enlarged, beautified and strengthened, to educate, refine and bless those who shall come after us for unnumbered generations.

Then indeed shall we have

"So lived that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber, in the silent halls of death,
We go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach our graves,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, February 6, 1878.

In pursuance of legal requirements, I have the honor to transmit herewith my fourth annual report, as follows:

The society held its third annual meeting in the supreme court room at Lansing, February 7, 1877, and was called to order at 2 o'clock, P. M. by its President, Hon. Jonathan Shearer.

There was a large attendance of its members present.

The exercises were opened with prayer, by Rev. Geo. Duffield.

The President then delivered his annual address.

The report of the Recording Secretary was read, accepted and adopted, and a vote of thanks tendered to her for the full and accurate report made.

The Treasurer, O. M. Barnes, read his annual report, in regard to the finances of the society, which was, on motion of Mr. Goodrich, accepted and adopted.

Prof. J. C. Holmes, Chairman of the Committee of Historians, read a report of the proceedings of the committee for the year last past, and on motion of Judge Miller the report and proceedings were accepted and adopted.

On motion, it was resolved that the historians be instructed to prepare material for, and cause to be published, vol. 2 of Pioneer Collections, within one year, or as soon thereafter as may be.

On motion of Mr. Goodrich, O. M. Barnes, C. A. Chapin and B. F. Partridge, were appointed a committee to nominate a list of officers and committees for the ensuing year, and after due consultation, reported a list of names for the several offices and committees, all of whom were duly elected.

The President elect returned thanks to the society for the honor conferred on him, in a few appropriate and jovial remarks, which elicited much applause. He said that he felt that an apology was due to the society from him for his election, and that he was not as old as his venerable appearance would indicate, and there were apparently younger men than he who were entitled to the preference, by reason of their age and superior wisdom. He hoped, however, to be able to perform the duties of his position, aided by the counsel of these younger appearing, but really older members.

Mr. Baxter gave notice of the following proposed amendment to article 8 of the Constitution of the Society, by inserting in the fifth line, after the words "By-Laws," the following words: "And such persons may become life members of this society by subscribing to the Articles of Association, and on the payment of the sum of ten dollars.

Mr. O. C. Comstock offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Vice-Presidents of this society be requested to write up the pioneer history of their counties as fully as they can, and transmit the same to Harriet A. Tenney, the Secretary of the Committee of Historians, within six months after this election.

Mr. J. C. Holmes presented to the society, on behalf of Mr. Shearer, a finely executed portrait of the venerable ex-President, and on motion of Mr. Goodrich, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the society accept the portrait of the President of the society, Jonathan Shearer, by him this day presented to the society, through Prof. J. C. Holmes; and that the thanks of the society are hereby tendered him for this token of his kind regard and esteem, and for the efficient and impartial manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office of president of the society.

Resolved, That the Secretary is hereby directed to present to Jonathan Shearer a true engrossed copy of the foregoing resolution.

Mr. Shearer, being called upon, made a few interesting remarks in regard to his arrival in Michigan, and to the incidents in relation to his location in the territory of his adoption. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the fact that his father was a revolutionary soldier, who stood by the side of the immortal Warren when he fell, on the spot where the Bunker Hill monument now stands.

Mr. Titus Dort, of Dearborn, spoke of the work of Mr. Shearer in early days, also, made some remarks on the rise and progress of the Michigan State Agricultural Society.

Mr. Wm. A. Dryer alluded to the fact that he also passed over the same Indian trails traversed by Mr. Shearer.

Mr. G. M. Hotchkiss, of Bay City, exhibited a life size portrait of Captain Joseph Marsac, the Indian interpreter with Gen. Cass at the treaty of 1819, proposing to sell it to the State Society for the sum of $125, the Bay County Pioneer Society offering to pay one-fourth of the expense. The proposition was referred to the Executive Committee for action. The committee decided that the State Society was not able to make the purchase at present, although they considered that it would be a valuable acquisition to the collection of the society.

Judge Miller read a sketch written by Dr. Whiting, of Detroit, on the military occupation of the Saginaw Valley in 1822.

J. C. Holmes read a paper prepared by Jacob Cornell, of Lansing, relating to some of the incidents in the early history of Livingston county.

Wm. M. Gregory read an obituary sketch of the late Orange Risdon, a leading pioneer of Washtenaw county.

A paper was read, prepared by H. H. Beebe, of New York City, with notes and comments, giving extracts from the diary of his father, Silas Beebe, relating incidents in the trip of the latter from Utica, N. Y., to Ingham county, Michigan, in 1838.

The society then adjourned at 5 o'clock P. M., to meet again in Representative Hall at 7 o'clock in the evening.

The society met at the time and place appointed, the President in the chair.

The exercises were opened by the singing of the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Prayer by the Rev. W. W. Johnson.

A large number of the members of the State Legislature being present, by request the address of the President and the report of the Committee of Historians were again read.

Mr. Bela Hubbard, of Detroit, gave a very interesting paper on the ancient gardens of Michigan, illustrated with maps and drawings.

A paper prepared by A. B. Markham, recounting incidents in his pioneer life in Wayne county, was read by J. C. Holmes.

Mr. Edwin Jerome, one of the Vice-Presidents, submitted an obituary report of deceased pioneers of Wayne county.

On motion of Dr. O. C. Comstock, it was resolved that the Hon. S. W. Hill, of Marshall, be respectfully requested to write a paper on the topography and mineral resources of the Upper Peninsula. Mr. Hill was present and accepted the invitation.

Mr. F. A. Dewey gave a short sketch of the early history of Cambridge.

Five minutes speeches being called for, remarks were made by representatives McGinnis and W. W. Johnson, also by Geo. W. Lee, Mr. Shearer, and others.

Mr. Daniel M. Judd promised a memoir of his father, Daniel S. Judd.

Mr. Wm. Cross, of Centreville, filed a report relating to the publication of a history of St. Joseph county.

There was received from Samuel Zug, Secretary of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, a certified copy of a resolution adopted by the said society January 18, 1877, urging the State Legislature to make a liberal appropriation to the State Pioneer Society for the years 1877 and 1878.

The society then adjourned.

SOCIAL REUNION.

On account of the general depression in business circles, the Executive Committee deemed it advisable to omit the usual semi-annual social reunion of the society, and accordingly none was held.

MEMBERSHIP.

Since the date of my last report 59 members have been added to the society, making the whole number of names now enrolled on the membership book of the society 369, 18 of whom were born prior to the year 1800.

OBITUARY.

Notices of the death of the following named members have been received during the year:

Rev. Calvin Clark, of Marshall, born March 27, 1805, died June 4, 1877.

George Clark, of Ecorse, born March 9, 1804, died Oct. 14, 1877.

Ebenezer Gould, of Owosso, born April 10, 1818, died Sept. 7, 1877.

Murdoc Frazer, of Saginaw City, born in Scotland, in 1812, died ———, 1876.

E. M. Perry, of Tuscola, born April 21, 1809, died———187—
Daniel M. Judd, of Drayton Plains, born Jan. 17, 1818, died——, 1877.
Roswell Preston, of Pittsfield, born Oct. 2, 1804, died Sept. 7, 1877.

COUNTY SOCIETIES.

No official report, under the signature of the proper officers, as required by law, has ever been received from any county pioneer society of the State; newspaper copies of papers read before the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society have been received from the Secretary of the society and placed on file; but it is the opinion of your Secretary, that such cannot be considered official reports meeting the requirements of law. It would seem that written reports giving the proceedings of the annual meetings, with the election of officers and committees, giving also the post-office address of said officers, and proceedings of special meetings, together with copies of papers read during the year, would constitute such a report as could be properly filed. The State Society would then be able through the proper officers to hold correspondence and transact business with such societies, and interest of the members in all the societies would be much increased.

DONATIONS.

DR O. C. COMSTOCK, Marshall:
- Obituary sketch of Rev. Calvin Clark. (Manuscript.)
- One "Hungarian Fund" bill, $5.00, dated Feb'y 2, 1852.
- One $2.00 bill on "The Bank of Monroe," dated Oct. 6, 1835.
- One $5.00 bill on "The Detroit & St. Joseph Railroad Bank," dated Jackson, March 9, 1840.
- One $25.00 bill on "The Bank of Utica," No. 4825, 1838.

MR. D. CLARKSON, Northville.
- One $10.00 bill on "The River Raisin Bank," Monroe.
- One "Northville Pioneers." (Manuscript.)

JOHN WILEY & SONS, New York:
- "An Essay on New South Wales," by G. H. Reed, Sidney, Australia, 1876. (Unbound.)

JAMES J. HOGABOAM:
- "Incidents of the early settlement of the Bean Creek Valley," Hudson, Mich., 1876. (Book.)

WILLIAM NOWLIN, Dearborn:
- The Bark-covered House. Detroit, 1876. (Book.)

JONATHAN SHEARER, Plymouth:
- Portrait of himself, taken when he was 70 years of age.

SAMUEL ZUG, Detroit:
- "Our State Motto," being five newspaper cuttings from numbers of the "Detroit Tribune" of Oct., 1877.

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:
- List of the collections of the Kansas State Historical Society, with an account of the organization of the society. (Pamphlet.)
- "The Commonwealth," Topeka, Apr. 24, 1877, containing an historical paper, entitled, the "Kansas Emigrant," by S. S. Prouty.

EDWIN JEROME, Detroit:

History of the Jerome Family, read at the annual meeting of the State Society, Feb'y 7, 1877. (Manuscript.)

Song of Edwin Jerome on his 64th birth-day, read at the family gathering, Dec. 24, 1869. (Manuscript.)

ROBERT YERKES, Northville:

"Historical Essay," read at the dedication of the Town Hall at Novi, Oakland Co., Sept. 9, 1876. (Manuscript.)

JOAB BIGELOW, Jackson:

Michigan 45 years ago. (Manuscript.) Presented Feb'y 7, 1877.

H. H. BEEBE, New York:

"A trip from Utica., N. Y., to Mich. in 1838," being the diary of Silas Beebe, with notes by his son. (Manuscript.)

JACOB CORNELL, Lansing:

History of Livingstone County. (Manuscript.)

DANIEL M. JUDD, Drayton Plains:

Sketch of the life of Daniel S. Judd. (Pamphlet.)

C. B. MILLS, Fremont:

A pamphlet, entitled, "Baptist Ministers," by F. W. Straight.

DON HENDERSON. Allegan:

A copy of the "Allegan Journal," Jan'y 19, 1878, containing an account of the annual meeting of the Allegan County Pioneer Society, held Jan'y 16, 1877

Copies of the "Allegan Journal," Jan'y 26 and Feb'y 2, 1878, containing history of the City of Detroit, by Don. Henderson.

J. D. WILLIAMS, Ann Arbor:

Newspaper cuttings. giving "History of the Town of Webster;" "Historical Sketch of the Village of Dexter;" "Early History of Ann Arbor;" and "History of the Town of Superior."

WM. M. GREGORY, Saline:

A copy of the "Michigan Argus," containing the proceedings of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society, held at Dexter, Dec. 6, 1876.

WM. A. CLARK, Saginaw:

Copies of the "Brighton Citizen" of Jan'y 3 and 10, 1878, containing "By-gones of Brighton."

JUDGE ALBERT MILLER, Bay City:

A copy of the "Bay City Tribune" of Feb'y 5, 1877, containing proceedings of the Bay County Pioneer Society, Feb'y 3, 1877.

Sketch of the "Military Occupation of the Saginaw Valley," by Dr. J. L. Whiting. (Manuscript.)

F. A. DEWEY, Cambridge:

A copy of the "Tecumseh Herald," of June 28, 1877, containing the proceedings of the Lenawee County Pioneers, at Clinton.

Also, a copy of the same paper of Nov. 1, 1877, containing sketch of a pioneer party given on the occasion of the 80th birthday of Ezra F. Blood.

MISCELLANEOUS:

Copies of the "Lansing Republican" of Feb'y 9, 1877, and Jan'y 8, 11 and 22, 1878.

The "Coldwater Reporter," Jan'y 10, 1878, containing sketch of the life of Alex. Odren.

The "Kalamazoo Weekly Telegraph," Sept. 12, 1877, containing proceedings of the Kalamazoo County Pioneers at their 7th annual meeting.

The "Jonesville Weekly Independent" of Nov. 29, 1877, containing notice of the death of Henry Huff, aged 59 years

LEVI BISHOP, C. G. TRYON, AND BRAND, HUMPHREY & CO:

A lithographic view of Detroit in 1820, in frame.

LEVI BISHOP, Detroit:

A copy of the "Detroit Commercial Advertiser" of Dec. 14, 1877, containing a paper by himself on "Detroit and Gen. Hull in 1812."

THOMAS W. MERRILL, Lansing:

A pair of brass trunk handles, taken from the trunk of a French officer, at Detroit, during the early Indian wars.

M. A. BOYNTON, Grand Haven:

A bit of split wood, having on its surface a curious impression of an urn or anvil.

LEGISLATION.

The Legislature of 1877 made an appropriation of $1,000 for the benefit of the State Pioneer Society, and said sum has been used to assist in defraying the expense of publishing Vol. I. of the Pioneer Collections.

MICHIGAN PIONEER COLLECTIONS, VOL. I.

By virtue of the resolution adopted at the last annual meeting, there has been placed in my care 1,500 copies of Vol. I., and by direction of the Executive Committee, I am authorized to dispose of the same at $1.50 per copy.

ROOMS IN THE NEW CAPITOL.

The Executive Committee, at its session on the 18th of January last, prepared a petition which was presented to the State Board of Auditors, asking that two rooms in the new Capitol be set apart for the use and accommodation ot the society.

CONCLUSION.

The "Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan" has terminated four years of varied experience, not devoid of the troubles and trials of infancy. Its management thus far has been in the hands of noble pioneer men, who witnessed the infant struggles of Michigan at the stormy period, when she joined the sisterhood of States, and it is needless for me to say that their unpaid labors and unrewarded efforts to secure the advancement and interests of this society have been crowned with success. They have already done much toward preserving the memory of those early settlers who, brought up amid the blooming fields of cultured lands, left their fathers' homes, and with hearts of lofty daring, and strong hands, pierced the gnarled and tangled groves of the beautiful Peninsula, and lit their camp-fires on the lonely shore of our beautiful lakes, in order to plant here the foundation of an empire state. We feel sure that those who follow in their footsteps will bless the memories of those pioneers who founded this society and have placed it on a solid foundation, and guaranteed its success beyond a doubt. Judging the future by the past, of their noble endeavors in this direction, we are confident that they will not weary in well-doing, and we bespeak for the managers, in order to lighten the onerous burdens imposed upon them, the cordial co-operation of town, city and county pioneer societies throughout the State.

As rooms in the new Capitol will undoubtedly be set apart for the use of this society, we hope, at no distant day, to see those rooms well stored with relics of every description, that may serve to throw light upon the early history and development of Michigan. Let us not be laggard in this direction, nor linger behind our sister States, which have already made or secured material for large historical collections, to be presented in bound volumes. Michigan has an abundance of pioneer historic resources that need to be developed by the hardy hands of pioneer men and women, who are members of our society.

The assistance of those who are not members of our society, old and young, is earnestly solicited in its behalf.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Recording Secretary.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, FEBRUARY 6, 1878.

To the President and Members of the Michigan State Pioneer Society:

Your Committee of Historians beg leave to report, that at the annual meeting of the society held in Lansing, February 2, 1876, the following resolutions were adopted, viz:

Resolved, That a committee of five historians be elected by the Society for the ensuing year, whose duties shall be to make such collections of historical facts in regard to Michigan as they may be able, and to arrange the materials collected by the society for publication, and that they shall publish one volume of collections in season to lay before the next Legislature.

Resolved, That the historians be empowered to appoint as many auxiliary members throughout the State as they may think proper, and a secretary from their own number, to whom they may allow such compensation as may be proper and within the means of the society.

This committee was composed of—

J. C. HOLMES, of Detroit.
M. H. GOODRICH, of Ann Arbor.
O. C. COMSTOCK, of Marshall.
H. G. WELLS, of Kalamazoo.
HARRIET A. TENNEY, of Lansing.

As soon after their appointment as convenient your committee met in Lansing, adopted a plan of proceedings and issued circulars, which may be found on pages 81, 82 and 83 of Vol. I., Pioneer Collections.

The plan adopted by the committee for the arrangement of the material for Vol. I. was to insert:

1st. The legislative enactments relating to the matter.

2d. A general circular that was issued by the State Librarian.

3d. The proceedings of the State Society, from its inception up to and including the year 1876.

4th. Give the name and location of every county that was ever set off within the present bounds of the State; the proclamations or acts setting them off; the changes of names and boundaries of counties, with the acts making such changes.

5th. Insert such information under its proper head as can be procured from pioneers of the several counties, the names of counties being arranged in alphabetical order.

Upon examining the book it will be found that this plan has been fully carried out.

The proclamations and the legislative acts for setting off and organizing the counties were copied from the records in the State Library.

It was the desire of the committee to have the manuscript prepared and ready for the printer by the first of September, 1876, but the delay of some of the persons in furnishing papers they had promised occasioned a delay in completing the manuscript until November.

Your committee then made a contract with Messrs. W. S. George & Co. as follows, viz:

Memorandum of an agreement made this twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1876, by and between W. S. George and Company, printers and binders, of Lansing, Michigan, of the one part, and the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan of the other part.

The said W. S. George and Company, in consideration of the covenants and agreements on the part of said society hereinafter mentioned, do hereby covenant and agree to and with the said Pioneer Society that they will, at their own cost and expense, furnish paper and other materials necessary for the work to be done, and print from manuscript to be furnished by said society fifteen hundred (1500) copies of the first volume of the Pioneer Collections, to contain about six hundred (600) pages, the same being Vol. I. of the Transactions of said society, and bind the same in first class style and manner, and deliver the same to said society or its secretary on the first Wednesday of February next, or as soon thereafter as may be, for the sum of eighteen hundred and seventy-five dollars, ($1,875.)

The paper for said work, and the style of printing and binding are to be equally as good as that of the last volume of the Reports of the Pomological society of the State of Michigan.

The type is to be long-primer, excepting any official circulars that may be inserted in said volume, which may be in smaller type, at the option of the said society or its secretary, but not to exceed five pages.

It is, however, understood that the said society or its secretary may give such directions as to style of binding, lettering, and the like, as to it or her may seem proper, provided the expense is not thereby increased.

The said printers are to use their new type, and W. S. George himself is to read the proof, so as to insure correctness.

If on printing said work the number of pages shall be found to exceed six hundred (600) the price of the work shall be increased at the rate of thirty-seven dollars ($37.00) for each sixteen pages, and if the number of pages shall fall short of six hundred, (600) then the price is to be lessened at the rate of thirty-seven ($37.00) dollars for each sixteen pages the volume is so lessened.

The said Society, on its part, agrees to furnish the manuscript for said work in due season, and to pay the price aforesaid as follows, viz: one-half of said sum during the progress of said work, and the balance on delivery of the volume complete.

In witness whereof, the parties hereto have executed this instrument the day and year above written.

(Signed.) W. S. GEORGE & CO.

JOHN C. HOLMES,
H. G. WELLS,
M. H. GOODRICH,
O. C. COMSTOCK,
H. A. TENNEY,
} *Committee.*

Work on the book was commenced soon after signing the contract, but Messrs. W. S. George & Co. being the State Printers, were obliged, at the commencement of the session of the Legislature, to lay the society's work aside and give their whole attention to work furnished by the State officers and the Legislature, so that instead of having Vol. I. of the "Pioneer Collections" ready for distribution at the annual meeting in February, 1877, as was the desire and expectation of your committee, it was not ready until January, 1878. As soon as it came from the binders' hands notice was mailed to each member of the society that the work was completed and for sale at one dollar and fifty cents per copy, which barely covers the expense.

The contract with the printer amounts to about $1.25 per copy, and the expense of circulars, postage, copying from the original records, etc., amounts to fully twenty-five cents more per copy.

The account rendered by W. S. George & Co. for printing Vol. I. is somewhat more than the contract calls for. This was occasioned by the use of small type in printing the list of members, which occupied nine pages; also other pages of small type in excess of the number of pages mentioned in the contract. Among the great number of names in the book it was found that some were incorrectly spelled in the manuscript, but they were corrected, as far as possible, in reading the proof. Such changes are considered by the printers as extra work.

As a great deal of hard work has been bestowed upon this volume in collecting and arranging the material, your committee hope it will fully meet the expectations of the society.

At the annual meeting of the society held at Lansing on February 7th, 1877, your committee was requested to continue the work and make preparations for a second volume. Considerable material is now on hand for a second volume, but the delay in printing Vol. I. caused a delay in the work of the committee, for many persons who wished to contribute pioneer papers were unwilling to prepare them until Vol I. was in their hands, that they might see what had been accomplished. This volume now being ready for distribution, it will show the result of the labors of the committee; they therefore deem it unnecessary to add anything more to this report.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN C. HOLMES,
H. G. WELLS,
M. H. GOODRICH,
O. C. COMSTOCK,
H. A. TENNEY,
Committee.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 6, 1878.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand at date of last report, February 7, 1877,	$ 333 10
Received for membership for the year 1875,	7 00
Received for membership for the year 1876,	18 00
Received for membership for the year 1877,	99 00
Received for membership for the year 1878,	39 00
Received from State Treasurer, appropriations for the years 1877 and 1878,	1,000 00
Received from sale of Vol. I. Pioneer Collections,	115 50
Received from donations,	4 00
Amount of receipts,	$1,615 60

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for traveling and hotel expenses of historians,	$ 25 90
Paid Mrs. Howard for copying for historians,	85 50
Paid for printing and publication,	1,414 95
Paid for postage, express, telegrams and stationery,	31 57
Paid Librarian of Congress for copyright of Vol. I.,	1 10
Paid for blank books,	2 02
Amount disbursed,	$1,561 04
Balance on hand,	$ 54 56

Respectfully,

O. M. BARNES, *Treasurer.*
By HARRIET A. TENNEY, *Deputy.*

EARLY FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN MICHIGAN.

BY JAMES V. CAMPBELL—READ FEBRUARY 6, 1878.

It would be difficult to say anything very new concerning the French discovery and settlement of Michigan. So many persons have devoted themselves to describing it that, while a few incidents are occasionally found which have thus far escaped the press, the most that can be done by any one is to give a new shake to the kaleidescope, and produce new combinations from the old materials. I shall attempt no more in performing the duty allotted to me.

The first thing which strikes most readers of colonial history is the difference between French and English colonies in their beginnings and in their later fortunes. And this difference is not in all respects easy to be accounted for, although some matters are quite obvious. A brief reference to some of the colonial antecedents will not be out of place.

The discovery of America was followed by a great revival of the spirit of adventure, which very soon led to colonial enterprises in all parts of the world. Spain for a long time took the lead in these adventures, and set up colonies and factories extensively in America as well as elsewhere. No other power made a more respectable show upon the sea, and none had better soldiers or mariners. Her colonies were all dependent provinces, either governed by viceroys or by other despotic authorities, and the colonists had little if any advantage over their fellow-subjects in Spain. Their glory fluctuated with that of the mother country, and frightful abuses prevailed among them. When they became independent, about half a century ago, their governments, though popular in form, were for a long time no improvement on what preceded them, and even now they would not be deemed model republics. They have never paid that regard to private freedom and constitutional restraint which is necessary to prosperity. The despotism of numbers is quite as dangerous as that of single rulers. Despotism in some shape has never disappeared.

The French adventurers preceded the English in effective work, although they were not far apart. At that time the French sailors were admirable mariners, and it is questionable whether, in spite of the great English captains of that day whose deeds have become famous, they did not on the whole surpass their island neighbors in the general quality of their seamanship. The principal adventurers were Normans, of the same stock with their English rivals and closely resembling them. While it is not easy in mixed blood to say which line predominates, we can readily perceive in the dashing spirit of the great sea-captains the same characteristics which a few centuries earlier sent the Norman ships and spread the Norman conquests over every part of the known western world. The Normans of France and England kept up their intercourse and retained similar ways long after the conquest; and even as late as the earlier years of Queen Elizabeth it was not thought unlikely that their governments might be made similar. The old custom of Normandy was so nearly that of England that the same commentators expounded both; and their maritime usages were practically identical.

The French as colonists, in the proper sense of the term, were many years in advance of the English, and began with more sober aims. The English were very bold explorers, but most of them had far more of the spirit of buccaneering and freebooting, and far less humanity in dealing with the natives. Before any permanent English colonies were well established they became involved in domestic difficulties with the national government, having ceased to favor such enterprises or pay much regard to them; and their neglected infancy was one of the reasons why they at last became so independent of trans-Atlantic management as to outgrow it entirely.

Between the beginnings of French colonization and the time when the English colonies began to increase, French institutions had been tending more and more towards centralization. At the time when the first settlements were made in Michigan, the absolutely personal government of Louis XIV. had become supreme, and was as active in this region—then known as New France—as it was in France itself. The king was also zealous in enforcing religious uniformity. While there was considerable jealousy between the two great clerical orders of the colony, the Jesuits and the Recollets, or Franciscans, they held between them substantial authority over all religious matters. For various reasons both the religious and secular officials were opposed to the settlement of remote posts. A system of personal oversight was maintained over every man who came into the country, and there is no instance recorded, and probably none existed, where any one ever settled down in the wilderness as a squatter or pioneer, and cleared a farm for himself. There were no farming settlements except under restricted and fixed regulations, and every one who went into the woods, licensed or unlicensed, went as a roving adventurer and not as a settler. The number of these roving people must at times have been not much, if any, less than that of the fixed inhabitants near the sea-shore. In this—contrary to our later experience—the Canadian colonists differed radically from the English. These, in the early days, seldom became hunters or trappers in any great numbers. Even after the cession of New York by the Dutch, the English exploring expeditions contained more Dutch than English rovers, and the Dutchmen were much more successful in dealing with the Indians, who got along very well with them and with the French, but not so well with Englishmen.

The French policy was chiefly directed, so far as the back country was concerned, to managing and controlling the fur trade and its supplementary branch of a return barter with the Indians. All of this trade was a monopoly, confined to favored persons or companies, and at no time opened to general competition. As a matter of universal experience, such monopolies always raise up a formidable irregular trade; and in this region the persons concerned in the illicit business were those of the highest rank and importance, who generally managed to protect their own emissaries and associates, and procure for them sooner or later such advancement as was possible in the colony.

The immigrants that came in considerable numbers from various parts of France, but chiefly from Normandy and the other northern and northwestern provinces, were to an unusual extent men of intelligence and enterprise. Men of all ranks and conditions swarmed in—mostly those who were anxious to better their doubtful fortunes, and many who were uneasy under the restraints of the intolerable burdens on French industry. A great many veteran officers and soldiers were discharged or retired, and found it difficult to live in comfort upon their unprofitable estates. The policy of the country had made trade an honorable calling, and the impoverished noblesse who could not always obtain a footing in the companies, or a share in the legitimate trade of the country, found themselves in a measure compelled to resort to some kind of enterprise to procure a living. The result was that quite early in the colonial times the whole country was visited and explored by intelligent adventurers, whose knowledge of its condition, though for obvious reasons never officially published, enabled the subsequent explorers to proceed more boldly and directly in the line of their journeys.

There was no Indian tribe to which many rovers of the lower classes had not joined themselves as adopted members. Many of these persons were not wanting in shrewdness, and they secured great influence. The retired officers seldom took up any intimate relationship with single tribes, but their sagacity and force of character made them acknowledged leaders of the white men, and gave them controlling influence among the Indians. They could at any time collect a formidable following for any enterprise they desired to attempt, and they were welcome guests among all the western tribes. Accordingly there is hardly any instance—if there is any—of any settlement, military, civil or religious, or of any expedition authorized by the government to explore the country, which had not been preceded by the visits of one or more of the distinguished adventurers, who did more than all others to extend the French power and reputation and maintain the French ascendency among the Indians. And it is greatly to their credit that nothing can be found in history so honorable in the mutual confidence and esteem between Indians and white men, as the relations of these brave and spirited chieftains with the tribes among which they moved. In spite of the desire which most of them no doubt felt of bettering their fortunes as quickly as possible, they retained the respect of the Indians by frankness and courtesy, and by the evidence they gave that personal greed seldom if ever destroyed their patriotism or their pride of character. Men lost no favor among these people by shrewdness in trading, if they did not forfeit their esteem in some other way. The way was readily opened for them wherever they chose to go, and it is very well known that the chief expeditions for exploring purposes were suggested by the reports of the advances of these wandering pioneers, of whom DuLuth is an illustrious example, who had either seen or heard of the remote regions and waters through which with the same persistent faith which first led Columbus westward, a route was sought to the Indies as the only great good worth seeking. It is worthy of remark, however, that none of the great leaders of the wood-rangers was ever seduced into pursuing the fabulous and unsubstantial glory of the Indies to the better country with which they were familiar. Their counsel always urged the occupation of the territory that they knew; and the fortunes of this country would have been very different if the substance had been given up for the shadow. It seems almost incredible that for a hundred and fifty years the statesmen of both France and England not only refused to favor the occupation of the country which now forms the strength of the United States, but did all in their power to hinder it, and keep the wilderness unbroken.

The condition of affairs rendered it impossible to make settlements without government sanction. We are therefore entirely in the dark concerning any fixed plans of rendezvous or resort of the wood rangers. It is probable they had such establishments here and there as temporary trading posts, and there are some reasons for supposing they had such resorts very early indeed on the island of Mackinaw, and on Detroit river; but, whatever these may have been, they never took any permanent form, and were probably no more than temporary encampments. The chief significance of these earlier matters is found in the evident fact that the posts afterwards established were all located with a knowledge of localities and surroundings that could not have been obtained from any cursory examination, or from any information derived by the founders from investigations made at the time. The places chosen were manifestly chosen because their merits were already understood.

The first French traveler of note supposed to have visited Michigan, was Champlain. This cannot certainly be determined from his journals. Like some other old writers, he has been annotated by editors who have undertaken to fix the location of points which he mentions, according to their own geographical theories, when a different route would seem quite reconcilable with the same descriptions. It is well known that the same Indian names of tribal settlements and haunts are frequently found in different places. The French government on more than one occasion asserted that he passed the Detroit, and his maps show that he knew the connection of lake Huron with lake Erie. One of the missions which were results of his explorations was near the head of St. Clair river, on the east side of lake Huron.

But various reasons, chiefly connected with the first English conquest and the subsequent colonial troubles with the Five Nations, seem to have entirely diverted attention for many years from the Lake country. Here and there a chance reference is made, but there was no interest in it. Mississippians as well as traders from time to time visited the upper country; but after the Iroquois drove out the Hurons from their homes in Upper Canada, there was very little known intercourse with any part of what is now Michigan, until the missions were joined at Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinaw in 1668 These missions, which were founded by men of celebrity, and which were maintained with some variations of locality longer than almost any others in the country, indicate very well the spirit of the time in regard to colonization.

The Mississippians, who represented the views of a powerful party or interest, appear in the double capacity of explorers of distant regions, and of pastors of the Indians, whom they desired to keep separate from the Frenchmen who traversed the country. Their opposition to French settlements was no doubt due to their fears that the Indians would become demoralized by them; but they became valuable pioneers in exploring, and, whether first in the field or not, on which there is some dispute, they, beyond question, furnished much of the earliest reliable geographical knowledge preserved in the maps and relations of the period. Father Marquette, who was among the most eminent of those connected with our early history, took a prominent part in founding these missions. His death, at the mouth of the river named after him, and his burial in the chapel at St. Ignace, were events which will always keep his name prominent in our annals as one of the few distinguished men of those days who lived and died in our territory.

As these were the first, so they were the only missions which preceded the important military and civil settlements during the French period. There were miner stations subsequently founded at L'Anse, L'Arbu Croche, and other points on lake Michigan, but none that had any historical importance.

The post at Mackinaw became almost immediately important for mililary purposes; as the villages of the principal Indian tribes of the north were gathered about the straits, which was the road for canoes coming and going in all quarters, no point was at first so central for the traders. Mackinaw became at once, and continued until Detroit was founded, the great centre of Indian traffic. This made it necessary to have the government represented by skillful and brave officers, who might prevent tribal jealousies and disturbances, and cultivate relations with the tribes to secure their friendship and alliance. As early as 1671 a great carnival was held at Sault Ste. Marie with the upper lake Indians, by St. Lusson, who was sent to the north-west to hunt for the South sea, at the same time that LaSalle and others were started towards the Ohio. About this same time two of the intended companions of LaSalle, Dollier and Galinee, visited the neighborhood of Detroit, but made no stay and returned eastward through Canada.

The next settlement, in point of time, was made in 1679 by LaSalle, at the mouth of St. Joseph's river. This was during the course of the expedition which set out from Niagara river in the Griffin, famous as the first sailing vessel that ever came westward. The traditions relate that LaSalle was urged by some of his companions to establish himself on Detroit river, but that his instructions would not permit it. As he immediately thereafter set up posts at the St. Joseph and on the Illinois river, which were regarded as valuable, it is probable that at the time of his passage the Indian settlements in the vicinity of Detroit were not as eligible for trading purposes as those near lake Michigan, and the country was somewhat exposed to the incursions of the Iroquois. As he sent some of his men ahead of him to winter near Detroit, there must have been Indians and possibly Frenchmen in the country; but the strange habit of the early writers who described their own voyages, of making no mention whatever of important places on their route, prevents us from knowing whether their silence on this matter has any significance concerning the occupation. The fort on the St. Joseph was afterwards moved about 20 leagues up the river, and was there in Charlevoix' time, 1721.

The next Michigan post erected by authority was a second fort St. Joseph, established by DuLuth near the present Fort Gratiot, in 1686. The object of this was to intercept the emissaries of the English, who were anxious to open traffic with the Mackinaw and lake Superior nations. The Dutch, while in possession of New York, had secured a considerable clandestine trade, but do not appear to have left home to seek it. The English began to covet it as soon as they became settled in that province. The ravaging of the Huron country, in the Peninsula of Upper Canada, by the Iroquois, did not have the expected effect of giving the latter the control of the beaver traffic, which was the chief article of desire in New York. The northern Ottawas and Chippewas had control of the largest fur country which was accessible in that direction, and the posts near the southern end of lake Michigan commanded the remainder of the western business. The French posts in Michigan and westward left very little to be gathered by the New York traders, and they determined, as there was then peace between France and England, to push forward their agencies and endeavor to deal with the western and northern Indians in their own country. The French government not only plainly asserted the title of France, but as plainly threatened to use all requisite force to expel intruders. Anticipating correctly that the English would attempt to make lake Huron from the east without passing up Detroit river, DuLuth placed his fort at the outlet of the lake into the St. Clair river. About the same time an expedition was planned against the Senecas, and the chivalric Tonty, commanding LaSalle's forts of St. Louis and St. Joseph, of lake Machigan, and LaDurantage, the veteran commander of Mackinaw, were employed to bring down the French and Indian auxiliaries to take part in the war. It so happened that the important expeditions sent out by Governor Doryan under Roseboom and Major McGregory, to open trade with the northern Indians were intercepted and captured, the first on lake Huron by LaDurantage, and the second on lake Erie by the combined forces of Tonty, DuLuth and LaDurantage, which had made a junction at a post then existing for some purpose at or near the present city of Detroit, and gone down lake Erie in company. As France and England were then at peace, and James II. was on remarkably good terms with the French king, the captured prisoners were after a time compelled by the Crown to be unwillingly given up by the Canadian governor; but the steps he had taken were such as to deter any further attempts of the English for several years. All the subsequent efforts made by the latter were indirect and intriguing. Various claims were set up under pretence of cessions from the Iroquois, but they were unfounded and futile.

It was chiefly to prevent any further mischief and to secure more effectually the French supremacy, that LaMotte Cadillac, who had great influence over the savages, succeeded, after various plans urged by him had been shelved by hostile colonial intrigues, in getting permission from Count Pontchartrain to begin a settlement in Detroit; his purpose was from the beginning to make not only a military post, but also a civil establishment for trade and agriculture. He was more or less thwarted and opposed by the monopolists and by the Mackinaw missionaries, and was subjected to severe persecutions. He finally triumphed and obtained valuable privileges and the right of a seigneury. Craftsmen of all kinds were induced to settle in the town, and trade flourished. He succeeded in getting the Hurons and many of the Ottawas to leave Mackinaw and settle about Fort Pontchartrain. In spite of all the opposition he encountered from his greedy enemies in the colony, as well as the dangerous intrigues of the New York trading interests, his post was advancing rapidly in value and importance, when he was selected to become Governor of the new province of Louisiana, which had been granted to Crozat and his associates, under a charter resembling that of the East India Company.

Immediately after his removal Detroit was exposed to an Indian siege, instigated by the English emissaries, and conducted by the Mascoutins and Outagamies, the same people who made the last war on the whites in the territory of Michigan, under Black Kawk, a century and a quarter later. The tribes allied to the French came in with alacrity and defeated and almost annihilated the assailants, of whom a thousand were put to death. Unfortunately for the country the commanders who succeeded Cadillac for many years were narrow minded and selfish, and not disposed to advance any interests beyond the lucrative traffic with the Indians for furs and peltries. It was not until 1734 that any new grants were made to farmers, although twelve years earlier the French Government had urged this policy. The colonial magnates and their subservient and interested subordinates had contrived to evade their duty until more wise chief officers were installed. The abuses practiced with impunity in these distant regions were very great, and never would have been submitted to if the population had not been purposely kept down to insignificant numbers. The Norman people were very apt to make things uncomfortable when they were numerous enough to have any power in their hands; and the extortions of some of the early officials were fully as annoying as less than a century before had turned Normandy up-side-down under the riots of the *Nu-pilds* against the hard enactions of the policy of Cardinal Richelieu; only the lack of local self-government had rendered this brave people partially helpless against public abuses.

In 1734 the Governor General, Beauharnois, who had sincerely desired to build up the country, made a series of land grants upon easy conditions, requiring very moderate annual dues, and reserving the usual fines on sales. There were a few purely nominal burdens, never insisted on, never important, including certain reserves of mines, minerals and ship-timber, and mill-service, if there should be a public mill. These annual dues were so trifling in amount as never to have been onerous, being payable mostly in grain, and the purely money dues being commutable.

The town lots paid larger dues, which, however, were very light. The immediate effect of this policy, which appears to have been somewhat anticipated by settlements before made, by leave of some of the commanders, in the faith that it would be adopted by the Governor General, was to give quite an impetus to agriculture. Within the town of Detroit were many skilled artisans of various kinds, prominent among whom were workers in metal, including black and white smiths of all kinds, cutlers, lock-makers, gold and silver workers, and the like. The Indian market was good for all sorts of trinkets and implements. There were also excellent carpenters and masons.

It has been overlooked by most persons that the buildings of the early period were often not only well, but handsomely built, of the best material. In describing houses conveyed by deeds in the town of Detroit, they are sometimes described as built *piece per piece*, which may have been in the ordinary style of log houses, but which, in the better class were timber or block-houses of smooth finish. These were usually either of oak or cedar, the latter of which was brought from a distance. The Huron church at Sandwich was built of very large timbers of white cedar, which never decayed. The very ancient French houses near Detroit, of the better class, were very generally of cedar. But there was a saw-mill in the pine region, near lake Huron or St. Clair river, at a very early day; dates are not preserved; but the pinery was well known before 1742, and the mill and the lumber are mentioned in a public report of the resources of the post in 1749. During the Pontiac war, one of the first massacres was of Sir Robert Davis and some companions who had gone thither.

Quarries were also worked before 1749, and probably very much earlier, at Monguagon and Stony Island. In 1763 there were several lime-kilns within the present limits of Detroit, and not only stone foundations but stone buildings existed in the settlement. During the siege of Detroit, one stone building, which must have been quite old, was demolished for the sake of the stone to be used for other purposes.

As Detroit was the only place where there were any land grants (except a small settlement at the Saut de Ste. Marie, in the latter days of French dominion) most of our information concerning the doings of the French, aside from hunting and trading, are derived from that point.

Agriculture was carried on profitably, and supplies were exported quite early from that settlement, consisting chiefly of corn and wheat, and possibly beans and peas. Cattle, horses and swine were raised in considerable numbers, but salt was so expensive that very little, if any, meat was salted for sale. Salt springs were known near lake St. Clair and on the river Rouge, and some salt was boiled in both places, but not probably such as would have been available for packing.

Farming was superficial and not thorough, although gardening and fruit raising appear to have been more cared for. The land required little manuring, and raised good crops for many years in succession with no special care. Apples and pears were good and abundant. Peaches also were, in 1796, spoken of by Mr. Weld as of great excellence. Little mention is made of the smaller fruits, but cherries and currants were undoubtedly raised in many of the homesteads.

There were several wind mills and numerous water mills all along the river near Detroit, most of which were grist mills. The lack of roads made the streams serve as common highways, and these mills were very accessible. One of the important industries was fishing, and white fish formed a valuable element in the provision market, fresh or dried and smoked. They were not in the earlier times put up in brine as they are now, and a slight salting was sufficient when they were smoked. Sugar was often used with or instead of salt in thus curing them.

During the French and English war, Detroit was the principal source of supplies to the French troops west of Lake Ontario, and furnished a large quota of men also. During this period the upper posts were not much involved in these affairs. It was supposed an attempt would be made by the English to capture Detroit, and the commander was instructed to defend it to the last extremity. It was thought, and probably with truth, that this could be done successfully. Accordingly when it was announced that the western posts were included in the capitulation of Montreal, Bellestre was naturally incredulous, and was with difficulty persuaded that such was the fact.

Some criticism has been made of the alleged disloyalty of the French before and during the Pontiac war. Very few of them took any active part in that war, or encouraged its barbarities. As soon as definite news of the treaty of peace was received, they all, except some men of no standing, acquiesced in the change of government; and the French militia of Detroit, officered by French gentlemen who had commanded them before, were sent up to Mackinaw and elsewhere, and did duty at home in the English service, and acted with complete fidelity. It would not have been very much to their credit if they had been over-zealous before it was known that France would not be able to retain her old possessions; and the treaty was not officially known in Detroit until some months after the siege began. It was the recognition by the French of their new allegiance that disconcerted Pontiac and destroyed his plans.

As Michigan was entirely beyond the range of the revolted American colonies, there was very little known sympathy with the United States during the revolution, although there were some indications of it. After the possession was secured by the United States, there was no disaffection among the French people. The first election of delegates to the Assembly of the Northwest Territory resulted in the choice, as one of them, of the Chevalier Chabert de Joncaire, who had served with credit in both the French and the English forces, and he was useful and respected. The training and habits of the older settlers had given them no knowledge of municipal government, and this was the main cause of colonial weakness; and it was long before they learned to take their part in political business.

The management of affairs during the whole French rule was chiefly military. There were in Detroit, and in some other posts, public notaries empowered to transact most of the conveyancing and probate business of the people. There were also some officials having political power during the French possession; but nothing very definite is known about this, and the business could not have been very important.

Socially the French inhabitants were an admirable people. There were many families of gentle blood, and wealth and refinement. All, both gentle and simple, seem to have possessed a spirit of courtesy and urbanity which greatly endeared them to the Indians, who always preferred them to any other white race. They loved simple pleasures and social enjoyment; kept open house to all comers, and were usually frugal and industrious enough to meet their occasions, without any anxiety to pursue gain for its own sake. They were not, however, lacking in spirit or enterprise, and the whole country was traversed by their agents, and dotted with their trading houses. Their business ventures, even with our present facilities, would have been respectable, and were sometimes very bold and extensive. The Detroit merchants controlled most of the western traffic, and were known everywhere. Their earnestness in business was beyond doubt that of most merchants now.

There was no protestant element before the British conquest of Canada, and the people were strongly attached to their churches, and the clergy were accomplished and influential. Several of the early missionaries and pastors were men of great learning and scholarly ambition. We are indebted to them for much of our knowledge of the Indians and their languages, and for a large share of the historical records which have been preserved. The people, though pious, were not bigoted, and their association with men of a different race and belief led to no difficulties.

While there is always a strong temptation to dwell upon the domestic ways of our predecessors, this has been done so well by others who have prepared papers for the Society, that there is little room for adding to their work. Many pleasant memories come freshly before us, of charming households and hospitable homes, of delightful summer and winter holidays and festivals, of bounteous gardens and orchards, of noisy crowds on the water and on the shore, gathering in the silvery shoals of whitefish by daylight, and the glaring, blazing fires in the night-time;—of long wedding trains in pony carts and caleches, and of cariole vans on the smooth ice of Detroit river and up the windings of the Rouge, worthy of the rhymes of a modern Pindar. But this is not the time or place to indulge in these reminiscences — and yet they are inseparable from the kindly and worthy people who first opened this land to culture, and whose memory should always be esteemed by those who have succeeded to their inheritance.

BIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY. H. G. WELLS—READ FEBRUARY 6, 1878.

It is always proper that we should give thanks to an overruling Providence for the benefits conferred upon us during life, for plain food, for clean and comfortable raiment, for pure water and an invigorating atmosphere. All these contribute to health, and without health the chance for happiness is limited. But while we are giving thanks for all these blessings, if on some fine, sunny Sunday morning, in our attendance at church the minister, in his fervent prayer, after recounting all other blessings, should sum up by thanking Divine wisdom that we have our homes in the State of Michigan, why should we not say Amen, and Amen? In our preparation and struggle for admission as a State into the Union through the years 1835, 1836 and 1837, we were limited in population, resources and improvements, as compared with the Michigan of to-day; and yet we had then the foundation upon which has been built a superstructure to stand for centuries to come—a superstructure, many parts of which have been commended and copied by other States of this Union. From its southerly extreme to its northern margin, Michigan has a line of about four hundred miles, over a large portion of which the climate is acted upon and modified by the lake surroundings, with soil of remarkable fertility, and through the instrumentality of both we have products of cereals and fruits equal in quality, if not superior to those of any portion of the world; and for renewing a soil that might possibly show exhaustion by bad methods of cultivation, we can grow all the varieties of clover and other grasses known to "Wood's botany," or any of the learned professions at the Agricultural College or University. If the whole world was dependent for full supplies of iron and copper on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, we could say to the mining laborer and expert of Great Britain and all Europe, come to us and the demand shall be met. Here on the rock-bound shore of Lake Superior, the greatest fresh water inland sea of the world, are mineral deposits to enlist the labor of yourselves and your descendants for several hundred years to come. I have spoken a word of the resources of Michigan. One skilled in words, without any play of the imagination, might talk an entire day of the resources of this goodly county of Ingham, of what has been developed within its limits by an intelligent and industrious people; and yet it constitutes but a small portion of this entire State. But we are not here for the purpose of making an estimate of the aggregate resources of a county or the entire State, or of rearing a column of figures to exhibit how much of our own products we have consumed, or how much we have exported; we have come up to the capital city of our State for the purpose of getting in some facts in reference to men among whom we have lived, who we have had the opportunity to observe and know, so that these facts may be used by the future historian of Michigan. It has been said that the best way to learn history is by the biography of its leading men. Unless the names, the actions and characteristics of the men now dead, but who were in part the pioneers of Michigan, are put in record form by their surviving associates, for the use of the historian, a brief time will elapse and the brain that treasures the facts for history will cease to act, the mind that might have traced them on the record will have forgotten its cunning, and the little mound of earth that covers the mortal remains will never give back a date or single fact. No traveler comes back from that bourn to give you knowledge of the past. I am not the oldest man among the pioneers of Michigan, and yet I have seen and personally known every Governor of the Territory and State of Michigan from, but not including William Hull on to the present incumbent, and I propose now to give my own impressions of the men.

Gen. Lewis Cass I knew some years after he ceased to be the Territorial Executive. In the canvass, when the General was a candidate for the Presidency, some zealous opponent said of him that he had held office so long that his pay drawn from the Treasury of the United States, in silver coin and placed on wagons would have required several pairs of horses to have moved it. This I suppose was an exaggeration, and I mention it to show what the politicians will sometimes resort to in lieu of proper argument. He was a man of large ability, natural and acquired, and history will accord to him great excellence of character in every respect. If his reputation should stand on his literary acquirements alone, it would not be limited to the nation that gave him birth. A distinguished citizen of Michigan, in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the new capitol, said that all the governors and acting governors of the State of Michigan "had proved faithful and true to their trusts." Beyond question this statement is true of the dead governors, and I only intend to speak of the dead in this address. You can always make the best estimate of a man's character and qualities when he has ceased to be, when he is gone, so that he can no more jostle his fellow-men.

George B. Porter, the last Territorial Governor of Michigan, by Presidential appointment, a Pennsylvanian by birth, well educated, an active man, his presence impressed you with the idea that he realized the importance of his position. General Jackson and James Buchanan were his ideals of patriotism and political eminence. In an interview I had with him in July, 1833, I praised his horses, of which he had a number of beautiful thoroughbreds, and he actually, for a time, entertained the idea of giving me a commission as a justice of the peace, but on second thought, hearing that I was politically a "dyed-in-the-wool" Whig, he changed his mind, and then the commission never reached me. Governor Porter was rapidly advancing in the kind and favorable opinion of the people of the Territory when he died suddenly, July 6th, 1834. His wife, a lady of great excellence of character, of winning manners, of fine personal appearance, will always be kindly remembered by those who were fortunate in having made her acquaintance. Stevens T. Mason, Secretary of the Territory, by virtue of his office became acting Governor at the decease of George B. Porter, and so officiated until the latter part of 1835, when he became involved, with Ohio, in a question as to the southern boundary of our proposed State. While the troops of Michigan, including the crack company, the "Brady Guards" of Detroit, were on the contemplated bloody field, where now stands the city of Toledo, our Governor mounted on a milk-white steed, with floating banner and waving plume, ready to do battle for the right, received orders from President Jackson to retire with his forces—in fact, to go back into the nothingness of private life, and that his successor had been appointed.

His successor, as Secretary of the Territory and *ex officio* Governor, John S. Horner, an impulsive man, a Virginian, who always talked as though he thought Virginia intellect and Virginia manhood was ninety-nine per cent. above par. He had one redeeming quality. He had gotten unto himself a most estimable lady for a wife, whose pleasant ways and intelligent talk kept him in friendly relationship with others. His term of service was very short, with little opportunity to bring himself into notice or endear himself to the people.

On the final admission of Michigan into the Union, Stevens T. Mason was inaugurated as Governor. In view of the fact that he had only reached his twenty-third year, and that his experience was limited, he served his constituents well and faithfully. He was of fine personal bearing, with social qualities that made him very attractive, especially with the ladies. He removed to the city of New York, and there with with prospects bright for success in the law, he died, yet a young man.

Next in the succession was William Woodbridge, a learned man, great as a lawyer and distinguished in all the political positions he ever held. I speak not disparagingly of any man living or dead, when I say that no one has filled the office of Governor of Michigan with more of ability, more of independence and more integrity than William Woodbridge.

J. Wright Gordon, acting Governor of Michigan after the resignation of William Woodbridge, was deemed an able lawyer and faithfully discharged all the duties of this and many other political positions conferred upon him by the people.

John S. Barry served several terms as Governor—a dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, heavy man. Whenever any one imagined that he was a public officer to be used for purposes of private gain, he was mistaken. When you put your hand upon him for any such purpose, he was cold as the dorsal fin of a big fish in deep water, on Christmas day, out near Newfoundland. Your honeyed words did not mislead him. Your web of sophistry did not entangle him. He never took money out of the treasury that did not belong to him, and he did not intend that any one else should do so. If an official had thrust his hand into the treasury and drawn out, without sanction of the law, a sum of money, John S. Barry would have followed him the whole length of Grand River with a shot-gun and put a charge of duck-shot in him, unless he had dropped the money. With an abrupt manner, and never intending to make exhibition of his scholarship, yet he was really distinguished for his learning, and it has been said with seeming authority that his suggestions as to the arrangements for professorships and courses of study in the University were received by the Regents with marked favor. Liberality and charity may not have been characteristics ot the Governor, but they were of his wife. Her kindly ministrations and charitable donations for the benefit of the poor and destitute were widely known in the county of her residence.

Epaphroditus Ransom for many years officiated as one of the Circuit Supreme Judges of Michigan before assuming the office of Governor. While upon the bench he managed to conduct his farm, on which he had his residence, with much of intelligence and skill. He prided himself on his ownership of improved breeds of cattle and other farm stock, and his judgment in such matters was often complimented by his farmer friends. While on his circuit, nothing pleased him so well as a half-hour's talk with intelligent pioneer attendants upon court, and always upon the subject of agriculture. He thus became a great favorite with the farmers, who rejoiced in his election to the executive office. He was a man of commanding appearance, great firmness of purpose, and always made diligent effort to discharge faithfully his official duties After his service in public life in Michigan, he received a Presidential appointment in Kansas, removed there, and soon after died. His last years were clouded by pecuniary embarrassment, resulting in a strong desire to pay indebtedness which was accomplished by the sale of his beautiful homestead at Kalamazoo at a time of great real estate depression. This was truly a misfortune, as he had acquired the property by a life of industry, much of it spent in the service of the State of Michigan.

Andrew Parsons, elected as Lieutenant Governor, became acting Governor on the resignation of Robert McClelland in 1853. He held position as State Senator and Regent of the University. He had high reputation in all his political positions as a man of learning, business ability and integrity. With every prospect of future usefulness, he died while yet a young man.

Kinsley S. Bingham, holding his first important political position as member and Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State of Michigan for two sessions in 1838 and 1839, then Representative in Congress from 1847 to 1851, was subsequently elected Governor and inaugurated in 1855, holding the office two years. The grangers of the country at the present day may take courage and profit by the example of Governor Bingham. He followed the avocation of farmer for many years, and his success was as marked in this as in his subsequent career as Governor rnd United States Senator. Method, system and patient industry were the great powers by which Kinsley S. Bingham obtained and held the warm affections of the people of this State, and to-day there are thousands of the older people of Michigan who place him among the highest on the roll of fame.

Moses Wisner gave his life to his country, in command of one of the best organized regiments that left Michigan during the rebellion—a regiment having among its members the very best of the farm population of Oakland and adjoining counties. A practice at the bar, continued through many years, with marked habits of industry and careful observation of men, qualified him in a peculiar manner for service as Governor, to which position he was elected in 1859. His messages, for the exhibition of wise, practical thought, are models. When he died and his remains were brought back from Kentucky, to mingle with the soil of this state, that he long had loved so well, grief was not narrowed by county or district limits; it extended to the whole people of the State. They knew and realized that a patriot and statesman was dead.

Henry H. Crapo, plain, honest, always useful. In public or private life I have never known one man speak harshly of Henry H. Crapo, who was emphatically the people's Governor from 1865 to 1868. His legislative experience in our state has left a record well known to his immediate constituents and deemed creditable throughout Michigan. He was eminently practical in all his efforts in life. In commercial, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits before he made his residence in the west, he had acquired such reputation as method, industry and integrity will ever give to any man, and the same qualities gave to him in this State success in his extensive lumber business and farm improvements.

I have thus far spoken of the men, now dead, who have honored themselves and the State in the discharge of executive duties, and the rule for myself forbids that I should speak of the character of those who still live. I may however say, here, quietly, among ourselves, what does not affect their character, that they severally weigh from one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred pounds, enjoying fair health, and have all except the present incumbent closed their accounts with the State treasury, having drawn their salaries with great regularity.

A word as to judicial officers that I have personally known, and who are numbered with the dead: William A. Fletcher and George Morrell among the older judicial officers of the Territory and State were eminently qualified for the positions they occupied. In the performance of circuit court duties, with them, involving an immense amount of labor, as well as in the disposal of questions of law in the Supreme Court, they had the full confidence of the bar, and the people recognized them as pure men in the discharge of public duties. Warner Wing, Charles W. Whipple, George Martin, Edward Mundy, George Miles and Abner Pratt, long acting as Circuit and Supreme Judges of Michigan; Ross Wilkins, John W. Longyear and H. H. Emmons of the United States courts: it might be inscribed on their monuments, that they had learning, industry and integrity, qualifying them for their several positions, and if a single fault was found with any of them during life, there is a mantle of charity with us who survive, broad as the sky and white as the snow, to cover it out of sight.

The chancellors of Michigan were only enough in number to furnish a possible opportunity to contrast their respective qualifications; but fortunately no word ever attached to either, and the names of Farnsworth and Manning have been placed upon the records of the States as tried, able and true. Equity implies, something above the law, and the dead chancellors of Michigan, in character and standing of the profession, have given a stronger significance to the words justice and impartiality. Let me close my imperfect sketch of the judicary by naming to you Judge Solomon Sibley, to whom I presented an introductory note, at Detroit in July 1833. His head, his face, his address impressed you with with the idea that the President of the United States was not at fault when he gave him his commission as a Territorial Judge of Michigan. Long practice at the bar, service in congress as a delegate, and the able and faithful discharge of his judicial, duties make his life an important part of the history of Michigan.

In the summer of 1835 the people of the Territory of Michigan under the sanction of the law, called eighty-nine of their fellow citizens to the city of Detroit, and there assembled in what was familiarly known as the old capitol building, they proceeded to prepare a constitution for a proposed state. John Biddle, well known to all the inhabitants of Wayne County, was chosen its president and discharged the duties of the position faithfully and well. I was honored as a novice, by the people of Kalamazoo County, with a seat in that body, but I well remember what seemed to me the strange admixture of men there congregated. The largest number originally from New York, quite a list born in Michigan, some from New England, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio and Indiana; possibly representatives from other states were with us. In fact in the early days, "out west," it was a difficult matter to know where some of us came from. All this was before "Bygones" was about with his note book, giving us an insight into the past. How well these men performed their task I may not say; it is history that the people ratified their action and the constitution there prepared was the fundamental law of Michigan until 1851. Under and by virtue of the provisions of that constitution our comman school system was established, and that is the richest, best gift ever conferred upon the people of Michigan. Its influence reaches the humblest citizen of the State, and can make him the peer of the highest official and the most affluent. May that system be continued through time. Over the portals of all the school houses of Michigan let it be marked in letters, never to be effaced, "Our common school system is to last forever." Let us all assent and agree, that it is the prop and main stay of good government. Of the eighty-five men constituting the convention of 1835 not more than nine survive—of my own knowledge but six. Here and there over the surface of Michigan the little mounds of earth indicate that these men have nearly all passed away. Peace to the memory of my dead associates; they were enlightened, earnest, good men.

EARLY BANKS AND BANKING IN MICHIGAN.

By ALPHEUS FELCH—Read February 7th, 1878.

The earliest effort for the establishment of a bank within the present limits of the State of Michigan was in 1805. The act of congress establishing the Territory of Michigan, conferred legislative powers on the governor and judges, and at their first session as a board, a petition for an act incorporating a bank was presented to them. This was at a time when the local business could scarcely have demanded a banking institution, or have afforded much promise of its success. The small town of Detroit had just been laid in ashes. The population of the entire territory was inconsiderable. Five years before the whole population was reckoned at 551, and although it rapidly increased after the organization of the territorial government, five years later (1810) the census showed it to be less than 5000. The country was possessed mainly by the Indians, and the small French settlements on the Ecorse, the St. Clair, and the Raisin, were neither enterprising nor prosperous. No roads pierced the forests of the interior; no manufactures existed; agriculture yielded nothing for market, and navigation had scarcely begun to vex the waters of the rivers and the lakes. The multifarious transactions of commercial and civilized communities, which require banks and banking facilities, were almost unknown in the frontier settlement. There was, however, one branch of trade which belongs peculiarly to such a state, and diminishes as population increases and important mercantile and industrial interests advance. This business is the fur trade, which at that time was a most important one in Michigan.

The petition for a bank charter was accordingly presented, not by citizens of Detroit, but by capitalists who resided in Boston, — Russell Sturgess and others, — and who were engaged in the fur trade. In their petition they set forth this interest, and pray for a charter for a bank in Detroit, on account of the great hazards and inconveniences in transmitting specie to so great a distance. The petition was referred to Governor Hull, and on the 15th day of September, 1806, an act was passed by the governor and judges incorporating the Bank of Detroit, with a capital of $400,000. It is possible that the long distance of the locality of the bank from the great centers of business may have been deemed by the projectors an important advantage. If these eastern capitalists could give the bills of the bank a circulation in the Atlantic states, there would be litttle fear of their sudden return to the remote banking-house for redemption.

The bank went early into operation. Indeed, the company was organized, the banking-house erected, and the cashier appointed before the charter was granted. Judge Woodward, one of the judges who granted the act of incorporation, was appointed its president. Imputations unfavorable to Judge Woodward in regard to this and other matters were made, and much feeling being excited against him, he was threatened with impeachment. The act creating the corporation was laid before congress, as required by the ordinance of 1787, and was finally disapproved by that body. The bank, however, continued to do business, but in September, 1808, the governor and judges, in the absence of Judge Woodward, passed an act making it punishable as a crime to carry on unauthorized banking business. This put an end to the brief existence of the institution. Its bills were in circulation until 1809, when they seem to have been quietly withdrawn from circulation.

The next bank which was established in the territory was the Bank of Michigan, incorporated by the board of governor and judges, on the 19th day of December, 1817, with a capital of $100,000.

The legislative power given to the governor and judges by the ordinance of 1787 authorized them "to adopt and publish in the district such laws of the original states, criminal and civil, as may be necessary and best suited to the circumstances of the district." The charter of the Bank of Michigan is declared in the body of the act to have been adopted from the laws of three of the original states, to-wit: New York, Ohio and Massachusetts, so far as necessary and applicable to the circumstances of the territory. In 1830 a question was presented in the courts of the State of New York as to the validity of the charter of this bank. The suit was brought by the bank against a former president of the institution, on a promissory note. It was contended by the defendant that under the limitation on the powers of the governor and judges above cited, they had no authority to create a corporation; that the act was in no sense adopted from the laws of any original state or states; that it named parties and places, and conceded powers which were neither named nor given in any statute of such states, and that the charter was therefore unauthorized and void. But both the court of errors and the supreme court of that state gave a more liberal construction to the grant of legislative authority contained in the ordinance, and held the act of incorporation valid: Bank of Michigan vs. Williams, 5 Wend., 478; and 7 Wend., 540.

A construction equally liberal as to the legislative power of the governor and judges has also been given by the supreme court of the United States (14 How., 68), and by the highest judicial tribunal of this State. (Walk. Ch. R. 85, and 2 Mich., 427.)

The corporation, by the terms of its charter, was to expire on the first Monday of June, 1839, but by an act of the legislative council, approved February 25th, 1831, it was extended 25 years longer, and by a subsequent enactment the corporation was allowed to increase its capital stock and to establish a branch bank at Bronson, now Kalamazoo.

The two above named are all the banks which derived their corporate existence from the governor and judges of the territory of Michigan. In 1823 the legislative power was taken away from them by act of congress, and conferred upon the governor, and a newly constituted body denominated the legislative council. The first session of the legislative council was held at Detroit on the 7th day of June, 1824.

The first bank charter granted by the legislative council was to the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank of Michigan, which was approved by the governor April 2, 1827. The bank was to be established at Detroit with a capital of $200,000, with liberty to increase it to $500,000. This charter, in addition to the usual provisions, contained a full grant of power to insure against fire and the casualties and dangers of transportation by water, and authorized the issuing of policies for that purpose. It contained also a provision requiring the corporation to subscribe for and take $4,000 of the stock of a steam mill company, at or near Detroit, to be thereafter incorporated. The steam mill company was incorporated a few days after, but it does not appear that the bank subscribed for any of its stock. Indeed, it does not appear that a banking company was ever organized under this charter.

On the 29th day of March, 1827, the charter of the Bank of Monroe, passed by the legislative council, was approved by the governor, its capital stock to be $100,000, with liberty of increase to $500,000, and to continue in existence 20 years.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Michigan was chartered by act of the legislative council, approved November 5th, 1829, and on the 7th day of March, 1834, it was allowed by act of the council to increase its capital stock and to establish a branch bank at St. Joseph.

A charter to the Bank of River Raisin was granted June 29th, 1832, and by act of March 7th, 1832, the institution was allowed to increase its capital stock and to establish a branch bank at Pontiac.

The Bank of Wisconsin was chartered by an act approved January 23, 1835. This bank was to be located in that part of the territory known as the Green Bay country, and which, on the organization of the State of Michigan soon after, was thrown outside of the state jurisdiction. We have no knowledge of any organization under the charter.

On the 26th day of March, 1835, four bank charters, passed by the legislative council, were approved by the governor, to wit: 1, Michigan State Bank, at Detroit; 2, Bank of Washtenaw, at Ann Arbor; 3, Bank of Pontiac, which was, by an amendment to the charter of the Detroit and Pontiac railroad company, an existing corporation, authorized to be established by that company at Pontiac; 4, Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad Bank. This also was a grant of banking powers to an existing railroad corporation, the bank to be established at Adrian.

The nine banks last above named complete the list of banking corporations which were chartered during the existence of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan.

In 1835 the state constitution, prepared by a convention, was adopted by vote of the people, and the members of the senate and house of representatives who were elected under its provisions assembled as a state legislature at Detroit on the 2d day of November, 1835.

By the state legislature charters were granted to the following companies, viz: Bank of Manhattan, approved March 25, 1836; Calhoun County Bank, approved March 26, 1836; Bank of St. Clair, approved March 28, 1836; Bank of Clinton, approved March 28, 1836; Bank of Ypsilanti, approved March 28, 1836; Bank of Macomb County, approved

March 28, 1836; Bank of Oakland County; Bank of Tecumseh; Bank of Constantine, approved July 25, 1836.

At the same session of the legislature, when the last-mentioned bank charters were passed, another act, intended to have an important bearing on the future financial interests of the state, was proposed and considered. It became a law by the approval of the governor on the 28th day of March, 1836. This act is entitled "an act to create a fund for the benefit of the creditors of certain moneyed corporations." It was, in fact, an adoption of the famous "safety fund system" previously in operation in the state of New York. It required each bank to deposit with the state treasurer, at the beginning of each year, a sum equal to one-half of one per cent. on the capital stock paid in, and the fund so created was to be held and to be used for the benefit of the creditors whenever any bank subject to its provisions should become insolvent. The act was made applicable to such monied corporations only as should be created after its passage, and such existing corporations as should subsequently obtain a renewal or extension of their charters, or should voluntarily comply with the provisions of the act.

This statute was destined to have little practical effect. In New York the system proved inadequate for the security of the public interests, and was abandoned. In Michigan, subsequent events which speedily followed would have rendered it impotent for any good, even if its merits as a system had been far greater than its most sanguine supporters dared to claim for it.

This act, however, contained an important provision in providing for the appointment of a bank commissioner, and in requiring him to make careful examinations into the affairs of the banks subject to his inspection and make periodical reports of their condition.

Such had been the legislative action in the grant of corporations with banking powers under both the territorial and state governments down to the close of the year 1836.

At this time the financial affairs of the whole country had become sadly deranged, and the entire community was laboring under an unprecedented pressure of pecuniary embarrassment. A wild and reckless spirit of speculation had overrun the land. Capital had been withdrawn from its legitimate uses and was sunk in unprofitable investments. The currency in general circulation had become greatly inflated, and fabulous prices were imparted to property, which passed rapidly from one owner to another, chiefly upon credit, until the indebtedness was everywhere more than the debtors were able to pay.

The next regular session of the legislature commenced, under the provisions of the constitution, on the 2d day of January, 1837. Applications for bank charters almost without number were presented. They came from all portions of the state, and from citizens of nearly every condition and occupation. The tables of the committees on banks and incorporations in both branches of the legislature were loaded with petitions, and the outside pressure for the grant of bank charters, which it was fondly hoped would afford relief from all embarrassments, was almost irresistible. In this dilemma a proposition was started for a system of free banking; and accordingly, on the 27th day of January, 1837, Mr. E. H. Lothrop, chairman of the committee on banks and incorporations, reported from the committee "a bill to organize and regulate banking associations." This bill, after many amendments, was finally passed by both houses of the legislature, and with the approval of the governor became a law on the 15th day of March, 1837. This is the statute familiarly known as the "general banking law," and the organizations under it are popularly denominated the "wild cat banks."

The statute authorized any twelve freeholders of any county who desired to form an association for transacting banking business to make application to the treasurer and clerk of the county for that purpose, and books were to be opened for subscription to the capital stock of the association. This stock was in no case to be less than $50,000 nor more than $300,000. Ten per cent. on each share was required to be paid in specie at the time of subscribing, and thirty per cent. of the entire capital stock in like funds before the association should commence operations. The president and directors were also required to furnish securities, to be approved by the said treasurer and clerk, to the auditor general of the state, for the payment of all debts contracted and the redemption of all notes issued by the association; which securities should consist either of bonds and mortgages on real estate or in bonds executed by resident freeholders of the state. These securities were to be lodged with the bank commissioner, and to be held as collateral security when all other liabilities of the association should fail or prove insufficient. The directors were required to make oath faithfully to perform their official duties, and to keep and report a true statement of the affairs and condition of the associations. They were made subject to the safety fund act above referred to, and a failure to pay their bills and notes when demanded at their banking house, or within thirty days thereafter, in the lawful currency of the United States, was declared to be a dissolution of the association.

This bill received at once the enthusiastic approval and support of all applicants for special bank charters. The public seemed imbued with the idea that to relieve them from the galling burden of indebtedness, and to restore activity and prosperity to the business world, nothing was needed but extensive bank issues. Banks and an abundance of paper currency, with little thought whether the capital and other necessary concomitants which alone could sustain the former or prevent the speedy depreciation of the latter, seemed to be regarded as a certain relief. With the many who entertained such views, it is not surprising that the proposition for free banking and an abundant issue of bank notes was received with delight.

So popular was this bill that on its passage in the house of representatives four members only recorded their votes against it—representatives Almy of Kent, Monfore of Macomb, Purdy of Washtenaw, and Felch of Monroe. The representative last named, in a brief speech, declared his objections to the bill and stated his conviction that its effect would be disastrous. He was briefly replied to by the chairman of the committee in which the bill originated, and no further discussion was had on the subject. In the senate the measure was received with equal favor.

The legislature closed its session on the 22d day of March, 1837, by adjournment to the 9th day of November in the same year. But long before that day arrived circumstances connected with the financial affairs of the country induced the governor to call an extra session of the legislature, which convened, pursuant to his proclamation, on the 12th day of June, 1837.

The governor's message to the legislature depicted in strong language the deplorable financial and commercial embarrassments of the country. He attributes these embarrassments, in a great measure, to the error of over-banking, over-trading, and a want of providence and economy. He speaks of excessive bank issues as a violation of the simplest principles of political economy. The effects, he says, are "the depreciation of bank paper, an increase of the price of all commodities, an extension of excessive credits, the neglect of productive labor, and a country involved in debt. The banks are called upon for specie to pay the debts of the country; their specie will not meet their outstanding issues; confidence is shaken; they are compelled to contract their loans and call in their discounts, and a general pressure, if not bankruptcy, are the inevitable results that follow. The condition of the United States at the present time is a perfect illustration of these principles. The recorded history of the different states shows millions of increase in bank facilities; money, or rather its representative, has been abundant; credits have been unparalleled; our land offices tell of a dead capital of millions buried in unproductive lands; our custom-houses, deducting profits, freight and difference of valuation, present a balance of trade against us of millions by importation; our circulating medium has depreciated; or, which is the same thing, every other exchangeable commodity has risen; and Europe has exhibited the strange phenomena of underselling us on our own shores in the exportation of her breadstuffs to America. A revolution now begins. Our debt must be paid to Europe. The banks of the Atlantic cities are unable to furnish sufficient gold or silver on their issues to meet the demand; runs are made upon them; and the result has been a universal pressure, and a general suspension of specie payments in order to prevent as general a bankruptcy."

The banks of the Atlantic and southern states had already suspended specie payments, and in the State of New York the legislature had given its sanction to the suspension. The intimate relations in business and financial matters existing between Michigan and the last named state caused this disaster to be at once felt by our banks and our business men. The pressure was too great to be withstood, and the banking institutions throughout this state had also suspended. The charters, although they were required to redeem their bills in specie on presentation, nevertheless protected the banks from a forfeiture of their corporate rights if the redemption was made within sixty days after the demand. The banks, claiming the privilege of this provision, and knowing well that the sixty days' grace would bring them no means of redemption, besought legislative aid, and the extra session of the legislature was called to consider the subject.

Accompanying the governor's message was a report of the bank commissioner, Edwin N. Bridges, made by express direction of the governor. The commissioner reports that he has visited all the banking institutions in the state, and made a personal examination into their affairs, and he expresses his entire conviction of their general solvency and their ability to meet their existing liabilities. He presents a statement of their condition and declares that the banks of Michigan were under no necessity to suspend specie payments, except as a measure of defence to protect themselves from the consequences that most inevitably result from the suspension of the banks in New York and elsewhere.

The banks in existence and doing business in the state at that time, according to this report, were fourteen in number with two branch banks, namely: Bank of Michigan, at Detroit, with its branch at Kalamazoo; Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, at Detroit, with its branch at St. Joseph; Michigan State Bank, at Detroit; Bank of Clinton, at Clinton; Bank of St. Clair, at St. Clair; Bank of Pontiac, at Pontiac; Bank of River Raisin, at Monroe; Erie and Kalamazoo R. R. Bank, at Adrian; Bank of Ypsilanti, at Ypsilanti; Bank of Constantine, at Constantine; Calhoun County Bank, at Marshall; Bank of Washtenaw, at Ann Arbor; Bank of Macomb County, at Mt. Clements; Bank of Tecumseh, at Tecumseh.

Of the other banks previously chartered, some had never been organized, and the others had withdrawn altogether from business or ceased to exist as corporations.

The action of the legislature at the extra session resulted in the passage of "an act suspending for a limited time certain provisions of law, and for other purposes," which was approved by the governor June 22, 1837.

This act authorized the banks, without forfeiture of their chartered rights, to suspend specie payments until the 16th day of May, 1838; it limited the amount of bank bills to be issued, prohibited the sale of specie by the banks or their officers or agents, or the purchase of their own or the bills of other banks at a discount, or making any dividends to stockholders, until specie payments were resumed; and it required all the banks availing themselves of the provisions of the law to become subject to the "safety fund" law, and submit themselves to the supervision of the bank commissioner.

When this act was passed only about three months had elapsed since the enactment of the general banking law, authorizing voluntary banking associations with corporate powers. The initiatory proceedings had in many instances been taken, but so short a time had elapsed that few applicants had proceeded so far as to perfect their organizations and acquire corporate rights under the statute. To meet this condition of affairs it was provided by the twelfth section of the suspension act, that every bank which should thereafter, and before the 16th day of May, 1838, commence operations, should be entitled to the benefit of the provisions of the act. In the discussion of this provision in the house of representatives an effort was made to limit its application to such associations as had completed their organization and actually paid in and possessed in specie thirty per centum of their capital stock; but this proposition was voted down.

From the bank commissioner's report to the legislature of 1838, it appears that six banks, organized under the general banking law, were doing business, and had been visited by the commissioner previous to December 6th, 1837; and eleven more are named as having commenced, or about to commence, business; and numerous others were in contemplation.

At the commencement of the year 1838, then, a most extraordinary state of affairs existed. With a general depression of all kinds of business, with inflated prices, with a depreciated paper currency which the makers were unable to redeem, the community felt sorely the pressure of the heavy and almost universal indebtedness of its individual members; confidence in business men and in the success of business transactions, however well managed, gave way, and a spirit of despondency with some and of desperation with others, succeeded. The masses still looked to an increase in a paper circulation as an unfailing remedy for all these evils. Under the general banking law, the door was open and all invited to enter. By its provisions all were free to establish banks *ad libitum*, and through them to furnish a currency in bank bills; and under the act authorizing a suspension of specie payments, they were released from obligation to redeem them on presentation in the constitutional currency of the country. What a temptation was this for the unscrupulous speculator—the adventurer, dreaming only of wealth, and ready to hazard all in pursuit of it, and the enterprising business man, who found himself ruined and burdened with debts! We can hardly be surprised at the scenes which followed, and which marked the period as a most wonderful epoch in financial history.

The legislature, however, sought to apply a check, and, at the same time, to increase the security of the public by an act amendatory of the general banking law, approved on the 30th day of December, 1837, and which was made to take effect on the 10th day of January, 1838. By this act three bank commissioners were to be appointed, who were to visit all the banks in the state once in every three months at least, to examine the specie held by them; to inspect their books and inform themselves generally of their affairs and transactions. The securities required for the benefit of creditors were thenceforth to be bonds and mortgages only. No new institution was to go into operation until a bank commissioner had examined into its affairs, and counted the specie paid in, and, if no violation of law was found, given a certificate to that effect. Monthly statements of the condition of the banks were required to be made and published, and no bills were to be issued unless bearing the indorsement of a bank commissioner, after an examination of the specie in the vaults of the bank and administering a stringent oath to the directors.

On the 28th day of December, 1837, it was provided by legislative enactment that no bank going into operation after the first day of January, 1838, should be permitted to suspend specie payments; and an act of the legislature of 1838, approved April 3 of that year, suspended the general banking law for one year, as to any banking association whereof the capital stock had not already been subscribed, and ten per cent. paid in, with a like suspension of the above mentioned amendatory act, approved December 30th, 1837, as to any banking association which had not then gone into operation; and afterwards an act looking to the final abandonment of the system, approved April 16th, 1839, provided that no bank should thereafter be established under the general banking law, and that no association which had not then filed its securities and paid in its ten per cent., or been doing business six months, should transact any business except in winding up its affairs.

Immediately after the 10th day of January, 1838, the time when the statute of December 30th, 1837, took effect, three bank commissioners were appointed and entered at once on their official duties. Their reports to the legislature will be found to contain full accounts of the developments which were made in the course of their repeated examinations of the banking institutions of the state.

Under the general banking law, as already stated, every subscriber to the stock was required to pay in ten per cent. in specie on each share at the time of subscribing, and ten per cent. every six months thereafter, and thirty per cent. of the whole capital stock was required to be paid in like manner before the bank could commence operations. The specie thus paid in was to be the capital of the bank, the basis of its business operations. The requirement of it involved the principle that banking could not be carried on without *bona fide* capital, and without it no bank could be permitted to flood the country with its bills. But the investigations of the commissioners showed a very general violation of the law in this respect.

In many cases instead of specie a kind of paper denominated as "specie certificates" was used. These were given by bank officers, and sometimes by individuals or firms acknowledging the receipt of specie held on deposit. In some cases specie borrowed for the occasion was used and immediately returned to the owner. Sometimes the notes of the individual subscribers or others, usually denominated "stock notes," were received and counted as specie.

How extensive this practice was, and how fraudulent in its character, is fully shown by the commissioners' report. We cite a few examples: the Detroit City Bank had of these certificates $9,000; Farmers' Bank of Oakland $25,000; Oakland County Bank was organized on a specie certificate of $10,000 and specie to the amount of $5,000, which was borrowed of another bank and paid in three times and counted for $15,000. The Clinton Canal Bank was started by the means of specie, principally borrowed for the purpose in Detroit.

Farmers' Bank of Genesee was organized by the use of stock notes instead of specie, and in making its reports specie certificates to the amount of $35,500 were used. For the Exchange Bank of Shiawassee specie certificates to the amount of $27,000 were used. The Bank of Kensington used stock notes and specie checks. The Bank of Lapeer used a specie certificate to the amount of $15,000. This certificate was given by another bank to an individual interested in getting up the Lapeer bank, without making any deposit or having anything to his credit, and was cancelled by the check of the pretended depositor, made simultaneously with the certificate. The Wayne County Bank had specie certificates to the amount of $30,000, but was originally put into operation on checks of stock-holders which were never presented, acknowledged or paid. The Jackson County Bank used a specie certificate of $10,000. The Bank of Saline one of $15,000, which was taken away a few days after the bank went into operation. The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Pontiac borrowed specie and exhibited it to the bank commissioners as capital stock paid in.

These instances are sufficient to show the gross fraud which tainted the inception of too many of these organizations. The men who got them up had no capital to invest in legitimate banking business, but many of them were unscrupulous and needy adventurers who established banks on fraudulent certificates that they might obtain the notes of the institution for their private benefit. Some of these fraudulent certificates were issued by chartered banks, and some by associations organized under the general banking law. Under such a practice a single bank could, without the expenditure or even the possession of a dollar, have supplied the means for the payment of the thirty per cent. necessary to put into operation a bank in every hamlet in the state.

The furnishing of these certificates of deposit and the loaning of specie to be used in organizing and putting into operation these banks, or to be presented as assets when examinations were made by the bank commissioners, appears to have assumed the character of a regular business, and it is said that large sums were sometimes paid for the facilities thus furnished. Whether a regular tariff of prices was adopted, or such sum paid as could be extorted from the urgency of the applicant in each case, it is certain from the frequency with which their names appear in these reports that certain institutions and individuals must have made it a source of no inconsiderable profit.

The law, moreover, required security to be given for the payment of the liabilities and ultimate redemption of all the notes issued by each bank.

It limited the amount of indebtedness which might be incurred by the corporation and for all excess imposed a personal liability to the full amount on each director and to a limited amount on every stock-holder. It required approved bonds and mortgages or bonds executed by resident freeholders to be executed to the auditor general for the public security. But in the midst of almost universal insolvency personal responsibility vanished away, and real estate, appraised at values measured by the standard of a highly inflated and depreciated currency, would have commanded merely nominal sums at a foreclosure sale.

With such an inception the banks organized under the general law promised little of success or permanency—much less did they inspire confidence in their ever becoming efficient aids in regulating the currency, arresting the onflow of bankruptcy, or relieving the community from pecuniary embarrassments.

The taint which marked their origin marked also the after progress of many of these institutions. The examinations of the bank commissioners were frequent, thorough and searching, and faithful reports of their investigations were officially made.

The books of the banks were kept in so imperfect a manner, sometimes through incompetency, sometimes with fraudulent design, as frequently to give little indication of the transactions of the bank or of the true condition of its affairs. Thus the amount of bills issued was frequently found to be understated. A practice prevailed of putting large amounts of bills into the hands of individuals, prepared for circulation, and intended to be used by the holders under pretense of exchange, but without receiving any security for them, and sometimes without even making a memorandum of their issue. In one instance bills of the bank amounting to $18,000 were ascertained to be in the hands of one individual, and $6,500 in the hands of another, without security or any entry in regard to them; while the books of the bank showed a circulation of $13,210, and the specie in hand was less than $100. In the same institution, at another time, when the sworn statement showed a little over $22,000 of bills in circulation, the amount was in fact over $42,000. In another instance, where the circulation was reported at $39,425, over $44,000 in addition were issued and delivered to two individuals, making over $84,000 in bills actually issued; for nearly half of which no regular entry was made in the bank books, and no security given. In another case more than $30,000 of bills were issued in like manner, and also a post note for $20,000; and many other instances of like character might be cited.

The discounted paper of the banks was found, in many instances, to be deficient in amount. Some of it was of a character to excite grave suspicions as to its genuineness. It was largely given by the officers of the bank or by the individuals who had been active in the organization of it, and who controlled its action. The same individuals sometimes controlled several banks, some being directors in one and some in another of them, and their names appearing on the discounted paper to large amounts in all of them. Many of these individuals were entirely irresponsible and their paper worthless. In some instances discounted paper had been withdrawn with no substitution for it. In the phrensy of the times banks became a subject of repeated sale and transfer, and in such cases the retiring stockholders sometimes took to themselves the discounted paper of the bank, and the new proprietors furnished a substitute therefor. In one instance, on such a transfer, promissory notes to the amount of nearly $100,000 were withdrawn and new paper subsituted, the former of which was subsequently declared by an investigating committee of the house of representatives to be good, and the latter worthless, if not forged.

In respect to the amount of specie required to be held by the banks, the frauds were most glaring. The bank commissioners were carefully watched, with a view to transporting specie from banks already examined to those which it was supposed they were about to visit. Gold and silver never before circulated so freely or traveled so rapidly; and if the same well-filled boxes or bags were found in several banks in succession, some official at each was ready to swear that the *bona fide* ownership was vested in the present possessor. Sometimes it passed the commissioner by rapid transit on the road; sometimes it was transported by night; sometimes, arrived too late, it was handed in at the back door of the banking house while an examination was in progress.

But the specie held by the banks was largely in foreign coin, and of various mixtures, and little change took place in its identity. A few examinations, with close inspection. would enable any one to know the character of that held by each bank, and to discover ear-marks by which he could afterwards identify it. If the specie belonging to one bank was found and recognized in another, a hasty return of the commissioner to the former, or a strict examination of all the parties to the transaction under oath could scarcely fail to expose the fact.

But there were found some banks that had no amount of even *borrowed* specie. The Bank of Sandstone, for instance, never had any specie, and although its liabilities exceeded $38,000, it had no assets of any kind at the time when it was examined. The Exchange Bank of Shiawassee threw open its safe to disclose only seven coppers and a very small amount of paper, while it had bills in circulation to the amount of $22, 261. The Jackson County Bank placed before the commissioners a goodly number of ponderous and well-filled boxes, but on opening them and examining their contents the top was found covered with silver dollars, but below was nothing but nails and glass. Another box containing silver was then brought from another room and sworn to by a director present as the property of the bank, but he afterwards brought an action for it against the receiver of the bank, claiming it as his own individual property. This bank, with an indebtedness of some $70,000, had not more than $5,000 of available assets.

It is manifest that this condition of things could not have existed without a fearful amount of fraud and perjury. In the excitement and recklessness of the times, amid ruined fortunes and blighted hopes, the moral sense had become callous. The general banking law was not without some good features, but it came into existence at a most unfortunate time, and the keenness and unscrupulousness of desperate men, taking advantage of its weak points and corruptly violating its salutary provisions, used it to the public injury.

Within the space of about a year 49 banks were organized and about 40 went into actual operation under the general banking law. The nominal capital of these banks was $3,915,000. If the law had been complied with they would have had an available capital in gold and silver, actually paid in, of $1,745,000, being 30 per cent. on their nominal capital; but no such sum was ever paid.

Many of these banks were organized in remote and almost inaccessible places, and before they could be visited they had done irreparable mischief. Many associations partially organized were relinquished. Great efforts were made by the bank commissioners to induce the banks in operation to call in their circulation and reduce their indebtedness, and with very considerable success. But the crisis came and the catastrophe could not be averted. Failure rapidly succeeded failure. A knowledge of the real condition of the banks put an end to all confidence in them, and their bills were depreciated and finally rejected altogether; and when their doors were closed by process from the court of chancery there was left afloat in the community a large amount of their bills destined never to be redeemed. And this result was not limited to what were called the "wild cat banks;" chartered banks also fell into the same category. Some of them sustained themselves nobly, but none could escape the vortex in which all were whirling.

In December, 1839, according to the report of the bank commissioner, there remained in operation only three chartered banks with one branch bank, and four which were organized under the general law; and all these have long since gone out of existence. A report made in the month last mentioned by the attorney general enumerates 42 banks as then under injunction, and exhibits the condition of their affairs so far as ascertained. It is a deplorable exhibit of large indebtedness and small available assets.

The precise amount of outstanding bills of these banks at the time of the collapse is not ascertained, nor indeed ascertainable; but, it cannot in all probability be less than one million of dollars; and this fell as a dead loss on the community.

While we thus trace the history of these unfortunate banking operations, and of the frauds connected with them, we cannot fail to note that the management of the machinery by which the frauds were committed was by the hands of comparatively few individuals, whose names are conspicuously prominent in the reports; and we must not fail to declare that many excellent and honorable men, with intentions the most upright, were drawn into the associations and became stock-holders, and some of them directors. Men of this description, when they discovered the true character and intentions of their associates, did all in their power to check the evil and protect the community from loss.

As the law required security to be given for the final payment of the bills and all other debts of the bank, their failure left a large apparent liability upon the sureties. Some had given personal bonds only; others had given mortgages on their farms, which threatened to sweep away their lands and leave them penniless.

These mortgages still remain undischarged upon the record, but the supreme court of the state, in 1845, held them to be invalid. The general banking law itself—a statute which inaugurated a system that attracted, for a time, so much notice, and which, with the institutions organized under it, played so important a part in our monetary and financial affairs, was declared (so far as authority to confer corporate powers was concerned) unconstitutional and void. (Green vs. Graves, 1 Doug. 351; and in 1848 the same court held, that a bank director could not be adjudged liable to a creditor of the bank under the provision declaring such liability in the statute. (Brooks vs. Hill, 1 Mich., 118.)

Since these decisions all agitation on the subject has ceased. The creditor no longer seeks to recover his debt, and the debtor no longer fears prosecution.

Thus ends the history of that memoroble financial epoch. Forty years have passed since these events, and few remain who can remember the excitement and distrust, the fear and despondency, the hopes and disappointments, which agitated the community in those days of inflation and speculation, of bankruptcy and financial distress; and fewer still remain who bore part in the transactions connected with them. We look back upon them to read the lessons which their history teaches. The notion that banks without real capital, or a currency which can never be redeemed, can relieve from debts or insolvency, is tried and exploded. We are led to the true principal that prosperity, both public and individual, awaits upon industry and economy, judicious enterprise and honest productive labor, refraint from wild speculation and unprofitable investments, and a wise and prudent use of our abundant resources.

THE BEAUTIFUL PENINSULA.

BY E. LAKIN BROWN, OF SCHOOLCRAFT, KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

Mr. President—You will remember the story of the Indian, who, being lost in the forest, met a white man who, thinking from his manner that he had lost his bearings, inquired if he was lost. "No," said the Indian "big Injun not lost—big Injun here; wigwam lost." The condition of things here is exactly reversed in every particular. Wigwam is not lost—wigwam is here; white man is lost in the big wigwam!

Mr. President, the little affair which I have intended beforehand to make serve my turn to-night if I should have the misfortune to be called on, is not a story of pioneer hardships or sufferings, nor a part of pioneer history, although it does in a certain way relate to pioneer times. It is so unlike the general tenor and main purpose of the papers read before your society that my only excuse for reading it is that it may serve as a little variety and divertisement in your exercises. In the very interesting sermon preached in this city on last Thanksgiving day by Dr. Duffield, the preacher lovingly quoted the latin motto of the territory of Michigan: *Tandem fit surculus arbor*—"The sapling at length becomes a tree." Judge Campbell also, in his Political History of Michigan, playfully and pleasantly contrasts the simple elegance of the territorial motto with that adopted by the state; that curious and rather funny adaptation of the inscription upon the tablet to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's, London: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* "Do you ask for his monument? Look around you." This was a significant and noble inscription upon the memorial tablet of the architect of that magnificent cathedral: "Would you see his monument? this is it; behold it."

I own that our imitation of it seems rather flat and tame. Indeed, the *peninsulam amœnam* of the state legend suggests the quizzical question: which one? For, you know, we have two peninsulas, hanging on each side of lake Michigan like the saddle-bags of a Methodist circuit rider upon each side of his ambling pony; or, rather, like the sack of the honest Dutchman, who, in one end of it, carried his corn to mill, counterbalancing it by a rock on the the other end; and I am not sure, Mr. President, but that the rock end of our sack contains a better grist than the corn end.

I would suggest an amendment to our motto, and that it shall read in plain English.

"If you seek a beautiful peninsula, here's a couple of 'em; take your choice." This might be rendered into resounding Latin, if thought best, and the plagiarism from Christopher Wren's tomb would, in a measure, disappear.

But, to come back to the simple territorial motto; it was also adopted by the old Bank of Michigan, and we old pioneers were accustomed, before the bad times came and the old bank disappeared, before the incoming wild cats, to see, with the familiar names of E. P. Hastings and C. C. Trowbridge, the legend *Tandem fit surculus arbor* engraved upon the face of all its notes.

Well, Mr. President, in those old days, in the long, long ago, when I, myself, had not attained my somewhat Falstaffian proportions, produced by sighing and grief, and was as lithe and slim almost as the young sapling of the motto, and when such suggestive scraps always attracted my attention—in an idle hour, while pondering over this legend, and thinking of its meaning, and what might grow out of that young territory of ours, I wrote the few lines of allegorical prophecy, or prophetical allegory, which are the object of all this preface, and which I will now read, with the assurance that if they are too tame to please, they are too short to weary you:

THE SAPLING'S APOLOGY.

Tandum fit circulus arbor.

Despise me not that lithe and slim,
Of tender rind and slender limb,
No giant arms I upward cast
Defiant to the rushing blast;
That 'neath my broad, umbrageous head
No flocks in sheltered rest are spread;
That venturous, from my dizzy height
No eaglet takes his earliest flight.
The loftiest oak, whose rugged form
Meets as in sport the howling storm,
And claps in glee his hands on high
To hear the winds go moaning by—
That very oak once humbly bent
When the young fawn against it leant:
But many a genial summer shower
And summer sun have lent their power
To nourish, and by slow degrees
To crown, at length, the king of trees,
That gives, by close, concentric rings
Proof of innumerable springs;—
Years whose long calendar may tell
How many a nation rose and fell

While 'neath the gentle dews of heaven
The stately oak hath stood and thriven;
Me, then, despise not;—future suns
As bright as the departed ones
May shed their quick'ning rays on me
Till I become a giant tree.
And many a songster of the grove
From my tall branches sing his love.

Mr. President, the indications of the territorial motto and the prophecy of my little allegory are already fulfilled. This noble state, no longer a little sapling, shielded and shaded, has become a tree, not by the slow accretion of close, concentric rings, not through the long calendar of years, but almost with the magic growth of the fabled Jack's bean it has shot up its mighty trunk and lofty limbs, independent among its fellows—equal among equals.

"But there is a provision in nature," says Goethe, "for the prevention of trees growing up into the sky." We may be sure, Mr. President, that our noble state, however rapid its growth, will never grow out of the limitation of all human affairs, but that there will always be opportunity for us and those who come after us to still further improve and adorn it.

THE PIONEERS OF MICHIGAN—THEIR DEVOTION TO EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS HISTORICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

BY FLAVIUS J. LITTLEJOHN—READ FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

Before entering upon a more direct discussion of the theme thus announced, the author of this article craves the privilege of submitting a few introductory remarks. It has been suggested that the theme thus chosen is not within the accustomed range of pioneer addresses. The author claims no special familiarity with the routine practice in such cases. It occurs to him, however, that whatever tends to define and develop the leading characteristics of our pioneers as a class, must be germane to the cardinal objects of this association.

Again: in a paper of this description, it would seem quite desirable to have the terms employed clearly defined. For instance, in its popular acceptation, the designation of "pioneer" simply means "one who prepares the way." But the term, as we of this association employ it, has a deeper and broader import—a far more personal significance. Thus, when we speak of the pioneers of Michigan, we mean to designate the creators—the actual artificers of a civilization born of social culture and civil authority.

Our distinctive meaning may be more clearly elucidated by historical references, as, for instance:

Away backward in the past, in fact over two centuries ago, the outline boundaries of our Peninsular State were laboriously traced by the adventurous Pere Marquette. The task was accomplished by means of a canoe transit in the adjacent waters. The beautiful region, then in its wilderness state, was sparsely occupied by its aboriginal denizens. Those nomadic tribes of red men had, from time immemorial, traversed the up-land plains and openings, with the timber glades and tangled dells, leaving, however, only slight memorials of such primal occupation.

Having neither settled pursuits nor fixed abodes, and being wholly destitute of culture in art or science, they made no useful contribution to the capital stock of human knowledge. Living a vagrant life, whilst subsisting upon fish or game, they had no incentive to effort in the field of invention, discovery, or improvement. They failed to either exhibit or develop the wonderful capabilities of man's duplex nature. Hence they were not pioneers within our modern purview of the term.

In the meantime, and following in the wake of Pere Marquette, small bodies of immigrants from the shores of the St. Lawrence successively reached and settled upon the eastern borders of the lower peninsula skirting lakes Erie and St. Clair, including the Detroit river. Possessed of simple peasant habits and frugal tastes, their wants were readily supplied by game from the forest, fish from the waters, and by the products of a narrow strip of land which each family was wont to cultivate.

As a class, they were quite deficient in all the leading characteristics demanded by the exigencies of border life. They were neither gifted with ambition to excel, genius to invent, or energy to achieve. Content with their rural pursuits and simple pleasures, the spirit of adventure was too feebly developed in their natures to induce either research or exploration.

Thus it chanced, through successive ages, that whilst dwelling upon its borders, the whole interior of the broad peninsula remained to them *terra incognita*, an unknown region. In no practical sense of the term, therefore, can those peasant settlers be regarded as the representatives or exponents of genuine human attainment and development, or as the pioneers of modern civilization in Michigan.

But whilst the onward march of civilization was thus arrested and held in abeyance in our peninsular region, other causes began to operate in a manner calculated to accelerate its westward movement. The war of 1812–14, with its novel border incidents, brought our forest land before the American people in a new attitude, and with far more inviting aspect. Numbers of intelligent and enterprising men, attracted to our borders, speedily formed a business nucleus at Detroit. Thenceforward the territorial government assumed a more stable form, whilst social order and civil rule were alike moulded upon a more enlightened basis.

The Indian title to large portions of the lower peninsula was being rapidly extinguished by treaties. In the year 1819, General Cass thus secured a cession of the lands embraced in the Saginaw basin. The surveys of the ceded lands were vigorously pressed towards completion. Between 1833 and 1837 large tracts of those lands were offered at public sale in several district land offices. During the same period the controversy touching the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan was adjusted through the intervention of Congress, by annexing the upper to the lower peninsula for all municipal and state purposes.

The census of 1834 having shown the requisite population, in 1835 a convention, called for that purpose, formed a constitution, which was submitted to and ratified by the resident voters. Finally, early in the year 1837, Michigan became a state by admission into the Union. The act of admission contained liberal donations of lands for school and university purposes in severalty. Contrary to the usage, and chiefly through the efforts of sagacious men of culture, then residents of the territory, those lands with their avails were to be held by the state in trust for educational purposes.

Up to the year 1834 very slight provision had been made by law for the organization or support of district schools. But, thanks to the provident care of those same men of culture, education not only found a recognition and encouragement in the organic law of the infant state, but provision was therein made for a superintendent of public instruction. This was a step of not only vital importance, but one then in advance of any other state.

During the period from 1833 to 1837, there had been a very large accession to the resident population of Michigan. Practically, therefore, that period must be regarded as the era marking not only the general settlement and outgrowth of the state, but the birth-time of pioneer effort. Pushing boldly into the interior, settlers were everywhere to be found busily employed in selecting, marking and clearing the sites of their future homesteads. Shortly thereafter the hearth-stones and family roof-trees might be seen thickly dotting county after county across the broad peninsula.

We have thus reached, as previously intimated, a class of settlers pre-eminently entitled to the designation of "Pioneers." Possessed of all the peculiar characteristics, both physical and mental, so essential for breasting the exigencies of border life, they soon became a power in the land. For they brought with them the elements of a grand civilization, gleaned and garnered up from more eastern seats of culture, theretofore constituting the homes of a goodly portion of their number.

The fact is now quite generally conceded, that in the grand accession of settlers at the period I have named, Michigan enjoyed the advantage of a larger percentage of educated people than any other of the newly formed states.

Other essayists have most graphically portrayed the toil and hardship, the privation and actual suffering so bravely endured by our pioneer settlers, in their earnest and often protracted battle of life. Upon this part of their record we have no leisure for further comment. But we have other aspects of the case to present, and other equally arduous labors of theirs to recount.

We speak advisedly, and from an intimate acquaintance with them as a class, when we affirm that, aside from the necessity of providing for the physical wants of their families, the great solicitude of those pioneer parents was, to secure for their offspring the facilities and the discipline of a suitable educational training. Withdrawn as their children suddenly were from schools and other sources of culture, those parents became a prey to the keenest anxiety, lest the mental powers of their offspring might be clouded by ignorance or dwarfed by neglect.

This keen solicitude pervaded single families and groups of settlers alike. Hence it proved generally true, that whenever a half dozen families, within a circuit of two or three miles, had secured a comfortable home shelter, the next business in order was to organize and open a school. For this purpose a site was selected, a log building erected and a teacher employed. To and from that school room the children made their daily transit guided by lines blazed upon the forest trees.

These schools in their inception were not only the the result of voluntary associations, but were wholly sustained by voluntary contributions. For as late as 1836, no efficient system for common schools had been perfected. The interest so earnestly manifested by the early settlers was warmly seconded by their representative men of culture. From the midsummer of 1836 the writer of this paper can speak from actual knowledge and personal experience. He frequently met in consultation with intelligent men and friends of education from various parts of the state. He thus early became aware of the grave difficulties to be encountered in maturing school and university systems upon any advance model of excellence.

The sharp conflicts in overcoming those obstacles were more deeply impressed upon the memory of the writer, by many years' experience, alternately in the house and senate of the state. But without enlarging here upon the delays and embarrassments thus encountered, we will simply remark, that through a watchful legislative supervision the educational scheme shadowed forth in our first organic law, touching the organism and maintenance of our primary schools, has been revised, improved and rounded into symmetry, until, by ascending grades of study and attainment, it reaches upward to the very doors of the University.

In its perfection of detail and its practical working capacity, that system may now safely challenge a peer in the entire sisterhood of American states. With due economy in the outlay of funds, for three-fourths of the year, our district school may be pronounced to-day self-sustaining and free of rate-bill or tuition charge.

Through kindred provisions of law, the university has been finally placed upon a stable basis. At first the farmers were insufficient to set the machinery fairly in motion. The difficulty thus interposed was obviated by a money loan from the State treasury. Then, with a board of regents, a president and a working corps of professors, it entered upon an unexampled career of prosperity.

Since the institution has been in active operation, valuable improvements have been introduced; new departments have been erected; and new professorships have been instituted. At present, with its enlarged classical and scientific course, with its full corps of professors on active duty, with its splendid apparatus and varied equipments of easy access, and with its thronging attendance of students, our Michigan University is without a superior in the American Union.

But, not content with the brilliant success thus achieved, the people of

Michigan, inspired by the educational devotion, and imbued with the tireless energy of the old pioneers, have secured the establishment and successful operation of the State Normal School, for a systematic training of teachers; and the State Agricultural College, with its professors, equipments, and model farm. In the former, teachers are accomplished in their art, whilst in the latter, the class of our youths destined for agricultural pursuits, pass through a course of experimental and scientific farming, both theoretically and practically.

Even our institution established for the restraint and discipline of youthful criminals has been modeled into a reform school. Neglected or perverse waifs, floating on the surface of society, and drifting into vice and crime, are there being educated into true manhood, and trained for future usefulness. Many, thus thoroughly reclaimed, have already entered upon an honorable career in industrial pursuits.

To achieve these marked and highly beneficial results has demanded that absorbing interest, necessarily calling into exercise both nerve and perseverance. The incipient steps in those several fields of effort have met with opposition, and final success has not been achieved without sharp antagonisms. This has arisen in part from a diversity of views, and in part from a class of persons accustomed to a more limited mental survey; doubtless some were to be found yielding to selfish motives or a parsimonious policy.

But whatever may have been the motive, the fact is indisputable, that when schools and university alike were languishing for the want of funds, the policy was strenuously advocated by a class respectable in numbers, to hold the lands dedicated to them respectively, at a high price on time, so that, by the improvement of adjacent farms, the market value of those thus withheld would reach the asking price, and thus in future years posterity would realize a large fund.

The reply was in substance, that a quick sale at moderate prices, with the accruing interest for annual distribution, would overbalance all future advantages to be derived from a slow investment; and that the present education of our children was far more important than the creation of a fund for posterity. Those who remember that struggle, and the educational difficulties sorely besetting the interior settlers, will also bear the fact in mind, that the united and outspoken voice of the old pioneers contributed very largely to the final triumph.

One instance may be usefully recalled. Whilst the university basis was being arranged, its true friends were in favor of an independent foundation, thereby severing it from all entangling alliances. The visionary scheme was suddenly broached, (and it found many advocates) to group all the local colleges together; to christen that group "The State University," and to apportion amongst them the interest of the fund annually.

By a bare majority in one branch of the legislature was that scheme defeated and our university saved from ultimate wreck; but, whilst these reminiscences are fraught with interest to the writer, yet he must forbear from their further rehearsal here. Passing, then, to the pioneers, as a class, we would say, that whilst only a percentage of them had enjoyed a liberal education; yet, the mass of their body had passed their youth under the reflected light and genial influence of refinement and culture; they have thus caught and retained the inspiration of intellectual development. They earnestly coveted for their offspring the more elevated and profound attainments in art and science.

Whilst, therefore, our pioneers brought to their forest homes a familiar acquaintance with the practical affairs of life, they also imported the elements of a grand civilization. They started in their new career with the settled purpose of erecting their educational institutions upon a high standard of excellence. The orgonic law and the formative statutes of the infant state all bear the impress of that high purpose.

We are far from asserting that the views and plans incorporated into our present school and university systems were originated by the pioneers. The writer of this article well knows that they were gleaned from many sources. The leading ideas not only date back to "the old Bay State," and permeate the chronicles of New England, but they bear the ear-marks of a Prussian origin. At the same time, the various systems thus consulted were wanting in unity of design and were sadly deficient in their connecting links.

Old Harvard of Massachusetts stood out isolated and alone. It was not only severed from the general educational outline, but there was neither harmony nor sympathy between them. The defect has for ages retarded the educational outgrowth of the Bay State, and painfully marred the beauty and symmetry of her school system. It has withheld the highest incentive to effort under that system. Not only so, but it has withdrawn from the university its proper measure of prosperity and patronage.

The Michigan pioneers regarded the lesson in the light of history teaching by example. They avoided the defect by amending the plan. Whilst making their university independent in government, they yet brought it in sympathy with, and engrafted it upon their common school system with its graded, union and normal intermediate links. They made it the key-stone of their educational arch. The practical results of the two systems have already passed into history.

Old Harvard had existed over two centuries when the Michigan University entered upon its full career. Within the brief period of forty years the latter has eclipsed the former in the range and perfection of its departmental equipments, in the compass and thoroughness of its course of studies, and in the number of students annually in attendance, including the departments of law and medicine.

With a liberality characteristic of our citizens, the vital truth has been accepted in its fullness, that the fountains of knowledge should be held accessible to all. The barriers erected and maintained for ages by bigotry and prejudice have disappeared in the light of a higher and purer civilization. The social and educational equality of the sexes, with its immunities, is not only broadly accepted, but fully accorded in our university halls and lecture rooms.

Michigan may well be proud of this achievement, not only in advance of the entire sisterhood of American states, but of all the time-honored seats of learning in the old world. Whether a university course of study thus freely accorded shall be accepted by many or few of the enfranchised sex, is unimportant compared with the fact of a fundamental principle vindicated, and an odious discrimination definitely ignored.

The reading of this paper may have proved wearisome to my hearers, but the writing of it, as a tribute to the pioneers of Michigan has been a labor of love. For, whoever in the present, or the future, shall undertake to weave a finished garland for the brows of our pioneers will surely ascertain the fact that their devotion to education will ever constitute the brightest spray and most brilliant ornament in the coronal of their clustered virtues.

ADDRESS OF O. A. JENISON, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS PRESENTING CERTAIN ARTICLES TO THE SOCIETY.

READ FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

Mr. President, officers and members of the Michigan State Pioneer Society:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: No Roman citizen ever took a more just pride in proclaiming the fact of his nativity than I do at this time, in acknowledging myself a Michigan man. We embraced each other comparatively in our infancy, and no misunderstanding, no family jar has ever taken place between us. Never for once have I regretted "swapping" off the single-bladed York State knife for the double-bladed Michigan; and were it not for Michigan I would not make any appearance here at this time, but for the love I bear my adopted state. I feel as if I could not let this occasion pass without acknowledging my allegiance to her.

"In youth she sheltered me,
And I'll assist her now."

While I am permitted to be reckoned as a pioneer, still I cannot rank with many who are now in this room, whose heads are silvered o'er with age. They were foremost in the great battle of subduing the wilderness, and causing it to blossom like the rose; they had the genuine hardships of a pioneer life to endure.

I do not forget to give all praise to the wives of these noble pioneers, who stood by their husbands in all their trials, troubles and vicissitudes incumbent upon the early settler. Many and many a day and night these heroic women have cared for the various flocks left in their charge, with the nearest neighbor from two to three miles off, and the husband distant perhaps ten miles, working for fifty cents a day, or thirty miles away to the nearest grist-mill. We who came to Michigan at a much later period can acknowledge their many self-sacrificing acts, but never fully know the sore trials and hardships of the old originals. I arrived in Detroit on the 28th day of August, 1846, with nine silver dollars in my pocket, eight of which I disposed of for necessary expenses, and the remaining one I still retain in my possession.

The legislature of 1846–7 removed the capital from Detroit to Lansing, and on the 25th of December, 1847, I found myself in the city of Lansing, (or "hole in the woods," as we then termed it), after two days' ride by railroad and stage from Detroit. While there was no actual pioneer suffering to experience, still we were not welcomed with carpeted floors and sofa-bottomed chairs. The grand rush had commenced, and it very soon became apparent that every man was actively engaged in looking out for himself. Bed-rooms with the necessary appendages were out of the question, and it soon became simply impossible for all of us to secure proper lodgings. I am speaking now of the very earliest days of Lansing as the capital, say December, 1847, and January, February and March, 1848. As for myself, the first three weeks I was here I do not remember of seeing a bed but once, and the pleasure of sleeping on one during this time was totally denied me. So I did the next best thing I could under the circumstances; I sat in a chair in the bar-room every night, and in the morning a number of us would go out doors, build a fire and turn round, like a turkey on a spit, to keep warm. But I do not speak of this complainingly; being young, healthy and hearty, and I rather enjoyed the fun, At the expiration of three weeks I procured office room in the then Carter block, a large wooden structure which stood directly opposite this old capitol building we are now in, got a bedstead and a bed-tick, gave a man a dollar for straw enough to fill the tick, and thought myself about as well off as any of my neighbors. Washington avenue, our main business street, was at this time just cut down, but not logged up, although by winding round the logs and stumps a team could get through. A little place was cleared between here and the old Lansing house, which then stood opposite the present house bearing the same name. In order to get to the upper town, or Bush & Thomas' store, where at this time the Postoffice was kept, (George W. Peck, postmaster), we took the tow-path on the bank of the river. I might tell you of the many "pull-backs" Lansing has had in struggling for an existence, the greatest of which was the fact that, at the expiration of its first twenty years, there was a chance of the capital being again removed. This club constantly hung over our heads like the sword of Damocles, and undoubtedly deterred many from investing in our city. At a very early date I commenced collecting everything I could which would assist in making and preserving the history of this city, and frequently in hauling in my net found many an odd fish, some of whose nationality I am unable to explain, a portion of which I now present to the Michigan State Pioneer Society.

ON THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE LONG LOST GRAVE OF PERE MARQUETTE.

"In all stages of society those unquestionably deserve the highest praise who outstrip the rest of their cotemporaries. The merit consists in setting the example, in exhibiting a pattern after which others may work. It is easy to follow where there is one to lead; but to be the first to strike out into a new and untried way, in whatever state of society it may be found, marks a genius above the common order. Such men are entitled to everlasting gratitude."—*Burnet's English Prose Writers.*

A PAPER PREPARED AND READ BY REQUEST OF THE PIONEERS OF MICHIGAN AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING, LANSING, FEBRUARY 7, 1878, BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

Jacques Marquette came late to his fame. Open Davenport's Dictionary of Biography, 1831, "comprising the most eminent characters of all ages, nations and professions," and you will not find even so much as his name. Turn for that name to the Cyclopedia of Biography by Parke Godwin, with a supplement by George Sheppard, A. D. 1872, and you will not find it there, and so with many similar works. Hence we see the need of such an historical society as the present, that one of the greatest and best of the original founders of Michigan may receive his due credit, and be honored with an appropriate memorial.

Marquette was born of an honorable family at Laon, in the north of France, in the year 1637, but the month and day of his birth are not easily found, and I have nowhere seen his portrait. In 1654 he joined the Society of the Jesuits, and in 1666 was sent to the missions in Canada. After the river St. Lawrence and the great lakes had been mapped out, the all-absorbing object of interest with Governor Frontenac Talch, the intendant, and Marquette himself, was to discover and trace from the north the wonderful Mississippi, that DeSoto, the Spaniard, had first seen at the south in 1541. In 1668 (according to Bancroft, III., 152), he repaired to the Chippewas at the Sault to establish the mission of St. Mary, the oldest settlement begun by Europeans within the present limits of the commonwealth of Michigan. On the day of the immaculate conception of the Holy Virgin, in 1673, he received his orders from Frontenac, to accompany Joliet on his long-desired journey. Taking probably the short trail through the woods he found his companion at Point St. Ignace, where, after many remarkable vicissitudes, both in life and death, he was at length to find his grave, where his numerous friends and admirers, both French and Indian, were for so long a time to lose sight of it again, and where a second time he gains his place as one of the founders of Michigan.

Apart from his peculiar mission, which was looked upon by "the Protestant colonies" of New England with anything but favorable eyes; apart from his peculiar dogma of the conception, which has only been officially sanctioned in our day and by the present Pope, there were many things in the life and times of Marquette that, to the lover of biography, make his character as attractive as that of Francis Xavier, "the great apostle of the Indies," or of his still greater master, Ignatius Loyola. The man in these days who cannot admire, and even to a certain extent venerate man as man, apart from his more immediate antecedents or local surroundings, has but a very limited and mistaken idea of the enlightened spirit of the age, or the true dignity of human nature. Honor to whom honor is due, is not only a sound maxim, founded on that equity which is the highest form of justice, but is also in just so many words one of the very first principles of Christianity itself. When I cannot give a man credit for *what* he really is, because he belongs to another party than my own, or give him credit for what he has *done*, because he belongs to another denomination than my own, I deserve to be consigned for the remainder of my days to a hole in the woods.

The pioneers of our country, no doubt, have had a very hard time of it, and none more so than my Scotch-Irish ancestors in central Pennsylvania. From the childhood of Daniel Webster down to the present hour, it would argue a very ignorant mind and most unfeeling and ungrateful heart to read the toils and trials and privations endured by men and women in the early settlement of this or any other state; but after all, what are the hardships of the early settlers compared with those of Allouez, in 1665, afloat in a frail canoe on the broad expanse of Lake Superior, of Dablon, Marquette, LaSalle, and others of the original explorers?

"Defying the severity of climate," as Bancroft has it, "wading through water or through snows, without the comfort of fire; having no bread but pounded corn, and often no food but the unwholesome moss from the rocks; laboring incessantly, exposed to live, as it were, without nourishment, to sleep without a resting place; to travel far, and always incurring perils; to carry their lives in their hands; or rather daily and oftener than every day to hold them up as targets, expecting captivity, death from the tomahawk, tortures, fire."—(Bancroft, III., 152.) It seems to me that if there are any two classes of men who should be most cordially linked in closest bonds of sympathy with one another, it is the pioneers and explorers. I have but little doubt that if there is any lack of interest in the theme on which I have been requested to prepare this paper it is not in the theme itself, but in the imperfect manner in which it is handled. [My real conviction is that Judge C. I. Walker, of Detroit, with all the long study that he has given to this particular branch of our history, and the many and valuable books and documents that he has collected for this purpose, and the special interest the he has taken in this matter so recently as the last summer, would have been able to give you a much more exhaustive paper as to date and place than the present one. Perhaps if our indomitable secretary, Mrs. Tenney is as persevering with him as with me, we may hear Judge Walker at the next meeting.]

But to return to the subject in hand. Marquette was much more than a religious enthusiast. He was a scholar and a man of science.

Having learned within a few years to speak with ease in six different languages, his talents as a linguist were quite remarkable. A subtle element of romance pervaded his character, which not only makes it exceedingly attractive to us in the retrospect, but was no doubt one of the great sources and elements of his power and success among his beloved Ottawas and Hurons, and others of the great Algonquin tribes, who were found in the immediate vicinity of the straits of Michilimackinac. With a fine eye for natural beauty, he was as much delighted with a rapid river, or extended lake, with an old forest or rolling prairie, or a lofty mountain as a Birch, or a Cole, or a Bierstadt. Every one who touches his character seems emulous of adorning it with a new epithet. Parkman speaks of him as "the humble Marquette, who with clasped hands and up-turned eyes seems a figure evoked from some dim legend of mediæval saintship." Bancroft calls him "the meek, gentle, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette."—Vol. III., p. 157. Many call him "the venerated;" all unite in calling him "the good Marquette," and by this last, most simple, but appropriate title he will be the best remembered by the generations yet to come. "A man who was delighted at the happy necessity of exposing his life to bring the word of God" within reach of half a continent deserves that title if any one does. His Catholic eulogist, John Gilman Shea, (Catholic World, November, 1877, p. 267), writes with pardonable pride: "No missionary of that glorious band of Jesuits who in the seventeenth century announced the faith from the Hudson Bay to the lower Missssissippi, who hallowed by their labors and life-blood so many a wild spot now occupied by the busy hives of men, none of them impresses us more in his whole life and career with his piety, sanctity and absolute devotion to God, than Father Marquette. In life he seems to have been looked up to with reverence by the wildest savage, by the rude frontiersman, and by the polished officers of government. When he had passed away his name and his fame, so marked in the great west, was treasured above that of his fellow-laborers, Menard, Allouez, Nouvel or Druillettes." May I not add that, most of all other states, his name and his fame should be dear to Michigan?

Such, then, was man who on the 17th of May, 1673, with the simple outfit of two birch canoes, a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn, and a crew of five men, embarked on what was then known as Lac Des Illinois, now Lake Michigan. June 10th they came to the portage, in Wisconsin, (III., 158), and after carrying their canoes some two miles over marsh and prairie, "he committed himself to the current that was to bear them he knew not whither—perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the South Sea, or the Gulf of California." June 17th, 1673, where now stands Pairie du Chien, he had found what he sought, "and with a joy that I cannot express we steered forth our canoes on the Mississippi, or great river." We know that the honor of this discovery is very stoutly contested in favor of LaSalle, but for the present we confidently hold with Parkman, (Discovery of the Great West, p. 25): "LaSalle discovered the Ohio, and in all probability the Illinois also; but that he discovered the Mississippi has not been proved, nor in the light of the evidence we have, is it likely." In 1846 W. J. A. Bradford, in his notes on the Northwest, says very dogmatically: "Father Hennepin must undoubtedly be considered the discoverer of the Mississippi;" but if the proof of it is only to be established by Hennepin's own narrative, which Parkman describes as a rare monument of brazen mendacity, the proof is still wanting. His famous voyage from the Illinois to the Gulf of Mexico must be considered not only as a falsehood, but a plagiarism.

Fortunately for the fame of Marquette, the true record of his labors was not left to doubtful tradition and the hearsay testimony of Charlevoix. Among the papers discovered some 25 years since in the archives of the College of Quebec are accounts of the last labors and death of Father Marquette, and of the removal of his remains, prepared for publication by Father Dablon; Marquette's journal of his great expedition: the very map he drew, and a letter left unfinished at the time of his death. So at least says Mr. Shea, and that these documents are to be found in his work on the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi Valley.

Leaving, then, the doubtful narrative of Charlevoix and the romantic page of Bancroft founded upon it, we learn the real story of his death. October 25th, 1674, he again left St. Ignace to fulfill a promise to the Kaskaskias in Illinois. December 4th he reached Chicago, hoping to ascend the river, and by a portage reach the Illinois; but the ice had closed the stream and it was too late, A winter march, facing the cutting wind of the prairie was beyond his strength. His two faithful companions erected a log hut home and chapel—*the first dwelling and the first church of the first white settlement of the city*—known for its great misfortune the world over, the city of Chicago.

With the opening of spring the good father again set out, and his last letter notes his progress till the 6th of April, 1675. "Just after Easter he was again stricken by disease, (dysentery) and he saw that if he would die in the arms of his brethren" at St. Ignace he must depart at once. Escorted by the Kaskaskias, who were deeply impressed by his zeal, he reached Lake Michigan, gave orders to his faithful men to launch his canoe, and commenced his adventurous voyage along that still unknown and dangerous shore. His strength, however, failed so much that his men despaired of being able to convey him alive to their journey's end; for in fact he became so weak and so exhausted that he could no longer help himself, nor even stir, and had to be handled and carried like a child. He nevertheless in this state maintained an admirable resignation, joy and gentleness, consoling his beloved companions, and encouraging them to suffer courageously all the hardships of this voyage." "On the eve of his death, which was on Friday, he told them, all radiant with joy, that it would take place on the morrow, and spoke so calmly and collectedly of his death and burial that you would have thought it was another's and not his own."

"Thus did he speak to them as they sailed along the lake, till perceiving the mouth of a river, with an eminence on the bank which he thought suited to his burial, he told them that it was the place of his last repose. They wished, however, to pass on, as the weather permitted it and the day was not far advanced; but God raised a contrary wind, which obliged them to return and enter the river which the father had designated."

"They then carried him ashore, kindled a little fire and raised a bark cabin for his use, laying him in it with as little discomfort as they could; but they were so depressed by sadness that, as they afterward said, they did not know what they were doing."

Many a time and oft, in my favorite summer home at Mackinac, have I had this whole scene pass before me as in a day-dream from Point Lookout, until last summer it took the form of accordant rhyme:

I.

Where the gently flowing river merges with the stormy lake,
Where upon the beach so barren ceaseless billows roll and break,
There the barque so frail and gallant, known throughout the western world,
Glides into the long-sought haven and its weary wings are furled.
Here, says one, I and my voyage and my sun goes down at noon;
Here I make the final traverse, and the part comes not too soon;
Let God have "the greater glory," care have I for naught beside,
But to bear the blest evangel, Jesus Christ, the crucified.

II.

Slow and faint into the forest, straight he takes his quiet way,
Kneels upon the virgin mosses, prays as he is wont to pray;
Nunc dimittis—then they hear him sweetly sing as ne'er before;
Then the angels join in chorus, and Marquette is now no more.
This the prayer he leaves behind him, as is said his latest mass—
"One day bear me to my mission, at the Pointe of St. Ignace."
Entered into rest from labor, where all toils and tempests cease,
Every sail outspread and swelling, so he finds the port of peace.

III.

Once again that spot so sacred hears the sound of human feet,
And the gently flowing river sees a strange funereal fleet;
'Tis the plumed and painted warriors, of their different tribes the best,
Who have met in solemn council to fulfill his last request.
Down their cheeks the tears are flowing, for the sainted man of God;
Not the bones of dearest kindred dear as those beneath that sod,
Reverently the grave they open, call the dear remains their own—
Sink then in the running water, cleanse and whiten every bone.
Place them gently in the mocock, wrought with woman's choicest skill,
From the birch the very whitest, and the deepest colored quill;
In the war canoe the largest, to his consecrated tomb,
Like a chief who falls in battle, silently they bear him home.

IV.

Gathers still the sad procession, as the fleet comes slowly nigh,
Where the cross above the chapel stands against the northern sky;
Every tribe and every hamlet, from the nooks along the shore,
Swell the company of mourners, who shall see his face no more.

V.

Forth then thro' the deepening twilight sounds the service high and clear,
And the dark-stoled priests with tapers guide and guard the rustic bier;
In the centre of the chapel, close by little Huron's wave,
Near the tall and stately cedars, Pere Marquette has found his grave.

VI.

Still I hear the Miserere sounding loud within my soul,
Still I hear the De Profundis, with its solemn cadence roll—
" For the blood of thy red brother, who shall answer in that day,"
When before the throne of judgment earth and heaven shall pass away.

When these lines were written I had not seen the narrative of Father Dablon, but a further extract from it will show that there was very little poetic license in them as to the leading facts.

" God did not permit so precious a deposit to remain unhonored and forgotten amid the forests. The Indians called Kiskakons, who have for nearly ten years publicly professed Christianity, in which they were first instructed by Father Marquette, when stationed at La Pointe du St. Esprit, at the extremity of Lake Superior, were hunting last year, not far from Lake Illinois, (*i. e.* Michigan), and as they were returning early in the spring they resolved to pass by the tomb of their good father, whom they tenderly loved, and God even gave them the thought of taking his bones and conveying them to our church at the mission of St. Ignatius.

"They accordingly repaired to the spot and deliberated together, resolving to act with their father, as they usually do with those whom they respect. They opened the grave, unrolled the body, and though the flesh and intestines were all dried up, they found it entire, without the skin being injured. This did not prevent their dissecting it according to custom. They washed the bones and dried them in the sun; then putting them neatly in a box of birch bark, they set out to bear them to our house at St. Ignatius.

" The convoy consisted of nearly thirty canoes in excellent order, including even a good number of the Iroquois," (a very ferocious tribe, who were a great terror to other tribes and especially hostile to the Jesuits), " who had joined our Algonquins to honor the ceremony. As they approached our house Father Nouvel, who is superior, went to meet them with Father Pierson, accompanied by all the French and Indians of the place; and having caused the convoy to stop, he made the ordinary interrogations to verify the fact that the body which they bore was really Father Marquette. Then before they landed he intoned the *De Profundis* in sight of the thirty canoes still on the water, and of all the people still on the shore. After this the body was carried to the church, observing all that the ritual prescribes for such ceremonies, It remained exposed under his catafalque all that day, which was Whitsun Monday, the 8th of June, and the next day, when all the funeral honors had been paid to it, *it was deposited in a little vault in the middle of the church*, where he reposes as the guardian angel of our Ottawa missions."

So far the invaluable record of Dablon. We come now to 1706, when for well-known reasons, for which we cannot pause, the Jesuits at St. Ignace broke up their mission, set fire to their house and chapel and returned to Quebec. *What became of the bones of Marquette?* Did they carry them with them to Quebec? No; they left in haste, and fled almost as for their lives. "There is nothing in Canadian registers, which are extensive, full and well preserved." "Charlevoix, who was at Quebec on the return of the missionaries, is silent." There is little doubt, therefore, that the precious remains of the great explorer still lay in the chapel.

But the very site of the chapel was soon lost. The new chapel, still standing, was confessedly not on the site of the old one. Could the old site ever be identified? It seemed very doubtful indeed. True, there were a few local and legendary traditions to which reference was made some years since in his correspondence by the Hon. E. G. D. Holden, our present secretary of state.

An Indian now living in St. Ignace told me early last summer that "his father told *him*, and that his father told *him*," and pointed out to him the place on the shore of the bay where a black cross used to stand, which was understood to "point out the direction" of the good father's grave, and where the voyagers would invoke his blessing. I also have it in writing from a very intelligent Indian, that last summer he called on an aged Indian woman in Petoskey, claiming to be in her 100th year. "I asked her if she had heard, when a girl, anything concerning the Kitchi-ma-ka-da-na-co-na-yay, or "great priest." She said, "Yes. He died at the mouth of the river, and his body was carried to Min-is-sing," *i. e* to St. Ignace.

These are but specimens of many similar traditions; but would there ever be anything more than tradition?

Early in July I heard in Detroit for the first time, from Col. Stockbridge, who has a large lumber interest in St. Ignace; that when he left there was a report that the site of the old chapel had been discovered. If so, thought I, then we have *found Pere Marquette's grave at last*—for the one statement in which all seem to agree is that he was buried in the middle of the chapel.

On my arrival in Mackinac I lost but little time before starting for St. Ignace. Though only four miles off we tacked a dozen times and took four hours, and worked hard at that.

On reaching Mr. Murray's house, where the supposed discovery had been made, I found precisely what had been described a few days before by a correspondent of the Evening News.

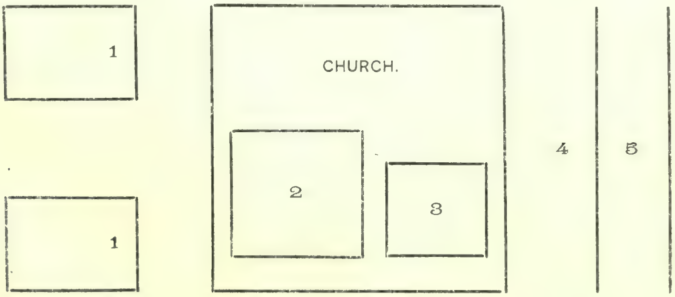
THE RECENT DISCOVERIES AT ST. IGNACE.

SHALL WE, OR SHALL WE NOT, RECOVER THE BONES OF MARQUETTE?

Correspondence of the Evening News.

Mackinac, July 12, 1877.

The readers of the Evening News will recollect the recently reported discovery at St. Ignace of the site of the mission chapel founded by Father Marquette in 1670, and under the pavement of which his bones were subsequently deposited. The account created considerable sensation among antiquaries. Being in Mackinac, within four miles of St. Ignatius, I improved the opportunity to cross over and see for myself what the discoveries amounted to. The little steamer Truscott crosses each afternoon; fare fifty cents. A few steps from the landing we turn into a potato patch, just beyond which the boy who pilots us suddenly announces, "Here's the place." At first glance nothing can be observed more than might be noticed on any vacant lot in Detroit. A closer examination, however, reveals a very slight trench about a foot and a half wide, forming a rectangle 35 by 45 feet and located very nearly, if not exactly, with the points of the compass, the longer measurement being in the direction of east and west. At places in this trench rough stones lay embedded in the earth. At the southern side of the space, about nine feet from the western side, is a hole say three feet deep and eight or ten square, and in the southeast corner another smaller hole. Until the present spring the site has been covered with a growth of young spruce, the clearing off of which led to the supposed discovery. The larger hole is assumed to have been a cellar under the church in which the valuables are kept; the smaller hole is thought to mark the position of the baptismal font, though why an excavation should be made for it is more than I can conjecture. A few feet west of the rectangle described above are two heaps of stone and earth, evidently the debris of two ruined chimneys. The outlines of the houses to which the chimneys belonged can also be faintly traced, the whole being grouped as in the diagram below:



1. Ruined chimney.
2. Supposed cellar.
3. Site of font.
4. Potato patch.
5. Road and beach.
6. Moran's Bay, facing Mackinac Island.

Mr. Murray, the owner of the ground, is a well-to-do Catholic Irishman, owning as he does 600 acres of land on the Point. He has lived on the place for 20 years past, and before that lived on Mackinac Island. He is inclined to be superstitious and to magnify the mystery to which he believes he holds the key. As illustrative of this he remarked in my presence that when he was about to build a cow-house sometime ago his sons wished it located on what he now believes to be the site of the ancient church, but the protecting influences of that sacred spot strangely impelled him to adopt a different location. He is confident that by digging below the surface at the center of the church the "mocock" of bones would be discovered, but thus far owing to a difference between himself and the parish priest, not a spadeful of earth has been turned. The priest believes the location to be the correct one, and is anxious to excavate, but Mr. Murray refuses to permit it without a pledge that whatever is found shall not be carried away from the Point. He offers to give ground for the erection of a church or a monument on the spot, but insists that the sacred relics, if found, must be left where they have for two centuries rested. The bishop is expected at St. Ignace shortly, when the question will be laid before him for adjustment.

Now as to the probability of the discovery being confirmed by others yet to be made, I must confess to being less sanguine than Mr. Murray and his neighbors. It is certain that the two ruined chimneys alluded to indicate the location of dwellings at some period in the past. Bits of iron, copper and looking-glass found in the debris attest this; but whether the buildings stood 50 years ago or 200 no one can positively assert. Mr. Murray has known the spot for a quarter of a century, and can vouch for no change having occurred in that time. I think it likely that they are of a much older date. In regard to the assumed church site I think the probabilities favor the existence there at one time of a building of some sort. Whether it occupied the limits assumed—45 by 35 feet—is less certain, while the existence of the cellar would seem to indicate that it was a dwelling rather than a church. On the other hand, it is certain that the mission was founded in this immediate vicinity, and the Murray farm, as fronting on the most protected part of the bay, and affording the best landing for boats, is certainly as likely a spot for Marquette to have adopted as any. But nothing can be told with any certainty till thorough investigation is made.

The tradition is that the mission was founded in 1670, that Marquette subsequently visited Wisconsin and Illinois, establishing mission stations as far up the lake as Chicago; that upon his return via the eastern shore of Lake Michigan he died at the mouth of the Pere Marquette river, where Ludington now stands, and was buried there. A few years later his bones were taken up, cleaned and packed in a mocock, or box made of birch bark, and were conveyed with due solemnity back to St. Ignace where they were permanently deposited beneath the middle of the church. At a still later period Indian wars broke up the mission, and to protect the church from sacrilege the missionaries burned it to the ground.

I also found in the possession of the present priest of St. Ignace, Father Jaoka (pronounced Yocca), a pen and ink sketch, on which I looked with most intense interest. This invaluable drawing gives the original site of the French village, the "home of the Jesuits," the Indian village, the Indian fort on the bluff, and, most important of all, very accurately defines the contour of a little bay known as Nadowa—Wikweiamashong—*i. e.*, as Mr. Jacker gave it, Nadowa Hurons. Wik-weia—Here is a bay. *Anglice*—"Little bay of the Hurons;" or according to the Otchepwa dictionary of Bp. Barraga, "Bad bay of the Iroquois squaw." Of the Indian village there is no trace. Their wigwams, built only of poles and bark, have not left a single vestige. Not so with the French village. You may still see the remains of their logs and plaster, and the ruins of their chimneys. On the supposed site of the house of the Jesuits, some 40 by 30 feet, are found distinct outlines of walls, a little well, and a small cellar. Immediately in the rear of the larger building are the remains of a forge where "the brothers" used to make spades or swords, as the occasion might require.

On further inquiry of the priest, who was equally remarkable for his candor and intelligence, and the length of his beard, I found that the sketch of the house of the Jesuits was taken by him from the travels of LaHenton, originally published in France, but translated and republished in England A. D. 1772. Only a few days after I saw a copy of this very same book in the hands of Judge C. I. Walker, of Detroit, and was thus enabled, to my very great satisfaction, to verify the sketch as shown to me by Father Jaoka or Jacker (Yocca.)

LaHenton says: "The place which I am now in is not above half a league distant from the Illinois lake. Here the Hurons and Ontawas have each of 'em (*sic*) a village, the one being severed from the other by a single palisade. But the Ontawas are beginning to build a fort upon a hill that stands but 1,000 or 1,200 paces off. * * In this place the Jesuits have a little house or college, adjoining to a sort of chapel and enclosed with pale, which separate it from the village of the Hurons.

"The Cuereur du Paris also a very small settlement."—La Henton, vol. I., p. 88.

From that moment I entertained the most sanguine hope that the long lost grave of the good Marquette would again be found. Greatly did I regret that I could not remain a few days longer, when the exploration would be made in the presence of the excellent Bishop Mrak, and learn what would be the result. I saw nothing whatever in the well-known character of the bishop, or of the worthy pastor of St. Ignace to justify even for a moment the least suspicion of anything like "pious fraud."

Monday, September 3, 1877, Bishop Mrak dug out the first spadeful of ground. For a time, however, the search was discouraging. "Nothing was found that would indicate the former existence of a tomb, vaulted or otherwise," and the bishop went away. After a while a small piece of birch bark came to light, followed by numerous other fragments scorched by fire. Finally a larger and well preserved piece appeared which once evidently formed part of the bottom of an Indian-wig-wap-makak-birch-bark-box or mocock. Evidently the box had been double, such as the Indians sometimes use for greater durability in interments, and had been placed on three or four wooden sills. It was also evident that the box had not been placed on the floor but sunk in the ground, and perhaps covered with a layer of mortar. But it was equally evident that this humble tomb had been disturbed, and the box broken into, and parts of it torn out, after the material had been made brittle by the action of fire.

This would explain the absence of its former contents, which," says Mr. Jacker, "what else could we think—were nothing less than Father Marquette's bones! *But what had become of them?* Further search brought to light two fragments of bone—then thirty-six more—finally a small fragment, apparently of the skull—then similar fragments of the ribs, the hand and the thigh bone. From these circumstances then we deduce the following conclusions:

1. That of M. Pommier, the French surgeon, that these fragments of bones are undoubtedly human, and bear the marks of fire.

2. That everything goes to show "the haste of profane robbery."

3. That this robbery was by Indian medicine men, who coveted his bones, according to their belief, as a powerful medicine.

4. That it must have taken place within a few years after the departure of the Jesuits, otherwise when the mission was renewed (about 1708), the remains would most certainly have been transferred to the new church in old Mackinac.

5. That Charlevoix, at his sojourn there in 1721, could hardly have failed to be taken to see the new tomb, and to mention the fact of its transfer in his journal, or history.

6. That if we have failed to find all the remains of the great explorer, we have at least found some, and ascertained the fact of his having been interred on that particular spot.

7. That the records answer all the circumstances of the discovery, and that the finding of these few fragments, if not as satisfactory to our wishes, is at least as good evidence for the fact in question as if we had found every bone that is in the human body.

Such are the leading points in Father Jacker's elaborate narrative, as published in the Catholic World, November, 1877, in connection with the article entitled "Romance and Reality of the Death of Father James Marquette, and the recent discovery of his remains," by John G. Shea, for which papers I am indebted to the kind courtesy of Mr. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana, to whom I return most cordial thanks.

While in some respects the results are not quite so satisfactory as might have been desired, yet the determination of the site of the old house of the Jesuits, the discovery of the tomb, the recovery in part of the mocock coffin, and above all, the finding of some of the bones of Marquette, are all of intense interest to every lover of early Michigan history, and suggest not a few parallels in the history of John Calvin's grave, and those of other men in other times.

You all remember that of Wiclif, the "morning star of the Reformation," how his inveterate enemies decreed that his remains should be disinterred and scattered; how the order was obeyed, and what were supposed to be the ashes of Wiclif were cast into an adjoining brook, one of the branches of the Avon. And thus," says quaint old Thomas Fuller, "this brook did convey his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wiclif are the emblems of his doctrines. It is now dispersed all over the world."

Thus beautifully expanded by Wordsworth in one of his sonnets:

——Wiclif is disinhumed,
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed·
And flung into the brook that travels near!
Forthwith that ancient voice which streams can hear,
Thus speaks—(that voice which walks upon the wind,
Tho' seldom heard by busy human kind):
'As thou these ashes, little brook, wilt bear
'Into the Avon—Avon to the tide
Of Severn—Severn to the narrow seas—
Into main ocean they—this deed account,
An emblem yield to friends and enemies,
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed.

So with Marquette, the great explorer—the oldest founder of Michigan, whose grave was found within her borders, and to whom belongs immortal honor, being the discoverer of the upper Mississippi and first navigator of the great river. *The scattering of his bones, I am well persuaded, is only a symbol of the wider extension of his fame.* Already his name is attached to a railroad, a river, a city, a diocese in Michigan; but that is not enough. Some forty years ago it was foretold by Bancroft "that the people of the West will build his monument," and now the time has fully come when that prophecy will be fulfilled. Lest you might think that I say this merely out of state pride, or as a lover of antiquarian history, I will only add in conclusion that I say it out of a much higher motive, and with reference to a much higher object. In reading the life of Francis Xavier when a boy, I learned that there were some lessons for Christian laborers from the lives of the early Jesuits, that neither I nor any other man could afford to overlook. Granting that too often they sought to help what they deemed a righteous cause by what they knew to be unrighteous means, and so teach us what we should avoid, there are other lessons that we would do well to imitate. The spirit of union, which was to them so great a source of power, the cheerfulness with which they suffered for the cause that they had espoused; the unlooked-for combinations of character in the same individuals, and above all the magnetism of personal *importance and power by having a definite aim*—such for example as we find in the good Marquette—belong not to any one church or order of that church, but to *man as man*, and to the world at large! There is only one regret that I should have in the erecting of such a monument, and that is lest it should be built by our Catholic friends alone. Will they not permit us all to join—Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and the whole Northwest—and do honor to the great explorer in a monument of natural rock, (like Monumental Rock, Isle Royale), the materials for which in that immediate vicinity have been so long waiting, apparently, for just such a noble purpose?

NOTE BY THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS—Some of the statements in Dr. Duffield's paper have been controverted by Henry H. Hurlbut, Esq., in a paper prepared by him entitled "Father Marquette at Mackinaw and Chicago," and read before the Chicago Historical Society, October 15th, 1878.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF REV. ABEL BINGHAM.

PREPARED BY HIS DAUGHTERS, MRS. ANN H. HULBERT AND MRS. SOPHIA H. BUCHANAN—READ AT THF ANNUAL MEETING, FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

The subject of this sketch was born in Enfield, Grafton county, New Hampshire, May 9th, 1786. His parents were Elisha and Hannah Bingham, who moved from the state of Connecticut and settled in that town at a very early day. Their second child was the first born in the town. His mother died when he was six years of age. He was named after his great-grandfather, Deacon Abel Bingham, whose father, Deacon Thomas Bingham, was the original emigrant from Sheffield, Yorkshire, England. Early in the year 1798 his father moved into Jay, Essex county, N. Y. The town was new, containing some twenty families, and no other settlement, except two or three houses, short of twenty miles. Elder Solomon Brown, a Baptist minister, moved into the place at the same time, and a religious society was organized and Christian worship steadily maintained. The following winter a small school was kept for two or three months in a remote part of the town.

When about nine years old his mind was seriously impressed on the subject of religion, by the preaching of Lorenzo Dow, who was said to be eighteen or nineteen. He was converted at the age of twenty-two, under the faithful labors of Elder Brown, and to use his own words, "was constrained to seek a Savior, instead of seeking salvation from punishment," was baptized and united with the church in the autumn of 1808. On the first of May, 1809, he was married to Hannah O., eldest daughter of Rev. Solomon and Mrs. Sally Brown. In the summer of 1812, his father-in-law moved to Caledonia, Genesee county, N. Y., and was anxious they should accompany him, but they were then unable to go. Mr. Bingham sold his farm early in the season of 1813 with that intention, but the war had commenced, and the militia company to which he belonged was called upon to furnish a detachment for three months' service on the lines. He was orderly sergeant at the time. The other two sergeants offered a bounty to be excused, but he said, "I will go," and wrote to his friends at Caledonia that he must first serve his country, before he could join them in their new and pleasant home. The company was immediately organized and marched to the front. During that season he served in various capacities, as orderly, drill-sergeant and clerk of the company, (which, he says, "proved an excellent school of discipline,") making a good record for bravery and patriotic devotion to his country. During the brief campaign they made several incursions into Canada, routing the British not far from Champlain, capturing many prisoners, retaking smuggled goods, and participating in several skirmishes. In the spring of 1814, for his prompt and efficient service, he received a lieutenant's commission; and the captain having obtained leave of absence, the command of the company devolved upon him, which position he retained till the close of the war. He participated in several engagements, the most distinguished of which was the battle of Plattsburg. When the British made a move on that place the battalion to which he belonged, composed of 150 men, was commanded by Major Sanford, who ordered him to take a detachment of 40 men and rout a British picket. They met in the woods, fired upon each other, and both parties retreated. At sunrise they joined Major Wool, with 300 or 400 regulars. There was no time for breakfast, so each man took a slice of raw pork and bread, shouldered their arms and fought on the retreat until they reached Plattsburg, eight miles. Early Sabbath morning, September 11th, the British fleet appeared off Cumberland Head, came within good fighting distance of our fleet and dropped anchor. After a sharp contest of two hours the British flag came down. While this was occurring, the British sent a large division across the Saranac river to storm the fort. A spirited resistance was made by Lieutenant Bingham's detachment, which, being compelled to retire, he was successful in conducting the enemy from the fort. The British bugle just then sounded a retreat; but one of their flanks, not hearing the signal, marched on. Another engagement ensued, during which he received a wound in the forehead. He was taken up for dead, and as he was carried off the field he heard several say, "Lieutenant Bingham is killed." The wound proved a serious one, the skull being fractured; but he was conveyed to a house near by, where it was dressed and he returned almost immediately to the scene of action. Afterwards, when relating this incident to a party of friends, one gentleman listening intently, exclaimed. "Did it kill you?" General Scott also, when dining at his table remarked, noticing the wound, "Well, Mr. Bingham, you had your face the right way." While at work in the field his wife could hear the roar of cannon at the time of the battle, and it was not long ere news came of her husband's death; but the report was soon contradicted. As the war soon closed, this battle ended his service in the army, whereupon he returned to Jay.

In the autumn of 1817 he joined his friends in Caledonia, N. Y., and purchased a farm. For many years his mind had been exercised on the subject of ministerial work, especially a missionary life. He had many misgivings in regard to his fitness for it, there being so few literary or theological institutions to prepare young men for the ministry. He had often studied by the light of pine knots, and obtained a good knowledge of grammar, when ploughing in his field. In seeking spiritual guidance, that his duty might be made clear, he received direct answer to prayer in being unmistakably instrumental in the awakening and hopeful conversion of a young lady who had been firmly settled in atheistic principles. At length several of his ministerial brethren intimated to him that he had a work to do at the Tonawanda reservation, among the Seneca Indians, the very place to which his mind had long been directed. The township contained several hundred Indians, divided into two factions, Pagan and Christian, the Pagan being in the majority and led by the famous chief Red Jacket. In company with Elder Eli

Stone he visited them, and found a number of families anxious to have a mission established, the highest chief, Little Beard, being the leading man of the Christian party. Six of the Pagan chiefs seemed also highly pleased and approved the plan, provided the Buffalo chiefs favored it. When the arrangement was effected between the missionary board and the Indians, Little Beard requested the parties to each lay their hands on the Bible, as a solemn ratification of the contract. On being appointed by the Genesee Association, this charge was given by its president, Rev. Eli Stone: "You must venture forth like Israel of old, with what stuff you have, not knowing when this is exhausted whether your next supplies will come from the earth or the skies." With such encouragement they went forth, in April, 1822, and found themselves safely lodged in a small log house built for them by the Indians without assistance from any white man. He began his labors immediately, preaching on the Sabbath, and on Monday, the 8th of April, opened his school with eleven scholars, and on the 10th was summoned before a Pagan council, an account of which we give in his own words:

"Red Jacket presided, surrounded by 20 of his young warriors. He put on a heavy brow, and his eyes flashed fire, while he addressed me, 'as one having authority.' He undertook to state what the white people had done to the Indians, how they had driven them from their habitations towards the setting sun, murdered them, taken their lands, etc. He also said he was witness to the fact that our ministers had taken pay of poor people for *nothing but preaching;* that some had made themselves rich by their missionary operations among them, and closed his speech by saying I must leave their village. He said if I had anything to say he would hear me. I addressed him very mildly and respectfully. Did not attempt to contradict what he said of the treatment received from the white people, but simply remarked, 'If some of our fathers who were dead had treated them badly, it was not our intention to do so, but so far as lay in our power, would redress their wrongs, and we knew of no better way than by bringing them the Gospel.' I assured them of the benevolent designs of the society in sending me there, and what they proposed to do for them. He heard me through, and then sternly remarked: "We can plant our own corn, sow our own grass-seed, and we want none of your help; you must clear out." He added, "You may stay until morning, but then you must go." The next day a number of our friends called to see what effect Red Jacket's speech had upon me. They wanted to know if I was scared any, and if I was going to leave them. On learning I was in no wise frightened, and that I did not consider myself at liberty to leave unless called away by the board, they were highly pleased, and Little Beard went immediately to the village to see Red Jacket, and informed him of what I said. Jacket sent me back his compliments, and thanked me for the mild and gentle manner in which I treated the subject, and said, "probably when the board heard about it they would send for me." That day he left for Buffalo, but ordered the Tonawanda chiefs to see that I was sent off. Several days passed, and seeing I was going on quietly in my work, they called a council among themselves, and sent for me to attend it. My wife was sick, and I told them I would call down when she was better. They could not wait, but came right up and held it at my house, reproving me sharply for not obeying them, and intimating I might be abused by the young warriors if I did not. I addressed them again with mildness, and commended the mission to them. A second chief, by the name of Cornplanter, replied. The substance of his speech was that he had no doubt learning was good for white men, but it was not good for Indians. It was apt to make bad men of them. I remarked that if some men did make a bad use of learning, it did not prove that learning was bad; it only proved that men were bad. A good man would make a good use of it, and a bad man would make a bad use of it. 'Twas so among the white people, and they would find it so among the Indians. On hearing my reply they burst out in laughter, and the interpreter rose, gave me his hand, and walked out. Two of the chiefs looked very sour, but I stepped forward, giving them my hand, which they took, and passed on. Then Cornplanter stepped up very pleasantly, and, with a hearty laugh, shook hands, and went home, all feeling they had been defeated. After this my friends called to cheer and comfort us, assuring us of their unwavering attachment. After some weeks we were informed that Jacket was coming to move us off forcibly. In council with our Indian friends, I told them I had a lock on my door, and would not be about the house. This satisfied them. I saw Red Jacket as he passed along, and felt that I would very gladly be excused from the trial. The next day I was summoned before him at the Council House. As the old chief addressed me, there was much savage fire in his eye, and he looked me very sternly in the face. I looked him as steadily in the eye, but with a pleasant, cheerful countenance. He authoritatively reproved me for not obeying their voice, and said: "I will send two teams to your house to-morrow at 12 o'clock, and you may have the privilege of packing up, but go you must." When he had finished he said, "*You* must not speak." I told the interpreter your chiefs have said I must not speak, but I've made no promises. The next morning I took my wife and little son to school, and locked the house. At noon they came, and finding a key that unlocked the door, went in, packed my things, carried them to the settlement five miles distant, and lodged them in an unoccupied house. The Pagans were very much incensed, and said I had been allowed to stay too long already, and threatened to burn my house. My friends went into the house, and on witnessing its desolate appearance, came to us with sad countenances and inquired, "What will you do?" I replied, we will not be in haste to decide. Let us go into the house and pray. After spending a short time in singing and prayer, we went home with my interpreter, who gave us his bed, he and wife taking a blanket, and sleeping under a shade tree. Our friends dispatched a messenger to Buffalo village, to let the Christian chiefs know what the Pagans had done. They sent a warm message to keep up good courage, hold the ground, keep my school going, and they would care for me. These trials did by no means depress or discourage us. We were reminded how the saints, in former days, took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and the hope and belief that these light afflictions, if rightly borne and properly improved, would work out for us such a weight of glory, was sufficient to render our minds cheerful and happy. Their general council was to convene in a few days at Seneca village, near Buffalo. I carried my wife to the settlement, and then proceeded with Eld. Stone to attend this. On reaching Buffalo, the Indians, finding Governor Clinton there, laid their grievances before him. Red Jacket accused the missionaries of being like chipmunks; said "they filled their wallets, and then cleared out," and vehemently urged the governor to remove them. Young King, a chief, replied in behalf of the Christian party, assuring the governor they desired to keep the missionaries, and did not wish to be deprived of the benefit received from them. The governor said we had no laws to prevent men from preaching the Gospel, or teaching school, where people were desirous to hear and be taught, but if any man moves on to your land to cultivate the soil, he can be moved off. The next day the Indian council opened, and the subject of Indian reform was the topic discussed. The decision of the Pagans was delivered by Red Jacket, stating their determined opposition to the missionaries, and that they would drive them off. Captain Billy, a chief of the same age and grade of Jacket, replied: "They had been advised," he said, "by their great father, the president, to get missionaries among them, educate their children, and listen to the Gospel; *we* are as determined in our purposes as you, and we shall keep them."

This ended the discussion. A letter was given me, signed by a majority of the principal chiefs of the nation, authorizing my friends to bring back my goods to Tonawanda, which was done. After eight weeks of quiet, opposition appeared in a new form, by the arrival of a sheriff, with a warrant of removal. I told him my family was in no condition to be moved, having a little daughter (Mrs. Hulbert) just one week old. I went to see the judge who issued the warrant, but he had no disposition to quash proceedings. He said if I continued the school, though not living on the reservation, that would subject me to the penalty of imprisonment. I contended it would not, and referred the point to a lawyer present (brother-in-law to the judge), who replied in the affirmative, saying, "common sense would teach it." I was enabled, however, to set "common sense" so to reasoning on the subject as to bring them both to a stand; and also said if we had such laws as would imprison a man for teaching those who wished to be taught, I was willing to suffer the penalty and let the people of the state know what kind of laws they had. However, a week later I moved to the settlement, five miles distant, according to my agreement with the sheriff; got me a horse, and went right on with my school, and religious service on the Sabbath, riding down and back every day. At this time we had trials of another kind. My wife and little boy were both sick, and one day I taught school with my sick child in my arms, and was myself soon laid aside for three months from illness, brought on by exposure while riding to and from my school. On recovering, I quietly continued my labors among them, with but little opposition, till January, 1824, when an attempt was again made by this same lawyer (now district attorney), to imprison me. He endeavored to strengthen the Indians in their paganism, and advised them not to regard the Sabbath; said there were many respectable men in Batavia who were opposed to keeping it. This gentleman they thought was a "*pagan white man.*" Here we can see how readily educated infidelity and heathenish paganism can unite their forces against evangelical Christianity. But this effort utterly failed, and I was molested no more. Soon after the mission received an appropriation of $300 per annum from the Federal Government, and also gifts from Christian friends in New York city, which enabled them to obtain a good location for building a mission house, and establishing a boarding school, within half a mile of the council grounds and pagan village. This necessarily brought more intercourse and deal with them. Mr. B——, by his kindness and unselfish devotion to their best interests (temporal as well as spiritual of both factions,) gradually overcame their prejudices, and they felt he was indeed their friend. So great was their confidence that those Indians, formerly most bitterly opposed to him, trusted their business matters almost entirely in his hands. Even Red Jacket, his most persistent enemy, became a warm friend. He was fairly won over, and expressed himself fully in favor of schools for the education of their children, and instruction in the English language, as the following incident will show: "One day, in the summer of 1827, I met Red Jacket on the street, and, after the usual salutations, informed him I wished to converse on the subject of religion. With his usual adroitness, he intimated I was moving in an ordinary circle, having charge of only a small mission, while he was a principal chief of the Seneca Nation; had traveled extensively, visited many cities, been six times to Washington, and also visited Europe, leaving me to infer that he could not receive instruction from me. I said, I do not wish to talk with you about Washington, but of your soul, death, judgment and eternity. I know you are a great man in your nation, and you have a great mind, but you are an old man (now sixty), and must soon die. I thought I could speak with you on this subject, and not offend you. We sat down under a shade tree and conversed freely for a long time. When I closed my remarks, as I had addressed him by the appellation of "Father," he said, "My son, I am truly thankful for the very friendly talk we have had at this time; it has made a solemn impression on my mind."

Mr. Bingham had now been with them more than six years. He had buried two children, and his own health was seriously impaired, as it was a sickly location; he therefore felt he must close his labors among them. The Indians made great progress in education under his instruction, some of them attaining eminence. He had established the mission on a thorough basis; the church had quite a large membership, the school was in a flourishing condition, and all visitors were astonished at the progress and appearance of the scholars—Eli Stone Parker, of Gen. Grant's staff, being one of them, Mr. B. having given him this Christian name. The women received instruction in domestic work, from Mrs. B., and Mr. B. had also established the right of civil marriage among them. The Indians had made great improvement in agriculture during his labors there; taught them how to cultivate the land, sow wheat, and raise good crops. Little Beard harvested so fine a crop he made preparations to build a new frame house for himself the next season.

They were filled with sorrow and regret at his departure, and their good wishes followed him to his new field of labor.

At this period of his life he becomes a Michigan pioneer. In July, 1828, he received from the Board of Foreign Missions, an appointment as missionary to the Ojibwa Indians, of lake Superior, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., which was a military station. After going to Boston to receive instructions, he returned to his old home in western N. Y., where he was ordained. Leaving his family behind, he bade farewell to long tried beloved friends and neighbors, and started for the Sault, taking passage at Buffalo Sept. 14th, in the schooner, "Lady of the Lake," Capt. Walker, master, re-embarking at Detroit in the "John Quincy Adams," with Capt. Charles Stannard, and arrived at the Sault Oct. 9th, 1828. He immediately called on Henry R. Schoolcraft, the Indian agent, by whom he was most courteously received; and also by Capt. Wilcox, of the garrison at Fort Brady.

He was instructed by the board to establish religious service, and extend the benefits of the mission to all within reach of his influence. He therefore commenced service on Lord's day morning, for the white population, and in the P. M. for the Indians, occupying the same building where Lewis Cass made the government treaty with the Indians, and where his daughter Angie (now Mrs. T. D. Gilbert) was born. Miss Charlotte Johnston, half Indian, sister of Mrs. H. R. Schoolcraft, and afterwards wife of Rev. Mr. McMurray, an Episcopal clergyman, was his first interpreter. He opened his school with fifty-seven scholars, and labored with success until the 1st of April, when he walked on snow-shoes through the woods to Mackinaw, for the purpose of taking a vessel to go to New York State for his family. He met with a warm reception from the missionaries stationed at Mackinaw, and was invited by Rev. Mr. Ferry (Presbyterian) to remain with him during his stay, and says: "Our friendly intercourse and Christian fellowship was never marred while we remained on that frontier, and we felt as much at home at each other's stations as if we belonged to the same denomination; sat with them in session while examining candidates for church membership; among whom were Robert Stewart, Mr. Dousman, Dr. Satterly, and others; delivered the preparatory lecture previous to communion."

Mr. Bingham returned from Caledonia with his family July 11th, 1829. They were three weeks sailing up the St. Marie's river. He brought carpenters from Detroit, built the mission house on a good site obtained from government, through the commanding officer of the garrison, and moved into it Nov. 16th; thus having better accommodations for his boarding and day schools; the former under charge of his devoted wife, and the latter composed of Americans, mixed bloods, French and Indians, from the most respectable children of the fort to the dirtiest little red skin. In order that the boarding scholars might more readily acquire English, they were not permitted to speak their native tongue but one day during the week. His first acquaintance among the Indians was with a minor chief, by the name of Shegud, a truly noble man, who afterwards became his deacon, a church having been organized, composed of both whites and Indians, as quite a religious interest had been awakened in the place, and some conversions among them. The first person baptised was a woman 60 years old, noted for her intemperance and heathenism, ever afterwards known as "The old native sister."

Intemperance was the great evil he had to contend with—"Ishkodawauboo," or "fire water," could very seldon be resisted by either man or woman. He more than ever realized the importance of his work, and was stimulated to greater efforts in their behalf. He formed a temperance society, in which he was assisted by the principal men of the village and fort. Those who could not write signed the pledge by their mark. At one period, so great were the results, the liquor was emptied into the streets, and none sold for a long time. When Mr. B. urged Kabanodin, chief of the Tequaminon band, to sign the pledge, he replied: "If my mouth was sewed up and my legs tied, I might keep from drinking;" but afterward became a very temperate man. He visited the Indians at their different encampments, at Sugar Island, Garden River, Muskotasauging, Tequaminon, White-fish Point, even extending his tours as far as Gooley's Bay, Grand Island and Marquette. In summer he traveled in his boat or canoe, and in winter on snow-shoes, with his dog-train, carrying provisions and bedding; visiting each different band at least four times a year. When going to LaPoint and the farther extremity of lake Superior, took a sail-vessel—the Algonquin or John Jacob Astor. The hardships endured during some of his journeys were great; many times in mid winter being obliged to take off his moccasins and wade barefooted through streams not entirely frozen over, himself and interpreter carrying the dog-train He always carried medicine and the temperance pledge with him on his visits, and Mrs. Bingham was considered quite a doctor among them. The Captain of the fort took great interest in Mr. B's work, and proposed holding divine service in the barracks. Meetings were held at 5 o'clock Sabbath afternoons; many soldiers were converted, and united with the mission church. When this command was ordered to Chicago, these members were dismissed, and organized into a "branch," which was the beginning of the Baptist interest in that city. Mr. B. assisted Dr. James, surgeon of the army, in compiling and preparing for print, a translation of a portion of the scriptures into the Ojibwa language. Was appointed chaplain of Fort Brady September, 1838. In January, 1842, he started for Grand Island, some 150 miles distant, with his pilot and interpreter (the latter, Henry Shegud, a mission boy), and we quote a few passages from a graphic description in his journal: "Spent two days with the Indians at Tequaminon, holding services as usual. Snow had fallen during our stay, making heavy traveling for the dogs, who could go but a short distance without stopping. Did not reach White-fish Point the first day; feared our provisions would give out, and felt almost inclined to return; but next morning, after making a portage across the "Point," which lessened the distance, we found the traveling better, took courage, and pressed ahead. Third day came to a beautiful bay, at the mouth of the Grand Marie river, 90 miles from the Sault; being rainy, the ice was covered with water, through which we had to wade the whole distance across. Next morning, passed the "Grand Sab," or great sand banks, stretching along the shore some eight or nine miles, nearly perpendicular, and from 50 to 150 feet in height. The curious stacks of ice that had been formed by the restless motion of the great Superior on one side and the huge banks on the other side, presented as grand and sublime a view as imagination could paint. The heavy surf from the broad lake rolled in with awful majesty and dashed with tremendous force against the massive rocks.

After passing the "Pictured Rocks" we ascended the ledge and camped in a small ravine. We were within twelve or fourteen miles of the island, but could pass no further on the ice or beach, the lake not being frozen at this point, so must take to the woods. The traveling was so rough and uneven; we were obliged to leave our dog-train, oil-cloth, buffalo robe and oil-cloth overcoat, let the consequences be what they might; strapped our provisions on our backs and continued our march till we came upon a hunter's camp, so recently deserted that the embers were still alive, and found by our compass that we were lost. I felt much uneasiness and concern. Took my Bible and read the 41st, 42d and 43d Psalms, which were the first that presented themselves. The word both reproved and comforted me. Spent the Sabbath here and held divine service, preaching to an audience of one, his pilot, Iyabas, through my interpreter. Monday retraced our steps, descended a ledge of rocks into a deep ravine, and made two or three unsuccessful attempts to climb the opposite bank. If we could not find a pass up this precipice we must return without visiting the island, which would be very unfortunate, as we were now limited to one meal a day. My interpreter cast off his pack and snow-shoes, commenced climbing, and in a few minutes sung out, "Here is a place I think we can pass." This was a small protuberance somewhat resembling a man's nose, with perpendicular rocks on both sides of great height. Here we descended the ledge by letting ourselves down from bush to bush, and found ourselves on Lake Superior again within three miles of the lodges. It was excessively cold, with a severe head wind, so that with my earcaps and handkerchief both tied over my ears, I froze one of them going that distance. At two o'clock found ourselves comfortably seated in Wazawwadon's lodge, who was expecting us Saturday. Mr. Williams, an American, living on the island, received us with great kindness, and fed up our dogs, which were nearly starved while going through the woods. He also furnished us with provisions and everything necessary for our return journey. While there held meetings at the lodges and at Mr. W.'s house. Arrived at home much fatigued; was absent twenty-seven days, preached fourteen discourses, camped sixteen nights in the woods, and was detained one day by severe weather."

The life of Mr. Bingham at the Sault had in it much of interest. His home was often resorted to by eminent men from various countries, who frequently found their way to that region, as the Sault in summer was quite a "watering place" for travelers, pleasure parties going there from Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit. Gen. Cass, while acting for the government in its dealings with the Indians, was frequently there; and it was not an unusual sight to see at his table all classes and conditions of men, from an English lord to a drunken Indian, all equally welcome to his hospitality, in the name of the Master. Among the distinguished visitors who called to see him and learn of his work were the Bishop of Toronto, officers of the British army, Lord Morpeth, of England, Earl of Carlysle, Gen. Scott and staff, Tom. Corwin, several governors of this state, Dr. Duffield of Detroit, and Bishop Upfold of Pittsburg, who occupied Mr. Bingham's pulpit when there. He received a visit from Lord Morpeth one day, who took dinner with them, visited the school, and was surprised at the progress of the scholars. During all these years he had more or less opposition from various quarters in efforts made to uproot the mission, but they all proved unsuccessful, and he still kept on in the faithful discharge of work he loved so well. The winters were long and cold, thermometer often down to 30, and sometimes 40 degrees below zero. Mails came in but once a month, being brought from Saginaw on snowshoes and dog-trains. Mrs. Bingham used to say it was like taking a journey to the north pole when navigation closed.

His missionary life was not altogether devoid of danger. Positive men make enemies, although it may be said that no man had fewer than he. The brothers Schoolcraft, Mr. Bingham and some other leading men at one time found it necessary to interfere with the high-handed career of a notorious and desperate character named John Tanner, a white man, stolen by the Indians when a child and brought up among them in the Red River country. He had moved to the Sault and was for several years Mr. Bingham's interpreter. He was a man of strong passions and violent temper; had married a white woman, but on account of his cruelty to her Mr. B., with officers from the fort and citizens of the place, assisted her in leaving him and returning to her home at Dearborn, near Detroit. For this act Tanner vowed vengeance to the death, and threatened Mr. Bingham's life repeatedly. He once entered Mr. B's study, came up stealthily behind him and reaching over his shoulder wrung his nose spitefully, with the intention of breaking it. He then rushed through the parlor, where sat a sister of Henry R. Schoolcraft, against whom he had a grudge, and fiercely shook his fist at her, saying, "Look out for the flowers in your garden!" referring to her children. Mr. B. was so incensed that he immediately followed Tanner, had him arrested and imprisoned until he promised to keep the peace. Tanner killed several valuable cattle belonging to Mr. B. and other citizens. Saturday night, July 4th, 1846, Tanner set fire to his own house, scattering powder around it to insure its destruction, intending, no doubt, to give the impression that he was himself burned with it. Early the next Monday morning he was seen in a thicket not far from Mr. Bingham's house, seated on a log, gun in hand, with a bundle at his side. A few hours later Mr. James L. Schoolcraft, while returning from a "wood camp," was shot and instantly killed. There seemed to be no doubt of Tanner's having committed the deed, as he had often been heard to say that, "as Henry R. was beyond his reach, James, the next of kin, must die in his stead." The excitement was so intense that soldiers and citizens alike joined in scouring the woods, fearing he might still be lurking about, and that Mr. B. would be his next victim. Many of his friends urged him to leave the place, but he replied, "I never yet have deserted my post in time of danger, and will not now." The officers deemed it prudent to keep a guard around the house every night for several months. Tanner was never seen afterward, and nothing is positively known of his fate, though it was rumored by some old Red River Indians "that on such a moon (corresponding with the month of January, after his disappearance), he came among them, and after a few moons passed away"—(died.)

Mr. B. had associated with him at different times assistant missionaries, some of whom were afterwards appointed to the foreign field, and others to the Mississippi, among the Cherokees. His son, Rev. Adoniram Judson Bingham, who graduated at Madison University in 1848, was associated with him for a short time.

Mr. James D. Cameron, a half-Indian from Toronto, an Episcopal missionary on the Canada side, having changed his views, joined the mission, and was appointed assistant to the Tequaminon band, where he was still laboring when Mr. Bingham left the Sault. He was a fine Greek and Hebrew scholar, besides speaking three or four different languages fluently. He translated portions of the New Testament into Indian.

It was a happy time in the family of Mr. B. when any of them had an opportunity to make a visit "below," as it was called, and visit the friends that were left behind. On one of these occasions, Mrs. Bingham was wrecked on the steamer Albany, near Thunder Bay on Lake Huron, late in November, and narrowly escaped death, the passengers being carried on the backs of the sailors, from the small boats to an island near by. No lives were lost, and everything saved, And on another, one of the family escaped as by a miracle from being a passenger on the ill-fated steamer Atlantic, that went down on Lake Erie with nearly all on board.

When the ship canal at the Sault was opened, Mr. B. and family were among the number of those who were invited on board the steamer Illinois, when she passed through the "locks" for the fiirst time, June 18th, 1855. The Indians were now comfortably settled in their different villages, having houses built, cultivating gardens, and by hunting and fishing, made suitable provision for their families. The beneficaries (or boarding scholars) had all attained their majority, and Mr. Bingham, now in his seventieth year, thought it advisable to bring his missionary labors to a close. On consulting with the "board" he received an answer approving the plan, immediately closed his school, and made preparations for his departure. On the 22d of October, 1855, took passage on the steamer Illinois, with his family and one Indian girl, arrived at Grand Rapids in November, and made it his home for several years, with his youngest daughter, Mrs. J. C. Buchanan. He continued his ministerial labors in the city and among the smaller churches in the adjoining towns, doing good as opportunity offered, and in all his life proved himself what he was, an heroic, unselfish Christian man, devoted to his duty, and the good of others, as it was made known to him. In this brief sketch of Mr. Bingham's life it needs to be understood, that without the support of his equally unselfish and devoted wife, he would have been powerless.

Cheerfully and without complaint she followed him where duty seemed to lead, bore her full share of all their trials and privations, and was ever a helpmeet, in the best sense of the term.

In justice to Mr. Bingham it should be said that his life work as a missionary among the Indians was purely a labor of love. He had devoted nearly all the proceeds derived from the sale of his farm to missionary purposes, when he first entered upon his work; and in all these years he never asked or received a separate salary for his support. He did not receive a pension until eleven years after being wounded, and for several years only a half pension; but had ever lived, literally, upon the "promise" which was so truly verified in his case, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham was celebrated May 1st, 1859, at the residence of their son-in-law, J. C. Buchanan, the first that occurred in the city of Grand Rapids. A purse of $100 in gold was presented them, Dr. Cummins. rector of Episcopal church, making the address. Quoting from the "Chronicles" read on that occasion, Mrs. Greeley (wife of the Congregational minister) says, "This is the same table and bureau, which you may see in the dwelling at this day, that Red Jacket carried away."

In 1860 he purchased a home of his own, where, surrounded by children and grand-children, and giving them his dying blessing as the patriarch Jacob of old, he entered into rest, Nov. 26th, 1865, in his eightieth year, having resided there just ten years, beloved and revered by all who knew "Father Bingham."

Mrs. Bingham survived her husband by about three years, and peacefully departed this life Oct. 13th, 1868, her decease being hastened by the intelligence of the sudden death of her son, Rev. A. J. Bingham, who died at Scottsville, N. Y., Aug. 3d, 1868, while on his way to visit her.

SKETCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF METHODISM IN THE SOUTHWEST PART OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

BY REV. S. N. GRIFFITH, 1878.

September 29th, 1829. The Ohio Conference met at Urbana, Ohio, and Rev. Erastus Felton was appointed to St. Joseph Mission, in the Detroit district. He does not seem to have penetrated far into the interior of the state, or rather territory of Michigan. His labors were mostly confined to territory now constituting Cass, Berrien and St. Joseph counties.

September 30th, 1830. The conference met at Lancaster, Ohio, and Rev. E. Felton was returned to the same field of labor, and Rev. Leonard B. Gurley was appointed to labor with him as his assistant. Classes were probably formed this year on the south side of Beardsley's prairie, and on Young's prairie; perhaps also at Pigeon prairie. September 8th, 1831, the Ohio Conference met at Mansfield, Ohio, and Rev. E. Felton was appointed to labor on what they called Kalamazoo Mission, but he seems not to have penetrated farther than Big Prairie Ronde, in the south part of Kalamazoo county, and to have formed a class on the south part of the prairie, which consisted of Luke Longwell and wife, who died at Paw Paw, Seth Ballow and wife, Crage Rice and wife, Rodney Seymour, (now, 1878, of Kalamazoo), Henry Kinney and others. Mrs. Longwell was very gifted in prayer and exhortation, and a woman holy in life and in heart. October 4th, the Illinois Conference met at Indianapolis, Indiana. Rev. J. T. Robe joined the conference at Indianapolis, and was appointed to Wayne Circuit as junior preacher, with Rev. Joseph Tarkington for his senior preacher. This was in the Madison district, Rev. Allen Wiley presiding elder. This item is of especial interest to the history of Methodism in Kalamazoo and the south part of Michigan, as the Rev. James T. Robe was among the very first who were identified with the work in these parts, and was the very first minister of any denomination who preached in Kalamazoo. He now, in 1878, resides in Kalamazoo amongst his people, a retired minister, respected and beloved of all.

May 1st, 1832, the General Conference met at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and on the 14th day of May the Indiana Conference was formed, including Kalamazoo, in Michigan territory, and in the fall of 1832 the Indiana Conference met for the first time.

At this there was formed a mission district containing the following appointments, viz: Upper Wabash Mission, St. Joseph Mission. Rev. Richard S. Robinson and Rev. George M. Besswick were the missionaries appointed to labor in that field. Fort Wayne Mission was to be served by Rev. Boyed Phelps, but by consent of all concerned the presiding elder allowed the Fort Wayne work and the St. Joseph work to be thrown together and making a six weeks mission of it, and the three preachers above named in connection with this work to work together. Kalamazoo Mission was supplied by Rev. J. T. Robe, who was appointed by the Indiana Conference to that work. Laporte Mission was supplied by the presiding elder, Rev. James Armstrong.

Rev. James Armstrong is said to have been the first presiding elder that ever visited Kalamazoo, or rather the place where it is now located, but he did not hold any religious services in the place. This was probably in the summer of 1833, when he attended the camp-meeting held on Big Prairie Ronde, where the Rev. J. T. Robe held a camp-meeting near to where Judge H. G. Wells was then living. The judge now lives in Kalamazoo, highly respected. Rev. J. T. Robe on horseback, and with the traditional saddlebags, fording the swollen streams, sometimes swimming them on horseback, sometimes mired down nearly all over, following bridle-paths and Indian trails, exploring a wild territory with only here and there a sparsely settled territory, seeking to save the souls for whom Christ died, established preaching at the following places, viz: at Bronson, now Kalamazoo, Goodrich Prairie, Comstock, Tolen Prairie, now Galesburg, Grand and Genesee Prairies, Climax and Cobb's Corners, and Judge Harrison's corners on Prairie Ronde, Longwells on the south side of the prairie, Harris' Prairie, (now Three Rivers), Little Prairie Ronde, Decatur, Young's Prairie, Diamond Lake, Cassopolis, Lagrange and Pokagon Prairies, Albrights, Hunters, in the bend of the St. Joseph River above Berrien, and at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, Beardsley Prairie, Edwardsburg and Indianfields, twenty-five in all, so arranged as to enable him to reach them all once in four weeks. He found a class at Gull Prairie, among whom was Bro. S. Boyls, who afterwards became a preacher in the Wesleyan connection, and wife and others. Tolen Prairie, now Galesburg, Jabez Rogers, leader, his wife and others; Genesee Prairie, consisting of Elias Cooly, leader, and wife, who were the parents of Rev. Elias Cooly, Jr., who is now a member of the Michigan Annual Conference, William Patterson and wife and two daughters, Jane and Rebecca, and others; on Gourdneck or East Prairie, Joshua Duncan, leader, and Polly Duncan his wife, Ruth Lord and others, among whom were Samuel Lord, now deceased, and his mother, Ruth Lord, who now, 1878, lives with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Motram, of Kalamazoo. Some years subsequent to 1832, Samuel Lord, desiring to give to Rev. Franklin Gage some token of respect, went to Kalamazoo and bought cloth for a pair of pants and made a present of the same to Rev. F. Gage; the cloth cost $5. Mr. Lord drew corn from Gourdneck, twelve or fourteen miles distant, to Kalamazoo, and sold it for ten cents per bushel to pay for the cloth for the pants. In February, 1833, Rev. J. T. Robe held a protracted meeting near Judge Harrison's corners, which resulted in the conversion of some fifteen persons who were formed into a class together with several persons whose names were collected by Rev. E. Felton and left to be arranged into a class by his successor. This class consisted of Bazil Harrison, leader, recently deceased, being over 103 years old when he died, and others, among whom were Darius Wells and wife. The house of Darius Wells was one of the early homes and places of the Methodist itinerant preachers. Bro. Wells was recording steward, and in after years was long a class leader, and his wife, sister Mary Wells, was one of the mothers in our Methodist Israel. She died recently, and from a notice in the memorial services in the South Bend Weekly Tribune, I take the following extract: "The services were held at New Carlisle, in Indiana, where she died, and to which place she had removed from Prairie Ronde with her youngest daughter in 1866, and she departed this life January 6th, 1878. Rev. George W. Bord, assisted by Rev. W. P. McKinney, attended to the funeral services at her residence in New Carlisle, Indiana, and then she was conveyed to Schoolcraft to be laid beside her deceased husband, who had preceded her to that goodly land where the inhabitants never say I am sick and where pain and parting will be no more, and there will be no more death, for the former things are passed away; and there will be no more night there. Darius Wells died January 24th, 1856. The memorial services at Schoolcraft were conducted by Rev. J. Boyenton, pastor of the church in this place, assisted by Rev. J. T. Robe, her first pastor after removing from Ohio to Michigan in 1832. The funeral services were very impressive, and were largely attended, not only by the members of her own church, but largely by the old pioneers.

Sister Wells was always true to her religious profession. She was a heroine in religion; one or two acts only need to be mentioned to prove this. When their barn was to be raised, in 1843, Darius Wells was to leave home on the day of raising, and he told his wife not to have any liquor brought on the place. After the hands had worked at it a while the foreman came to the house and told Sister Wells that he had done all he could without the liquor, and the money must be furnished to pay for it, as the men declared they would not touch another timber until the liquor came. Sister Wells replied that she was sorry to have the work stop in that unfinished state, but that she would go out to the men and thank them for what they had done, but that no liquor would be furnished if the barn never went up. They, seeing her positive adhesion to her temperance principles, went to work with a will and raised the barn without accident. Thus the first battle of temperance was fought and won. This occurred in 1834. Another instance occurred, which showed her spiritual devotion and self-sacrifice for the cause of God. She and her worthy companion refused to build a house other than their first small house until they had builded a house for God; and this was the first house of worship north of St. Joseph river. But now they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. Nathan Cobb was among the number of those that formed the first class and was a steward, and furnished a home for the weary itinerant. He died in the summer of 1833, full of hope. Rev. J. T. Robe also formed classes at Little Prairie Ronde, and at what is now called Three Rivers; also on or near McKinney's Prairie, and at John Albright's, at Edwards' Prairie, and at John Hunter's, in the bend of the St. Joseph river, above Berrien, and at the mouth of the St. Joseph river. The nearest he came to forming a class in Bronson, (now Kalamazoo), was a class organized at Indianfields, at the house of Bro. John Hemka, who then lived on the east side of the road at what is now called McKee's corners, this side of John Williams', John Hemka, leader; his wife, Hannah Chester Johnson, Maria

McCane, Martin McCane and wife, and R. Harris, now living in Kalamazoo, 1878.

During this conference year, (1832–3), Rev. J. T. Robe preached the first sermon in what was then known as Bronson, now Kalamazoo. It was preached in the house of Titus Bronson, who was the proprietor of the place. His house stood near the corner of Church and Water streets. Rev. Mr. Robe did not succeed in forming a class in Bronson this year, but the seed sown was not lost, for Rev. Richard C. Meek, who succeeded him the next year, did succeed in forming a class. Thus it is that one soweth and another reapeth, and in the harvest both rejoice together. In the summer of 1833 Rev. J. T. Robe held the first camp-meeting on Prairie Ronde, alluded to before.

The Indiana Conference met at Madison, October 16th, 1833, and the Rev. James T. Robe was ordained a deacon and appointed to the Carlisle and Vincennes work, Vincennes district. Rev. James L. Thompson was presiding elder. Kalamazoo reported 156 members. Rev. Richard C. Meek was appointed to the Kalamazoo work, and in the spring of 1834 Rev. R. C. Meek succeeded in forming a class in Kalamazoo consisting of Wm. H. Colman, leader; E. A. Colman, Francis Colman, Julia Colman, George Patterson, (still a member of the class), and living here, Rebecca, his wife, (long since gone to rest), and Mrs. Wood, mother of Smith L. Wood, now living on Asylum avenue, beyond the asylum building for the insane. This class was organized at the house of George Patterson, now familiarly called Uncle George. The house was situated on the main street where the residence of the late Wm. B. Clark stands. There the class generally met for preaching and other religious services. There, too, the preachers generally found a home, although the house was small, being only about fourteen by sixteen feet, and Uncle George had two boarders all the time besides comers and goers. September 12th, 1834, Rev. James Armstrong died in LaPorte county, Indiana. October 22, 1834, the conference met at Centerville, Wayne county, Indiana. Kalamazoo mission reported 250 members. The names of the districts were the LaPorte District, Rev. R. Hargrave, presiding; Kalamazoo Mission, Rev. J. T. Robe; South Bend Circuit, Rev. S. R. Ball; St. Joseph Circuit, Rev. S. R. Robinson; Cassopolis Circuit, Rev. R. C. Meek; Fort Wayne, Rev. R. Farnsworth; Marion Circuit, Rev. C. Swank. This year Rev. J. T. Robe formed a class at Silver Creek; Nathaniel Weed was the class-leader. He was a very conscientious, good man; he died about the year 1846, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He made his will while on his death-bed and selected the text for his funeral sermon: Psalms xxxiv:19—Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He selected the Rev. J. T. Robe to preach his funeral sermon; he died full of the hope of immortality and eternal life. Oh, may my death be the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his. Rev. Mr. Robe this year formed a class at Paw Paw; Mr. Newcomb was appointed leader. Mr. Robe's appointments for this year were Kalamazoo, Indianfields, Climax and Toland's Prairie, Comstock, Gull Prairie, Silver Creek, Gun Plains, Otsego, Allegan, Paw Paw, Grand Prairie and Genesee Prairie, so arranged that he could reach them all once in two weeks. At Kalamazoo he preached at the house of Uncle George Patterson until late in the fall of 1834, when the school-house was so far finished that it could be occupied for preaching. The house stood on South street, where the Jewish synagogue now stands. The school-house is a specimen of, and a reminder of the secular and religious antiquities of the long past. It was removed to No. 100 North street, that being the corner of North and Church streets, and is now fitted up for a dwelling house. Any one wishing to see the house whose walls were shaken by the thunder of pioneer Methodist eloquence can call and spend a few moments in reflection on and in contemplation of the future. Service began to be held in this then new school-house in the fall of 1834, by holding a quarterly meeting and sacramental service, conducted by Rev. J. T. Robe, preacher in charge. This was the first sacramental service ever held in Bronson, (now Kalamazoo), at which Rev. R. Hargrave preached with power and in the demonstration of the spirit; he was an able divine. About this time Bronson was visited with a refreshing revival of religion, which strengthened the little society which had been so recently organized. There were additions to their numbers both by letter and probation.

Rev. Richard Hargrave still lives; he is now (1878) a superannuated member of the Northwest Indiana Conference. In June, 1835, a camp-meeting was held on the same ground previously occupied for similar purposes, on the north part of Big Prairie Ronde, first occupied in 1833 by Rev. J. T. Robe and Rev. James Armstrong. In 1835, Rev. R. Hargrave had charge, and during the progress of the meeting, viz: on the night of the 20th of June, 1835, there was a terrible frost which killed corn and nearly everything; corn was waist high, and wheat was in bloom, and was so blighted that many large fields would not yield one-half bushel wheat in harvest.

On October 15th, 1835, the Indiana Conference was held at LaFayette, Tippecanoe county, Indiana. Rev. J. T. Robe was ordained an elder and appointed to Marion charge, Indianapolis District; Rev. James Havens, presiding elder. Kalamazoo reported 120 members, and that year Rev. J. T. Robe reported $8.00 collection for the superannuated and worn-out ministers, their widows and children. This was the first collection reported from this work for that purpose that appears on the minutes of the conference.

Rev. R. Hargrave was continued as presiding elder of the district, and Rev. Sanford S. Williams, preacher in charge of the Kalamazoo mission. Cassopolis, which was formerly a part of the Kalamazoo work, was supplied by Rev. T. P. McCool.

In 1836 the Indiana Conference met at Indianapolis. Kalamazoo reported a membership of 132. Rev. R. Hargrave was continued as presiding elder on the same district; and Rev. Erastus Kellogg, (father of Rev. E. L. Kellogg, of the Michigan Conference), who has since located and removed to California, and Rev. H. B. Beers, were appointed to the Kalamazoo work. Rev. E. Kellogg formed a class this year of thirteen members, at Comstock, all of whom have died except J. Loveland.

At that conference Rev. J. T. Robe was appointed to the Paoli charge; Rev. C. W. Ruter was his presiding elder.

This conference year (1836–7) Rev. E. Felton, of the Ohio Conference, died at Rosco, Ohio.

The General Conference of 1836 met at Cincinnati, May 1st, at which the Michigan Annual Conference was organized and made to include all that part of Ohio not included in the Pittsburg, Erie, Ohio, and the Indiana conferences, and all the territory of Michigan except so much as was included in the LaPorte district. It will be perceived that Kalamazoo still was a part of the LaPorte District, continued to belong to the Indiana Conference for four years after the formation of the Michigan Conference.

October 25th, 1837, the Indiana Conference met at New Albany, Indiana. Kalamazoo Mission reported 272 members. Rev. R. Hargrave was continued as presiding elder on the LaPorte district, and Rev. J. T. Robe was appointed to the Brookville charge; he had Rev. E. G. Wood now (1878) a member of the South Indiana Conference, for his presiding elder. Kalamazoo was supplied by Rev. E. Kellogg and Rev. Jacob Colclazer, now (1878) a member of the North Indiana Conference. Rev. R. C. Meek located at this conference. Niles was supplied by Rev. Jas. S. Harrison and Rev. S. S. Williams. St. Joseph by Rev. W. Todd.

October 17th, 1838, the Indiana Conference met at Rockville, Indiana. Kalamazoo reported 400 members. Rev. Aaron Wood, now D. D., was appointed presiding elder. Kalamazoo was served this year by Rev. W. Todd, who is now superannuated and living in Erie, Penn., and Rev. H. Worthington, now (1878) a member of the Michigan Conference. Niles was served this year (1838) by Rev. W. H. Sampson. At Berrien Springs Rev. Joseph Byron was pastor. Allegan was supplied by Rev. George Stanley; and St. Joseph by Rev. John Erkenbrack and Rev. E. Arnold.

Rev. J. T. Robe was this year (1838) appointed to the Fort Wayne charge, and at the next conference, which met at Lawrenceburg October 28th, he located with the intention of going as a missionary to Oregon, but owing to the remonstrance of his wife's friends he finally gave it up. Kalamazoo was supplied this year (1839) by Rev. Mr. Vanorder and Rev. O. S. Wells, with a membership of 400. At this conference the Michigan district was formed, and Rev. John Erkenbrack was appointed presiding elder; Niles, Rev. J. Sampson; Edwardsburg, Rev. J. Byron; White Pigeon, Rev. J. V. Watson; Centerville, Rev. E. Kellogg; Berrien, Rev. F. Gage; Paw Paw, Rev. H. Worthington; Allegan, Rev. W. Todd.

The General Conference met at Baltimore, Maryland, May 1st, 1840, at which time the Michigan Conference was made to include all the State of Michigan. August 19th, 1840, the Michigan Annual Conference met at Marshall, Michigan, and at this conference the Michigan district was changed to Kalamazoo district, with Rev. J. Erkenbrack presiding elder. Kalamazoo charge, Rev. R. R. Richards and Rev. R. H. Cook; White Pigeon, Rev. W. J. Sampson; Centreville, Rev. E. Kellogg; Edwardsburg, Rev. J. Byron and Rev. D. Knox; Niles, Rev. James V. Watson; Berrien, Rev. H. Worthington; Prairie Ronde, Rev. F. Gage; Allegan, Rev. W. Todd; Paw Paw, Rev. H. Vanorder. Rev. Ransom R. Richards died at

Hudson, Michigan, perhaps about the year 1869, and Rev. R. H. Cook united with the Baptist church.

This conference year Rev. S. S. Williams died at his father's house in Hamilton, Ohio, in May, 1841.

In looking over the history of the pioneer Methodist ministers, one thing strikes us very forcibly, that is, the number of itinerants that went home to their earthly father's house to die. This was indeed an earthly comfort, to die amongst one's friends and loved ones. But, how much greater is the privilege of dying in the arms of Jesus, to lean our heads on Jesus' breast and breathe our lives out sweetly there. These ministers died well.

September 20th, 1841, the Michigan Conference met at White Pigeon. Kalamazoo reported 282 members. Rev. James F. Davidson, now (1878) a member of the Detroit Conference, was appointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district. Rev. Ransom R. Richards and Rev. Edward Kellogg, brother of Israel Kellogg, of Kalamazoo, are now dead. They were appointed to the Kalamazoo charge in 1841, and Rev. E. Kellogg died in Coloma, Michigan, about 1868. These were the days of those wonderful quarterly-meetings, at which the people gathered from far and near, and remained sometimes for days, for they were seasons of revival and great refreshing to the church. The people were provided for freely until the close of the meeting. Those were the occasions when every board in the floor of their log cabins had a lodger. Rev. R. R. Richards' pastorate was an era of church building; he preached once at the house of John Henika, and then the society at Indianfields moved into an humble house of worship at Thayers' corners, now McKee's corners. During his pastorate, what is now called the old Methodist church in Kalamazoo was built; it now stands on North Burdick street, and is used as a carriage factory. This building, now unpretentious, was a fine building in the time of it; it stood on the corner of Church and Academy streets, the place where the Dutch Reformed Church now stands, on the south-east corner of the Church square. David Swayzee, E. Walters and E. White were leading spirits in building the old Methodist E. Church. It was dedicated January 14th, 1842, by Rev. Jas. V. Watson. August 17th, 1842, the Michigan Conference met at Adrian; Kalamazoo circuit stood at the head of the list of appointments on the Kalamazoo district, and reported 280 members. Rev. James F. Davidson was appointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district, and Rev. J. W. Brier was appointed preacher in charge of the Kalamazoo circuit, and Rev. R. R. Richardson became superannuated, and was appointed as Rev. J. W. Brier's helper during Rev. J. W. Brier's administration. During the month of June, 1842, a camp-meeting was held on Elias Cooly's farm; he was the father of Rev. E. Cooley, of the Michigan Conference. Several events combined to make that meeting a memorable occasion, and will be remembered for years thereafter.

On Saturday morning the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Kalamazoo, Rev. Mr. Hoyt, familiarly known as Priest Hoyt, preached a sermon on the world, the flesh and the devil. He announced the heads of his discourse as follows: First, I shall pass over the world; secondly, I shall touch lightly on the flesh; and thirdly, I shall hasten on to the devil. This division, although given in all seriousness, was too much for the risibilities of a group of Methodist ministers, and a spontaneous and irrepressible burst of laughter followed. The same day, or perhaps the day after, a strange character appeared on the ground clad in an unusual garb, having long white locks and a flowing white beard, a face thin and pale, and the fire of an unusual intellectual energy flashed from his eyes; he attracted the attention of all. It was soon discovered that his mind was almost wholly occupied with the subject of Universalism, against which he had composed a long, peculiar poem which, though destitute of any great literary merit, was nevertheless full of brilliant hits upon the weakness of that system of religious belief (if it be called religious). He sought the privilege of the presiding elder to deliver this poem before the congregation; this was refused him. On Monday, however, the Rev. Jas. F. Davidson was temporarily absent, and the brother in charge gave the poet an opportunity to deliver his production; the effect was tremendous; it is said to have nearly destroyed Universalism as an organized form of religious belief in the whole region affected by the camp-meeting. Monday afternoon Ephraim Burdick and Mr. Patris went forward for prayers, and a prayer-meeting of unusual interest was held.

August 16th, 1843, the conference met at Ann Arbor. Kalamazoo reported 340 members. Hastings and Grand Rapids are among the appointments of the Kalamazoo district for that year. Rev. James F. Davidson was continued presiding elder, and Rev. James Hudson, who died at Trenton, Michigan, some three years since, and Rev. Jacob E. Parker, now (1878) a government clerk at Washington, D. C., were appointed to the Kalamazoo charge about this time. T. C. Brownell was acting as sexton, taking care of the church, lighting with whale oil, and doing it all free of charge. This conference year (1843–4) Rev. F. Gage, then pastor at Otsego, held a camp-meeting on Gun Plains, about the first of August. At that meeting Ephraim Burdick and Mr. Patris and Finster all professed to have experienced religion. On Monday of the meeting, Mr. Patris was baptzied in Pine lake; several others were also baptized at the same time, among them was a child; in baptizing this child, Rev. F. Gage stood in the margin of the lake and applied the water with his hand from the lake and baptized the child in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. While he was thus engaged an unusual and overwhelming influence seemed to fall upon the whole assembly; they all fell to the ground and on their knees immediately engaged in prayer and praise; this continued until evening. The leader could not bring the meeting to a close until night, when they all returned to the camp ground; then the same power fell upon all those in camp, and there occurred one of those wonderful and astonishing scenes or sessions so fragrant in the early history of the church in this country; every body that did not run away was converted; prayers, praise and exhortations continued all night.

October 2d, 1844, the Michigan Annual Conference met at Coldwater. Kalamazoo reported 325 members. At this session Grand Rapids was set off into Shiawassee district, which extended across the state from lake Huron on the east to lake Michigan on the west.

Rev. Jas. F. Davidson was reappointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district. Rev. F. Gage was appointed to the Kalamazoo circuit. There was at that time a debt on the church of $1,100. Rev. F. Gage, who was then the pastor, secured a subscription of seven hundred dollars during his administration. The appointments on the Kalamazoo circuit were as follows, viz: At Kalamazoa, Thayer's corners, (now McKee's corners), where was a large membership; and on Grand Prairie, Genesee Prairie, Comstock, and Brother Batt's, four miles northeast, on Gull Prairie. About this time the Sunday evening appointments at Kalamazoo were always large and crowding the house. The services were usually short, and at the close Rev. F. Gage would descend into the altar and Bro. Swayzee, a tall man and a good singer, would rise and slowly come forward to the altar, singing as he came. His sweet voice rolled out over the audience with thrilling power. When at the altar, he would stand and sing till the space at the altar was full of kneeling penitents, anxiously seeking the pardon of their sins. Then they would have a season of prayer—regular old-fashioned prayer meeting—continuing about twenty or thirty minutes. This period was the beginning of better days for Kalamazoo, which until then had had a hard struggle to maintain existence.

September 3d, 1845, the conference met at Detroit. Kalamazoo reported only 100 members, a seeming decrease of 225 members. This was due to the fact that at the preceding conference of 1844 Climax circuit, a very large portion of the members included in the Kalamazoo work, was set off to form the Climax circuit. Rev. Wm. Sprague was appointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district, and Rev. R. B. Camburn was appointed to the Kalamazoo work. Bro. Camburn, after twenty-seven years of labor in the ministry, died at Sherman, Michigan, October 17th, 1871, at the commencement of his second year on the district of Grand Traverse. During this conference year, 1845–6, the debt on the Kalamazoo church was paid. This joyous event was especially owing to the exertions of Bro. Sprague. September 23d, 1846, the conference met at Marshall. Kalamazoo reported 118 members. Rev. Wm. Sprague was reappointed presiding elder of Kalamazoo district, and Rev. R. Reynolds was appointed to the Kalamazoo work, and subsequently he (in 1849), withdrew, and is said now to be a politician in Minnesota. September 15th, 1847, conference met in Ypsilanti. Kalamazoo reported 130 members. Wm. Sprague continued on the district, and Rev. F. B. Bangs was the preacher in charge of the Kalamazoo work.

On September 6th, 1848, conference met at Kalamazoo for the first time. Bishop Jaynes presided. Wm. Sprague was continued on the district and Rev. Joseph Blanchard was appointed to the Kalamazoo charge. He died at Ann Arbor about the year 1857. Rev. Edward L. Kellogg located. The entertaining of the conference was a heavy charge, though cheerfully performed.

September 5th, 1849, conference at Adrian. Kalamazoo reported 120 members and 55 probationers. At this conference (1849) Rev. F. B.

Bangs was appointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district and Rev. E. H. Pilcher, long a member of the Detroit conference, and more recently removed to Canada, was this year (1849) appointed to Kalamazoo work. November, 1850, Wm. Sprague was elected to Congress from the second congressional district, and he located at the ensuing conference, which was held at Albion, September 4th, 1850, Bishop Morris presiding. Kalamazoo reported 168 members. Rev. F. B. Bangs was continued presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district and Rev. C. A. Bruce was appointed preacher in charge of the Kalamazoo work.

September 3d, 1851, the conference met at Monroe; Bishop Morris presided. Kalamazoo reported only 97 members and five probationers. Rev. F. B. Bangs was reappointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district and Rev. C. A. Bruce was reappointed to the Kalamazoo work. Rev. John Erkanbrack died on May 7th, 1852, at Bronson, Michigan.

September 15th, 1852, conference met at Niles, Bishop Scott presiding. Kalamazoo reported 105 members. Mr. Bruce withdrew from the M. E. Church and joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, and died soon after. Rev. F. B. Bangs was reappointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district and Rev. J. H. Peitzel was appointed to the Kalamazoo work. He is now a superannuated member of the Michigan Conference, and resides at Three Rivers, Michigan.

September 14th, 1853, conference met at Detroit, Bishop Waugh presiding. Kalamazoo reported 121 members and 21 probationers. Rev. T. H. Jacokes was appointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district and Rev. James Somerville, (now living at Lansing, Michigan), was appointed preacher in charge of the Kalamazoo appointment.

September 13th, 1854, the conference met at Ann Arbor, Bishop Baker presiding. Kalamazoo reported 111 members and 24 probationers. Rev. T. H. Jacokes was continued as presiding elder on the Kalamazoo district and Rev. David Burns was stationed at Kalamazoo.

Rev. James T. Robe took work and was appointed to the Ganges work.

September 5th, 1855, the Michigan Annual Conference met at Flint, Bishop Ames presiding. Kalamazoo reported 134 members and 24 probationers. Rev. I. Cogshall was appointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district and Rev. D. Burns was continued on the Kalamazoo charge; he died at Albion July 28th, 1877. Rev. J. T. Robe was appointed to Buchanan.

The General Conference convened at Indianapolis May 1st, 1856. At this conference the Detroit Conference was set off from the Michigan Conference.

October 1st, 1856, the Michigan Conference met at Coldwater, Bishop Morris presiding. Kalamazoo reported 178 members and 10 probationers. Rev. I. Cogshall was continued presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district and Rev. Wm. C. Comfort was appointed to the Kalamazoo charge. The report of this charge was as follows: Number in society, 167 members; deaths, 5; probationers, 20; baptized, 13; adults, 8; infants, 5; the church valued at $3,000, and the parsonage at $2,000; collections for conference claimants, $13,58; missions, $73.92; tracts, $8;

Bible Society, $18; Sunday-school Union, $10; amount for benevolence this year (1856) was $123.50. Rev. James T. Robe was appointed to the Sumnerville charge, and he served them two years, viz: 1856–7 and 1857–8. The next appointment that he served was Schoolcraft two years, viz: 1858–9 and 1859–60; his next appointment was Grand Rapids west charge, one year, viz: 1860–61. Here his health, which had been going down for some time, so far failed as to oblige him to take a superannuated relation to the conference, which relation he has ever since held. He is now over 71 years of age, (1878.)

The names of the presiding elders that have served the Kalamazoo district since 1856 until the fall of 1878 are as follows:

Rev. I. Cogshall, four years from 1855 to the fall of 1859.

Rev. A. J. Eldred one year, (1860.) Then the Kalamazoo district was divided, and Niles district was formed with Rev. A. J. Eldred as presiding elder.

Rev. F. B. Bangs four years, from 1860 to the fall of 1864.

Rev. R. Sapp for four years, from the fall of 1864 to the fall of 1868.

Rev. T. Lyon one year, 1868–9.

Rev. I. Cogshall four years, from the fall of 1869 to 1873, in the fall of that year.

Rev. H. C. Peck four years, from the fall of 1873 until the fall of 1877.

Rev. J. Millar was appointed presiding elder of the district of Kalamazoo in the fall of 1877, and now it is May, 1878.

The names of the preachers who were appointed to the Kalamazoo charge from 1856 to 1878 were as follows, viz:

In 1856 Wm. Comfort was continued from the previous year, (1855 to 1857), and Rev. T. H. Jacokes for one year from the fall of 1857 to the fall of 1858.

Rev. Joseph Jennings two years, from the fall of 1858 to the fall of 1860.

Rev. F. D. Hemmingway one year, from the fall of 1860 to the fall of 1861.

Rev. R. C. Crawford one year, viz: from the fall of 1861 to the fall of 1862.

Rev. F. D. Hemmingway three years, from the fall of 1862 to the fall of 1865.

Rev. C. Shelling for two years, viz: from the fall of 1865 to the fall of 1867.

Rev. L. H. Pearce two years, viz: from the fall of 1866 to the fall of 1868.

Rev. H. M. Joy three years, viz: from the fall of 1869 to the fall of 1872.

Rev. S. N. Griffith three years, viz: from the fall of 1872 to the fall of 1875.

Rev. H. F. Spencer three years, viz: from the fall of 1875 until the fall of 1878.

Rev. R. Sapp died at Grand Rapids May 1st, 1873; Rev. T. Lyon located September 20th, 1869.

Rev. C. Comfort and Rev. Joseph Jennings both died in the full prospect of a better country.

Rev. F. D. Hemmingway, D. D., is now (1878) professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill. Rev. S. N. Griffith was transferred to Wisconsin Conference.

During the pastorate of Bro. Comfort the old church edifice was enlarged and improved, and dedicated September 27th, 1857, by Bishop Waugh, assisted by Rev. Israel Cogshall, Rev. J. T. Robe, and Rev. C. Comfort, who was the pastor. The evening service was conducted by Rev. Israel Cogshall, who was the presiding elder at the time. The church was now 70 by 35 feet, and would seat about 500 persons. It was carpeted and cushioned throughout, and lighted with gas. This church edifice was sold to the Reformed Dutch Church and a new lot procured on the corner of Rose and Lovel streets, a most eligible spot. This was in 1865, and on this lot is now (1878) one of the finest brick churches in Kalamazoo. It is well finished and paid for; it cost about $50,000, and the main audience-room will seat about 800, besides the chapel and class-rooms, four in number. The following is a summary of the work accomplished during S. N. Griffith's pastorate in Kalamazoo. It will be remembered that during the three years of Rev. S. N. Griffith's pastorate he had an almost continuous revival of religion; hence the important results:

As here stated below, the number of probationers received on trial during the three years of his labors in Kalamazoo were		225
Received into full connection,		150
Received by letter,		104
		479
Number of those withdrawn,	6	
Number expelled	6	
Number deceased,	13	
		25
Net increase of members,		454
In full connection,	180	
As on the record at the end of Rev. S. N. Griffith's administration, the number is		522
Baptisms administered—infants 44, adults 106,		150
Pastoral visits,		1207
Money raised for church expenses and the various benevolent causes,		$30,732

Or about $10,300 per year.

Rev. J. W. Robinson gave some historical sketches of the early Methodist Episcopal Church in a small paper published by him, from which we make a few extracts. He says we have no account of any church organization until 1832. Rev. James T. Robe organized on Pokagon Prairie and he appointed Edward Powers class leader. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Maria Robinson, who was also a member of this first class. They came from Ohio to this county some time in 1830. His wife was also a member of this class. The meetings were held at first at Bro. Powers' log-house on Pokagon creek, near to where Mr. McAllister's house now stands. In August, 1833, Rev. T. P. McCool and wife came out from Ohio and were added to the class. He was a local preacher, but afterwards labored as an itinerant some years; he is now dead.

Rev. James W. Robinson further says of the Kalamazoo work, as a mission: "We have recently had the privilege of perusing some old files of the Christian Advocate and Journal, now in the possession of Rev. W. J. Aldrich. In one of these, of September 4th, 1835, we find the following report of the Kalamazoo mission, written by Rev. J. T. Robe. He says: "Permit me to say that the labors of the first and second days of this month closed my fourth and last quarterly meetings for this year; and suffice it to say, that the meeting was well attended and the word was spoken with great boldness, and we trust not without good effect. I have not had as good success this year as I could have wished; yet I have had some success—some 60 or 70 increase, about one-half of whom have joined on probation and the balance by letter." We will not, therefore, despise the day of small things, but thank God and take courage for what He has done, and trust Him for days to come.

"I have about 100 members and probationers—eight classes; four of them were formed this year, one of which (the first formed), numbers about 18 members; the other three have just been formed, and will no doubt be enlarged on my next round. Permit me to say, that there is here a mighty contest going on between religion, the world and infidelity. The last named enemy will no doubt fade away before the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ. But the contest between the world and Christianity is very doubtful as yet. How often have I thought of the words of the Apostle while I have been viewing with pain the spirit of speculation that inundates our country, and the professors of religion have embarked very considerably in it also—'Love not the world nor the things that are in the world.'"

Yours truly,

JAMES T. ROBE.

BRONSON, August 5, 1835.

Kalamazoo was called Bronson at that time, within the territory which then contained about "100 members;" there are now not less than 5,000.—Ed. of the Niles District Recorder.

A description of Kalamazoo is given by Col. Curtenius, in a Quarter Century Report, from which I make a short extract: Kalamazoo is the county seat of Kalamazoo county, situated upon the river of the same name, and nearly midway on the Michigan Central Railroad between Detroit and Chicago. It is surrounded by a rich, well-watered and fertile country, by numerous small prairies, the largest of which is Prairie Ronde, and also dispersed throughout the county are many quiet and romantic lakes, clear and pure. The village is regularly laid out, adorned with elegant and substantial buildings, with comfortable and tasty residences, and beautified by trees and shrubbery. Without designing to make any invidious comparisons, it may perhaps be safely affirmed that Kalamazoo is the most picturesque of all the pleasant villages of Michigan."

But, to come to the close of his speech, he says: "But a little while since and Kalamazoo was known only as the haunt of the Indians. Today no spot in Michigan is a spot of more attraction and beauty. We do not claim," he says, "for it the splendor of Rome nor the quiet of Paradise, nor the commercial prospects of an overgrown metropolis, nor the literature of a Cambridge; we lay claim to none of these. We speak of it as an inland settlement, (still in its infancy), possessing as much native loveliness, claiming as much intelligence and refinement, giving as much evidence of taste, and having before it as auspicious a future as any other village of its age in the almost boundless West." Again he says: "There is ample room for improvement. Yet where is there a village where morals take a higher stand or a wider range? Where will you find one whose sky is pierced with more church spires, whose courts are more unanimously pressed with attentive hearers, and whose pulpits are more ably filled, or the Gospel is proclaimed with a less uncertain sound?"

MICHIGAN'S RECORD IN THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

ADDRESS OF COL. ISAAC D. TOLL, OF FAWN RIVER, MICH., AT THE VETERAN REUNION IN DETROIT, JUNE 19TH, 1878.

(Col. Toll commanded Company E, Fifteenth United States Infantry.)

Standing here in the presence of actors in fields the military annals of which reflect so much lustre upon the American name, in a city whose foundations were laid amid great peril and privation; a city justly proud of its commercial and financial standing and its municipal credit; whose sons, sprung from hardy ancestors, converted the frontier post into the gem of the peninsula, among the foremost of American cities—sons who have exhibited the gallantry and patriotism due to the lessons of their forefathers wherever the country's banner was unfurled against foes, foreign or domestic; in such a place, before such an array, while honored in being deemed worthy to address you, I confess my inability to meet the just requirements of the occasion

I will not enter specifically upon the causes of the event we have assembled this day to commemorate—an event grand and majestic in all its proportions, which, considering the obstacles overcome, successes accomplished, and mighty results which have followed, forms one of the greatest triumphs on record; one for which history has, perhaps, no superior. A less degree of wrongs and outrages upon the persons and property of our people, if unredressed, committed by powers other than Mexico, would have been considered sufficient ground for hostilities. As the effect of a single act, witness the thrill of indignation that pervaded the land at the seizure of Koszta, of patriotic emotion on his release by the memorable determination of Capt. Ingraham.

In addition to acts of violence demanding redress, even a hearing was refused to our ambassador, and he was turned away with insult—our territory invaded, and the blood of our citizens shed upon our own soil. Congress declared with but two negative votes in the Senate, and fourteen in the House, that war existed by the act of the Republic of Mexico, at the same time making provisions for its energetic prosecution. With such unanimity on record are you to be flippantly told that it was an unprovoked war, or one engendered in the interest of any section, or any system of labor? If the wish of those desirous of the extension of slavery was the motive for thought, expression, or action, it was a deduction not german to the premises, the government being accountable for the unavoidable protection of violated rights, but not responsible for collateral objects of the adherents of any peculiar dogma. Such an unwarrantable charge is a libel upon the commonwealth—a libel upon the brave men of Michigan and their coadjutors, who went forth to do, and die if need be, for love of country—country from shore to shore.

The institutions of the grand galaxy of states won by your toils bore no fruit save that of the tree of freedom, deeply rooted in the soil of untold millions, the motives of men to the contrary notwithstanding. I cannot do less than here give an outline of the record of our state in the war with Mexico, however imperfectly.

In May, 1846, our governor was notified by the War Department of the United States to enroll a regiment of volunteers, to be held in readiness for service whenever demanded. At his summons thirteen independent volunteer companies, eleven of infantry and two of cavalry, at once fell into line. Of the infantry four companies were from this city, bearing the honored names of Montgomery, Lafayette, Scott and Brady upon their banners. Of the remainder Monroe tendered two, Lenawee county three, St. Clair, Berrien and Hillsdale each one, and Wayne county an additional company. Of these, alone, the veteran Bradys were accepted and ordered into service. In addition to them ten companies, making the First Regiment of Michigan Volunteers, springing from various parts of the state, but embodying to a great degree the material of which the first volunteers was formed, were not called for until October following. This regiment was soon in readiness and proceeded to the seat of war.

In the region of the tropics, impatient for the farther advance which was denied them, subject to the severe diseases of an enervating and unhealthy climate, doing vigilant duty in guarding the avenues of approach—in keeping open the communications, in overawing a hostile population—in the suppression of the

> "Vulture-plumed guerrilla, ever on
> The stoop for his expectant prey"—

that gallant regiment evinced, in all the trials of that harrassing warfare, the fidelity and devotion which has ever characterized the patriot soldier of the "Amœnam Peninsulam."

Our state also claims the credit which attached to the memorable achievements of Company K, Third Dragoons, and Companies A, E and

G, of the Fifteenth Regiment of United States Infantry. We find the dragoons, in addition to severe work in guarding specie-bearing trains over roads infested by guerrillas, engaged at Paso de Ovejas, where they drove the marauders to their mountain fastness. These mounted men being comparatively few, their duties as videttes, escorts to trains, conveying dispatches, reconnoitering—in fine, doing all the work of the invading army, requiring great celerity, besides being pitted against the far more numerous and active cavalry of the enemy, well mounted and accoutered—can hardly be described. Selected as guard at headquarters for their fine military bearing and efficiency, the deadly field of Churubusco attested that the honor was well deserved. Their leader—our honored president, with the blood of the immortal Jackson in his veins, himself a countryman of the men who made Fontenoy a watchword for all time—was desperately wounded in the memorable charge over the causeway leading to the city upon the gate of San Antonio. His lieutenants, hereditary heroes also—one bearing the name of, and a nephew of, the compeer of Scott, who, on the Niagara frontier, exhibited to the world that the British bayonet was not invincible—he was, as well as the son of our chieftain, in the Toledo war, one of Michigan's worthies—the other the son of one of Detroit's most honored citizens, with a brother on the staff of the general-in-chief; another brother a captain in the First Michigan Volunteers, himself at El Molino del Rey wounded. There, too, in the fore, was Isaac Gibson, our worthy secretary. With such leaders, what must have been the rank and file?

> "There groom fought like noble,
> Squire like knight,
> As fearlessly and well."

Ah! there all were noble; valor knows no degree, for with the iron arm, under the jacket of the private, oft beats the heart of a Sir Philip Sydney.

Of the infantry companies recruited in this state, two, A and E, forming the right and center of the Fifteenth Regiment, also Company G, distinguished at the National Bridge, I must give more than mere mention. The two former, like indeed the whole army, were reduced to one-third of their original number by the remarkable changes of temperature, and the privations to which they were exposed.

At Contreras, on the 19th of August, 1847, over the pedegral, confronting Valencia with his vastly preponderating numbers, under a heavy artillery fire; at night, on picket guard in a cold rain of a temperature over 7,000 feet above the sea; on the morning of the 20th, ere dawn, in line, to the assault, thence in pursuit, with but a few moments rest at San Angelos, haversacks emptied the day before, twelve miles to the sanguinary field of Churubusco, Scott himself looking the very genius of war, massive, grey, like William of Deloraine—

> "Never did mightier man or horse,
> Stem a tempestuous torrent's force,"

giving words of cheer, as the exhausted men filed rapidly by him at

Coyoacan, whence he directed the battles: then to the attack against five times their number well posted; Company E, its captain wounded, its first lieutenant killed while encouraging the men, its first sergeant mortally wounded, its color-bearer shot down grimly clinging to the staff, which had to be removed by force; one-half of its rank and file disabled. Company A, the other Michigan company, headed by the gallant Beach, also suffering severe loss, devotedly maintained the reputation of the state which it worthily represented. The loved Morgan, the generous and intrepid colonel of the regiment, whose voice, with that of the hero Shields, was heard above the roll of conflict, was struck down, and Mills, of Iowa, the major, emulous of fame, joining the dragoons in the pursuit in the force, gave up his life at St. Antonio's gate. There, too, the adjutant, the chivalrous Brodhead, killed at Chantilly in the war for the Union, was conspicuous for cool courage. Again, at El Molino del Rey, as a supporting force; then at Chepultepec, classic as the summer palace of Montezuma, whose terrace gives a view unsurpassed in the wide world, the tattered ensign planted on its summit among the very first, and simultaneously with that of the New York regiment. There the veteran Howard in command, the Fifteenth was ordered to keep watch and guard, in recognition of their gallant services and those of that regiment. As well and as bravely Company G, the remaining one of the three from Michigan, under Winans, of Monroe, at Paso Ovejas, on the 10th of August, met and repulsed a heavy guerrilla force, while on the 12th, at the National Bridge, famed for its massive architecture, and the strength as well as the commanding beauty of its surroundings, its captain transferred to command of the left wing; it was led by the accomplished Wilkins, seconded by Doyle, and drove superior forces, protected as they were by bastion, tower and wall, following the foe beyond the fastnesses which crowned the scene of their exploits, and three days afterwards renewing their brilliant successes on the hills beyond, which commanded the communications.

At the protracted and severe siege of Puebla, even our sick left at the hospital were heroes, as was evinced by the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Merrifield. It would be most grateful to call to mind the eminent services of others, some appointed from this state to other organizations not so especially our own, and many from long association almost belonging to us. Among the former were Hoffman and VanBuren, who both fell in action, the latter in warfare on western wilds; Norvell, Wilcox and Larned—it would be invidious, however, to attempt to particularize.

This city, a favorite post of the army, had for years prior to 1846 been at times the station, I might say, the home, of men who have been among the most distinguished in the profession of arms, and who have afforded proud pages in the history of the country. Here the name of Riley, the conqueror of Contreras, was a household word. Here, too, the veteran Brady, nearly an octogenarian, impatient of inaction, fretted and fumed at not being ordered to the front in answer to his demands in satisfaction to his never cooling "Douglass blood."

What recollections, Mr. President, does the event we have met to commemorate call forth! It is remarkable that the retrospect of such scenes should appeal to the higher sensibilities of our nature—whether we consider the forces, their leaders from the commander-in-chief down—the country, distance, obstacles, dispatch, success—success culminating in such vast material results—the practice which developed the giants in the colossal war—a school which has given presidents, patriots, chieftains, so skilled for attack and defense, who must command respect for their abilities, however directed, or under whatever flag? There, Northern and Southern fought as one, and together sympathized over the loss of fallen comrades. We read of the battles of the clouds, of the pyramids, the passage of rivers, bridges, mountains, but what eye ever rested upon a more imposing array in natural and artificial life, whoever contemplated a scene more absorbing "to him who had no friend or brother there," than the majestic mountains which looked down upon the lofty hills which encircled city, lake and plain in that ethereal sky where man, "enamored of distress," made echo responsive to echo, with the sulphurous din of the 19th and 20th of August, 1847?

You are told these successes were achieved over a degenerate people. Were they ever wanting in spirit to resist invasion? Do not the physical aspects of the higher lands of central and northern Mexico exhibit a conformation such as ever has been fertile in the production of a brave and liberty-loving population?

Freeing themselves from the conquerors, overthrowing a kingly government of their own erection, reforming their organic law in the interest of toleration and freedom, these things exhibit no degeneracy. If you felt not the

"Stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel,"

your appreciation of the prowess of your adversaries will not be diminished when you call to mind how the lilies of France, under Forey, went down under the walls of Puebla, reinforced as he was by 35,000 men, his vanguard of 4,000 under Berthier, surprised and half destroyed, Tampico and Jalapa evacuated, and the French general obliged to call for more troops. They were not despicable foes, animated by a common religion, fighting in defence of, and in sight of, their capital, their troops well disciplined, provisioned and armed, their officers well instructed, Chepultepec their military college, where the cadets as powder monkeys, though scarcely in their teens, under the plunging shot on the 13th of September, evinced a patriotic love for their Alma Mater, and were compelled to give sufficient security to keep the peace, not being responsible, owing to their tender age. Their teachers became their bondsmen. Your achievements were not the work of a day; centuries ago was the foundation laid, and step by step from Runnymede to the downfall of the Stuarts, and the abnegation of divine right, the mission of the Mayflower, Calvert, Lexington, Lake Erie, New Orleans, here at homo on the Detroit, the river Raisin—the brilliant daring of DeQuindre at Monguagon, supported by his riflemen of sterling French stock, driving all before him—all culminating in your record, and, what was the deserved eulogium of a most able military critic, that Michigan furnished in the great civil war the "best cavalry and the tallest infantry in the world!" Well may that eulogy have been pronounced, when we speak the name of Custer!

You have seen the fruit borne by the encouragement of independent military companies, forming not the nucleus, but mostly the body of your regiment of volunteers. The Brady Guards giving the lieutenant-colonel of that regiment, our own Williams, also the leader of Company K, Third Dragoons, both heroes of two wars. The Scott Guards giving us the stalwart Greusel, now of Iowa, who, with the gallant colonel and major of your volunteers, was also in the civil war. There are others I might recall, McConnell, Comstock, Beach, Wilkins, Titus, Stockton and Reuhle, but these are given to illustrate. It would exhaust your patience to listen to the names of all those of our band of 1,500 who gave the benefit of their experience to their country.

Let our state then encourage the military art by suitable enactments. Let it foster the nation's cheap defense, a well disciplined militia, supported in part by the communications of those liable under the law to do military duty. Let us exalt the military art individually and collectively. Let us be prepared for those emergencies which experience has shown within a comparatively short period may suddenly arise without scarcely a defender for property, corporate or private. "There is no peace;" as long as selfishness, error and passion exist, so long will the profession of arms be required. Gallant men, when we reflect upon the number of survivors whom time, disease and shot have spared, upon the immeasurable wealth you have added to the country; those western acquisitions, the potential forces of which were given to cement our Union, whose weight was thrown into the scale when weight was needed —to be told that some of those who aided in these resources, who gave blood, and toil, and home for the common good—have so foully erred that there is no pardon for them, and they and you alike are to be denied a small measure of the gratitude of a nation, thus aggrandized by your united efforts; that, although by solemn enactment the ban has been removed, and they have been restored to common and equal rights with you; the sting remains, the release was only for the ear, not to the hope; "We, the immaculate, are better than thou! Depart!" Our answer is: "Under which king, Bezonian?" Not under the ensign of Washington, that flower of manhood and Christian chivalry; not under the flag of Lincoln, the magnanimous, clasping the banner of the nineteenth century with the sunlight of its amenities illuminating its great folds, exhibiting in characters of living light its motto, "Charity to all, malice toward none." I will not believe that justice, before it is too late, will be denied. I will still have trust that the persistent efforts of honorable delegates, supported as they will be by the honest impulses of the American heart, already instructed by many resolutions of state legislatures, will be potent to effect the ends of a thorough equity.

Fellow veterans: Those who fell by disease or battle are not forgotten. Though no annual procession of tribute-bearing pilgrims may decorate their sod with offerings of affection, to-day we strew the immortelles of memory over their graves. Though no sculptured stone may record their virtues, an exalted patriotism, the crowning excellence, the civilized earth is their monument, the pedregal of Contreras, the garitas of San Antonio, Belen and Cosme, the Puente Nacional, the historic cypresses, arching the ascent of the "Collegio Militar," the West Point of Mexico, centuries old when Cortez conquered, "waving over them their green leaves," mute witnesses of their valor as of their rest—all point to "stranger's eye, the graves of those that cannot die."

New York, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, among other states, have inscribed upon granite their appreciation of the services of those of their respective commonwealths, who, more than a generation ago, went with you to common fields. May our own proud Michigan follow their example; then may her patriot sons point with more significance to her motto, "*Tuebor.*" Then may our youth, emulous of a fame most exalted, as the bulwark of constitutional liberty, with heaving breast draw in the lesson of patriotism more fully, as together the marbles of the wars of 1846 and 1861, speak—"*sic itur ad astra.*"

Long is the list of comrades gone before,
In recollection fond, in history's lore
    They are recorded,
And their influence bright will gladden all
Until the light of setting sun be cast,
In mild effulgence on the last.

REMARKS OF HON. GEORGE C. BATES,

BEFORE THE SOCIETY, ON THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

Allusion has been made to John S. Horner, "who sat in the corner," and came to supersede our gallant Governor, Stevens Thompson Mason, when he was upon the battle-field of Toledo, covered with glory, with the veteran Gen. Joseph W. Brown in command of the troops. A thousand memories come thronging through my mind. At Toledo we scattered the court, stole old Stickney's potatoes, or rather drafted the tops and the bottoms volunteered. Stevens T. Mason rode a sorrel horse, and that milk-white steed spoken of by Judge Wells is a mere matter of fancy. When the order came from President Jackson for Governor Mason to march his troops back to Detroit we said General Jackson had nothing to do with us, and we vowed, "by the great Eternal," to remain in Toledo until Gov. Mason or Gen. Brown saw fit to order us home. It was a splendid sight when Mason, in a buck-skin coat, mounted on his sorrel horse, placed himself in the center of that division of 300 gallant Michigan troops and we drove out the court, which took to its heels and flew away. That was in September, 1835. I remember it as well as if it was but yesterday, for we all got in a fog down there. We had no red ribbons in those days. Neither Gov. Mason, Gen. Brown nor any of the troops knew of any such thing.

When my tongue gets to running on reminiscences it hardly knows where to stop. Mr. Chairman, under what do you sit? (pointing to the canopy of the speaker's chair.) Vividly do I remember how, on May 14, 1833, as beautiful a day as the sun ever adorned, while at Detroit, I went up into what was then the old capitol, and in the senatorial chamber I saw the Supreme Court of the Territory of Michigan sitting under this very canopy. I notice one change in it. There used to be a great basswood eagle with outstretched wings, which I apostrophized once with tremendous power. The occasion for this display of eloquence was on the trial of Col. Edward Brooks for contempt of the privileges of that body. He had inflicted a blow upon Judge Mundy. Uncle Jake Howard sat by my side when I made that speech, and the eagle disappeared. [At this point Robert Foster, the janitor, came into the room bearing the "basswood" eagle on his shoulder, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. One wing of the proud bird was gone, but otherwise it seemed to have stood the test of time about as well as Mr. Bates.] Well, I see I did not quite kill the bird—only winged him.

It was on that beautiful May morning, 45 years ago, that I proceeded to the senatorial chamber in company with that elegant gentleman, Henry S. Cole, and I was there presented to the Supreme Court of the territory. The judges were just about beginning the business of the day. Solomon Sibley has been already alluded to by Judge Wells. He was a native of Massachusetts, and as pure a man as God ever created. In early life he started with the great tide of emigration westward and reached Muskingum, on the Ohio river. He came to Detroit at an early day with his friend, Gen. Cass. On the right of Judge Sibley sat George Morrell, a native of Connecticut, but reared in New York He was as dignified and pure as Washington himself. Ross Wilkins, who sat on the left, resembled Lord Byron. He had a splendid, majestic head, an eye like Mars, full of brilliancy and as restless as the eagle's.

The case on call was Douseman *vs.* Duncan Stewart. There was some trouble about a contract to deliver cattle, and the case was to be tried before these three judges. The counsel in the case was William Woodbridge, as noble a man as ever lived in this or any other country. He was supported by a Mr. Fraser, a strange Scotchman, who came to Detroit about 1819. The counsel for Stewart was my friend, Henry S. Cole, who was supported by Gen. Charles Larned. That was the first case, and they were the first men I remember to have seen in that court of justice. They are all gone now.

These judges gave close attention to the case, but what a contrast! Judge Wilkins, quick as lightning and restless as the eagle, gave close attention for a short time; then arose, walked behind the canopy, took out an immense pipe, filled it with tobacco and commenced to smoke, all the time listening to the arguments in the case. Judge Sibley sat with his body thrown forward to catch every word, as he was a little deaf; and Judge Morrell sat there like a majestic statue.

Forty-five years have rolled away, and what changes! Then this peninsula was a mere outpost of civilization; to-day we have more than a million and a half of people. School-houses are erected on every square section of land, while elegant churches, with their spires pointing heavenward, dot every portion of the peninsula. Our grand Michgan school system is the pride and glory of the Northwest. The public affairs have been economically administered by the various parties. Democrats, Whigs and Republicans are all entitled to praise, and the results of such judicious and honest management have enabled Michigan to build her new state capitol—her pride and glory—at a quarter less expense than Illinois has paid for the same work, and without a dollar of the money being stolen.

Yes, 45 years have rolled away. A part of the years 1833–4 I spent in the *state* of Monroe. She had a body of distinguished men, whose influence was all-powerful, and when Monroe wanted anything the rest of the state was ready to unite in supplying her wishes. Governors, judges —in fact, the whole Democratic party could do nothing without Monroe. The Democratic party used to shake us old Whigs up lively in those days, excepting when we tried them with coon skins and hard cider, and then we beat them gloriously.

I was 21 years old when I came to Michigan. Previous to that time I had spent three years at the study of law in the office of John C. Spencer, in the interior of New York. Now I am going to say something about the members of thebar and the bench. I don't mean to cast any reflections on our intelligent judicial and legal talent, but "times ain't now as they used to was been." When I arrived in Detroit I made application through Mr. Cole for admission to the bar. The committee of examination consisted of Daniel Goodwin, Gen. Charles Larned and Col. B. F. H. Witherell. They took me up into Witherell's office and kept me there eight or nine hours, and put me through a most rigid examination, asking all sorts of questions, which I considered regular tom-foolery.

Next morning I went to the court-room, and there Gen. Charles Larned, on behalf of the committee, said: "May it please the court, I take great pleasure in saying, after a careful examination of seven or eight hours, that George C. Bates is thoroughly competent to be admitted to this bar, and therefore I move his admission." Thereupon Judge Sibley said, "Let it be so entered upon the record."

Instantly Judge Woodbridge, with a fraternal generosity and true courtesy which marked the members of the bar at that time, took me by the hand and said: "Sit down here and help me try this case." That was over 40 years ago. There is no such fraternal feeling among the members of the bar at the present time. Now, when I meet lawyers in the street, they stick their hands in their pockets and rushby with a look, that plainly says, "Bates wants to borrow my money or my watch." Brother Baxter knows that in those days opposing counsel never laid up anything against each other for what happened in the trial of a cause, for they then knew that the first element of a good lawyer was to be an accomplished gentleman. Fraternal courtesy should also mark the demeanor of judges upon the bench.

Admitted to the bar, I commenced to seek my fortune. I thought I had some elements of success, but I did not know then just what was in the future. Of course I can look back on some glorious old times—the days of "coon-skins and hard cider," for instance—but a great deal of the time I have been pulling against fate. I was advised by some to go to Chicago, for that was going to be a great city. Detroit was considered an old fogy town, made up of men like old Joe Campau. Joe died and left a fortune for the judges and lawyers to quarrel over, but the lawyers got most of his estate.

I determined to go to Chicago; and one beautiful Monday morning, in company with Major Bob Kinzie, a dashing army officer, our journey was begun. We had a splendid barouche, drawn by two fine horses, with two extra horses in case of emergency. A negro and an Indian accompanied us. We took the road for Ypsilanti The Indian got drunk and the negro let the horses run away and wreck the coach. We gathered up the odds and ends and reached Ypsilanti about midnight, where we camped until morning. Next day we reached Clinton, where we stayed all night with our friend King. On our journey we passed Blackmore's, about where the city of Hillsdale now stands. At Coldwater there was one house, kept by the old man Marsh. We passed through a splendid country in our journey, and when we came to those magnificent islands of timber on the prairie which formed a gothic door in the approach to Laporte I thought the beauty of the scene unsurpassed, and I wondered if this magnificent country would ever be occupied.

Finally, the next Saturday about 11 o'clock A. M. we reached Chicago. There we met Lieut. Kirby Smith, who was then stationed at Fort Dearborn. The entire population of the place consisted of 600 white people and over 6,000 Indians. The only hotel was kept by a half breed, Mark Beaubien, who told the truth when he said, "I keep hotel like the devil." For three weeks I staid in Chicago. The 6,000 Indians had been gathered there for treaty purposes. There was no school-house and no church. The site of the present magnificent city was an immense swamp, which looked as if civilization could never occupy it.

As I was there to seek my fortune I went to buy a lot, and finally selected one just a little below the old Tremont House, for which I paid $200. I then contracted with a man to build me a law office for $400 more. Had I taken a Rip Van Winkle sleep from that time to this, and never argued a case, I might now be a millionaire; but I did not, and I am only a widower. Thus we change!

After completing my purchase I decided to go to New York and buy a library. In company with Sheldon McKnight and Capt. Morrill, who was a member of the Fifth Infantry, I went down to Lake Michigan to take a boat, which was lying some distance from the shore. Capt. Morrill and Lieut. Kirby Smith were both killed while gallantly fighting under Gen. Worth at Molino Del Rey. The boat on which we took passage was called the Pioneer. She was very old and shaky, and there seemed a good chance to be shipwrecked. I did not believe there was any such fate in store for me as drowning, and so I took passage. We were nine hours in making the trip to St. Joseph. Capt. Wight wanted us to remain on his boat until morning; but I saw some clouds gathering in the northwest and I went to Sheldon McKnight and asked him if he didn't think it was going to blow. He thought it was, so we had Capt. Wight put us three ashore, and we landed in the sands at the mouth of the river. We walked up to the hotel, and during the night the Pioneer went to pieces, and there was not enough left of her to make a walking-stick. Capt. Wight got safely on shore after a narrow escape.

This same Capt. Wight knew something of the Michigan banks that our friend Gov. Felch has been talking about. Confidentially, Mr. Chairman and pioneers of Michigan, I knew a little myself about that Bank of Sandstone, and I also had a pocket-full of bills on the Bank of Flint. I remember perfectly well when the bankers used to say, "I wonder where Felch is to-night." He went down to Pontiac and examined $10,000 of specie, and before he got through his examination it counted for about $10,000,000. Now if the greenback and silver men want anybody to inflate the currency, they can't get a more efficient man to do the work than Gov. Felch.

We got on board a half-finished stern-wheel steamer, which was covered with carpenters and engineers. It was the first trip of the boat, and part of the time we were in the tops of basswood trees, 200 feet high, sometimes out on the prairies, and the rest of the time in the river. We reached Niles long after midnight. This was about June 6, 1834. We went up to the hotel. The moon was shining brightly, and when we went into the house I noticed two most beautiful girls. My hair curled in those days, and I was called a great lady's man. That was before I served under old Brigham. I asked Sheldon, "Who are those beautiful ladies?" "Why," he said, "they are the daughters of old Boyer." He had an Indian woman for a wife and a family of accomplished and beautiful children. I admired one of these girls greatly and told her so; but she thought I had better wait a while and be sure that I was correct. These girls were sent to France to be educated, and were presented to Queen Adelaide during Louis Phillipe's reign. Eleanor, the one I so greatly admired, entered afterward the convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at South Bend, where she still remains.

The next day we started on our journey. Shel. McKnight was driving and let the team run away. We finally got down to White Pigeon, where I found my old friend, Tom. Sheldon, selling lands by the thousands of acres. He had some of Luke Whitcomb's whisky. I remember that well. Finally we reached Detroit.

Now, then, comes in the moral. We were five long days in getting from St. Joseph to Detroit; but to-day, in palace cars as magnificent as any apartments of Queen Victoria, we can shoot across the continent in the same length of time. In this connection I might mention that in the summer of 1836, in Detroit, in the office of Bates & Tallbot, the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Company was organized. I was the first secretary, and my partner was the first treasurer. The amount subscribed was $100,000, and that magnificent gentleman, John Biddle headed the list.

I have traveled six different times by sea to California and back, and crossed the continent 26 times. I have crossed the stormy Atlantic and, weathered the terrific cape where two of our gallant steamers have lately been dashed to pieces. I have floated in a gorgeous palace down that tranquil sea, never disturbed by storms, from Panama to San Francisco; and in all my wanderings I have never forgotten my attachment for this beautiful peninsula. More than that, I have looked out from the first log house ever erected on beautiful Puget Sound, over that second Mediterranean Sea, where vessels can come square up to the dock in a hundred fathoms of water, and I have thought of my own pioneer home, washed by lakes Erie, Huron, Superior and Michigan.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE

(Continued from Page 92,

	NAMES.	Place of Birth.		Date of Birth.
		Town or Village.	State.	
304	Gilbert E. Read	Ludlow	Vermont	May 6, 1822
305	William Hazard	Nottawa	Michigan	Mar. 12, 1830
306	Alonzo Douglass		New York	Mar. 6, 1816
307	Calvin H. Starr	Utica	“	Mar. 6, 1812
308	Edmund Stears	Yorkshire	England	July 12, 1821
309	John Rutherford	Caledonia	New York	June 26, 1814
310	Daniel B. Harrington	Sodus	“	April 23, 1807
311	B. F. Partridge	Shelby	Michigan	April 19, 1822
312	Isaac F. Hollister	Sharon	Connecticut	Nov. 29, 1801
313	Mrs. Jane Pease Chapin	Livonia	New York	Mar. 31, 1814
314	Ralph Fowler	Trenton	“	Oct. 26, 1808
315	Samuel Chapin	Naples	“	June 7, 1819
316	Thomas Cornell	Eaton	“	Jan. 28, 1806
317	Michael Shoemaker	German Flatts	“	April 6, 1818
318	Columbus V. Tyler, M. D.	Auburn	“	Aug. 13, 1825
319	N. Knight	Otisfield	Maine	July 14, 1817
320	Sanford A. Yeomans	German Flatts	New York	Nov. 29. 1816
321	Oliver R. White	Peru	“	Feb. 15, 1831
322	Edwin G. Clark	Manlius	“	April 8, 1815
323	J. Eastman Johnson	Alstead	New Hampshire	Dec. 6, 1805
324	James W. Daly	Detroit	Michigan	May 18, 1836
325	W. C. Edsell	Pike	Pennsylvania	July 14, 1814
326	Joseph Guior	Frenchtown	Michigan	Sept. 4, 1812
327	Eunice J. (House) Porter	Moreau	New York	April 11, 1824
328	Alfred D. Hall	Byron	“	Jan. 6, 1824
329	William Chamberlain	Pembroke	New Hampshire	Feb. 7, 1834
330	Thomas Mars	Giles County	Virginia	May 4, 1829
331	Silas Ireland	Ross County	Ohio	Nov. 10, 1818
332	James B. Porter	Marcellus	New York	Sept. 7, 1824
333	Charles Mosher	Chatham	“	Jan. 2, 1822
334	Samuel W. Hill	Starksborough	Vermont	Nov. 6, 1815
335	Alonzo Sessions	Marcellus	New York	Aug. 4, 1810
336	D. C. Jacokes	Charlestown	“	April 5, 1810
337	Theodore H. Hinchman	Morris County	New Jersey	March 6, 1818
338	Edward Orr	Bedford	New Hampshire	Feb. 26, 1826
339	Charles Blunt Mills	Waterborough	Maine	May 5, 1823
340	Hiram W. Fuller	Sandusky	Ohio	Sept. 17, 1824
341	George C. Munroe	Selbridge	New York	Jan. 22, 1814
342	Washington S. Sawyer	Camden	“	Feb. 6, 1817
343	Henry Packer	Colchester	Connecticut	Nov. 1, 1840
344	Samuel Riblet	Erie	Pennsylvania	Feb. 22, 1811
345	Hardy J. Olds	Painesville	Ohio	Dec. 27, 1815
346	J. Wilkie Moore	Geneva	New York	May 13, 1814
347	Tolman W. Hall	Sudbury	Vermont	Sept. 1, 1805
348	James A. B. Stone	Piermont	New Hampshire	Oct. 28, 1810
349	E. J. Williams	Concord	Massachusetts	Feb. 7, 1802
350	M. Louise Miles Thayer	Homer	New York	Jan. 30, 1813
351	Abigail Rogers Piatt	Cornwell	Connecticut	Aug. 29, 1805
352	Henry Chamberlain	Pembroke	New Hampshire	March 17, 1824
353	Stephen Searles	Pittstown	New York	July 21. 1792
354	Alexander H. Morrison	Berthier	Quebec	Feb. 22, 1822
355	Hiram Brown	Summer Hill	New York	June 15, 1804
356	Taymour M. Winslow	Wales	“	Jan. 5, 1831
357	Joseph W. Brewer	Eight miles S. W. of Paris	Ky. (Bourbon Co)	June 27, 1814
358	George Duffield	Carlisle	Pennsylvania	Sept. 12, 1818
359	Caleb Clark	Landaff	New Hampshire	March 26, 1801
360	James V. Campbell	Buffalo	New York	Feb. 25, 1823
361	H. H. Riley	Great Barrington	Massachusetts	Sept. 1, 1813
362	S. C. Coffinbury	Lancaster	Ohio	Feb. 26, 1809
363	T. C. Carpenter	Delhi	New York	Feb. 19, 1835
364	J. G. Ramsdell	Plymouth	Michigan	Jan. 10, 1830
365	H. Crawford	Seneca	New York	Aug. 11, 1818
366	John J. Bush	Danby	“	Aug. 10, 1833
367	E. G. D. Holden	Kirkland	Ohio	Feb. 18, 1834
368	Isaac D. Toll	Glenville	New York	Dec. 1, 1818
369	George Henry Greene	Monguagon (Gross Isle)	Michigan	Oct. 12, 1836

STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Pioneer Collections, Vol. I.)

PLACE AND DATE OF FIRST RESIDENCE IN MICHIGAN.			PRESENT RESIDENCE.	
Town.	County.	Date.	P. O. Address.	County.
Richland	Kalamazoo	June 10, 1842	Richland	Kalamazoo.
Nottawa	St. Joseph	March 12, 1830	Centreville	St. Joseph.
Sturgis	"	April, 1832	Sturgis	"
Nottawa	"	September, 1837	Centreville	"
White Pigeon	"	July, ——	"	"
Nottawa	"	March, 1836	"	"
Port Huron	St. Clair	May, 1819	Port Huron	St. Clair.
Shelby	Macomb	April, 1822	Bay City	Bay.
Victor	Clinton	October, 1846	Laingsburgh	Shiawassee.
Vevay	Ingham	December, 1842	Vevay	Ingham.
Handy	Livingston	November, 1836	Fowlerville	Livingston.
Sylvan	Washtenaw	September, 1834	Marengo	Calhoun.
Easton	Ionia	November, 1833	Ionia	Ionia.
Michigan Centre	Jackson	September, 1842	Jackson	Jackson,
Detroit	Wayne	May, 1836	Bay City	Bay.
Avon	Oakland	June. 1829	"	"
Ionia	Ionia	May, 1833	Ionia	Ionia.
Clay Banks	Oceana	May, 1857	New Era	Oceana.
Detroit	Wayne	September, 1831	Clarkston	Oakland.
White Pigeon	St. Joseph	October, 1836	Centreville	St. Joseph.
Detroit	Wayne	May, 1836	Detroit	Wayne.
Olivet	Eaton	February, 1844	Otsego	Allegan.
Frenchtown	Monroe	September, 1812	Monroe	Monroe.
Otsego	Allegan	June, 1837	Lansing	Ingham.
Sheridan	Calhoun	July, 1845	Tecumseh	Lenawee.
New Buffalo	Berrien	October, 1843	Three Oaks	Berrien.
Berrien	"	April, 1830	Berrien	"
"	"	October, 1839	"	"
Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo	October, 1833	Lansing	Ingham.
Scipio	Hillsdale	May, 1830	Mosherville	Hillsdale.
E. River	Houghton	May 9, 1845	Marshall	Calhoun.
Ionia	Ionia	June, 1835	Berlin	Ionia.
Detroit	Wayne	June, 1827	Pontiac	Oakland.
"	"	June, 1836	Detroit	Wayne.
"	"	December 18, 1846	"	"
Vassar	Tuscola	April 5, ——	May (Fremont)	Tuscola.
Tecumseh	Lenawee	May 20, 1825	Jonesville	Hillsdale.
Jonesville	Hillsdale	August 20, 1834	"	"
Litchfield	"	September 15, 1842	"	"
Jonesville	"	May 26, 1835	"	"
Litchfield	"	May 20, 1834	Litchfield	"
Jonesville	"	October 13, 1830	Jonesville	"
Ann Arbor	Washtenaw	November 1, 1833	Detroit	Wayne.
Battle Creek	Calhoun	July 8, 1834	Battle Creek	Calhoun.
Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo	May 10, 1843	Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo.
Detroit	Wayne	October, 1815	Flint	Genesee.
Flint	Genesee	September, 1837	"	"
"	"	July, 1842	Lansing	Ingham.
New Buffalo	Berrien	October 7, 1843	Three Oaks	Berrien.
Charlotte	Eaton	October, 1838	St. Joseph	"
Mackinac	Mackinac	August, 1838	"	"
St. Joseph	Berrien	July 11, 1834	"	"
Charlotte	Eaton	October 26, 1840	"	"
Oronoko	Berrien	September, 1833	"	"
Detroit	Wayne	May, 1838	Lansing	Ingham.
Ann Arbor	Washtenaw	October, 1837	Ann Arbor	Washtenaw.
Detroit	Wayne	May, 1826	Detroit	Wayne.
Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo	April, 1842	Constantine	St. Joseph.
Nottawa	St. Joseph	October 10, 1843	"	"
"	"	November, 1836	Sturgis	"
Plymouth	Wayne	January, 1830	Traverse	Grand Traverse.
Farmington	Oakland	September 22, 1839	Lansing	Ingham.
Genoa	Livingston	June, 1836	"	"
Byron	Kent	October 25, 1845	Grand Rapids	Kent.
Centreville	St. Joseph	November 4, 1834	Fawn River	St. Joseph.
Mongaugon	Wayne	October 12, 1836	Lansing	Ingham.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE STATE

	NAMES.	PLACE OF BIRTH.		Date of Birth.
		Town or Village.	State.	
370	Ebenezer F. Wade	Franklin County	Massachusetts	May 30. 1810
371	J. B. Wheeler	Columbus	New York	Aug. 17, 1829
372	William W. Murphy	Bath	“	April 3, 1816
373	J. Q. A. Sessions	Lenox	“	Jan. 15, 1832
374	A. B. Chipman	Cornwall	Vermont	Dec. 27, 1812
375	Ezbon G. Fuller	Ferrisburgh	“	March 4, 1810
376	Henry Haynes	New Paltz	New York	Jan. 24, 1817
377	Henry E. Blackman	Aurora	Ohio	Jan. 6, 1820
378	James R. Rockwell	Scipio	“	Aug. 11, 1833
379	Japheth Cross	Portland	New York	July 7, 1810
380	Alex. Odren	Detroit	Michigan	Oct. 17, 1791
381	John J. Adam	Paisley.	Scotland	Oct. 30, 1807
382	C. B. Stebbins	Williamstown	Vermont	Feb. 17, 1812
383	Joseph W. Brown	Falls	Pennsylvania	Nov. 26, 1793
384	Cornelia M. Smith	Fairfield	Vermont	Aug. 22, 1820
385	Thomas B. Gilbert	Greenfield	Massachusetts	Dec. 13, 1815
386	Robert Hilton		Maine	Dec. 2, 1799
387	Francis B. Bangs	Stanford	New York	March 23, 1819
388	David B. Hale	West Windsor	Vermont	Feb. 14, 1820
389	Ezra F. Blood	Deering	New Hampshire	Oct. 28, 1797
390	Harriet Row	Sharon	Connecticut	March 7, 1810
391	Samuel H. Row	“	Michigan	March 10, 1840
392	Nelson B. Jones	New York City	New York	Oct. 22, 1835
393	John H. Forster	Erie	Pennsylvania	May 29, 1822
394	J. W. Post	Deckertown	New Jersey	March 25, 1822
395	Josiah Rhodes Holden	Groton	New Hampshire	Feb. 22, 1797
396	Joanna Reed Holden	Londonderry	“	March 10, 1800
397	J. D. Reeves	Minisink	New York	Aug. 25, 1818
398	Geo. Foote	Burlington	Vermont	May 4, 1818
499	Henry Ousterhout	Owasco	New York	March 15, 1816
400	Peter Lowe	Fallsburg	“	May 21, 1812
401	Daniel B. Briggs	Adams	Massachusetts	Feb. 13, 1829
402	Samuel F. Drury	Spencer	“	June 7, 1816
403	H. A. Atkins	Clarence	New York	Aug. 20, 1821
404	Harvey Morehouse	Livingston	New Jersey	Aug. 23. 1807
405	Mrs. Catharine Morehouse	Newark	“	Oct. 7, 1808
406	Mrs. Charles P. Bush	Charleston	New York	Dec. 28, 1808
407	George C. Bates	Canandaigua	“	March 15, 1814
408	Henry N. Lawrence	Genesee	“	Oct. 9, 1826

PIONEER SOCIETY.—(CONTINUED,)

PLACE AND DATE OF FIRST RESIDENCE IN MICHIGAN.			PRESENT RESIDENCE.	
Town.	County.	Date.	P. O. Address.	County.
Burns	Shiawassee	August 10, 1843	Corunna	Shiawassee.
Charleston	Oakland	Nov. 15, 1836	“	“
Monroe	Monroe	October, 1835	Jonesville	Hillsdale.
Northfield	Washtenaw	———, 1834	Ann Arbor	Washtenaw.
Superior	“	November, 1833	Owosso	Shiawassee.
Coldwater	Branch	May 21, 1837	Coldwater	Branch.
“	“	May 30, 1836	“	“
Gun Plain	Allegan	January 31, 1839	Trowbridge	Allegan.
Trowbridge	“	October 2, 1847	“	“
Logan	Lenawee	September 10, 1836	Adrian	Lenawee.
Detroit	Wayne	October 17, 1791	California	Branch.
Clinton	Lenawee	September 30, 1831	Tecumseh	Lenawee.
Palmyra	“	August 7, 1837	Lansing	Ingham.
Tecumseh	“	June 2, 1824	Tecumseh	Lenawee.
Jackson	Jackson	January, 1832	Mason	Ingham.
Grand Haven	Ottawa	June 10, 1835	Grand Rapids	Kent.
Detroit	Wayne	———, 1831	“	“
Tecumseh	Lenawee	September, 1828	Lansing	Ingham.
Tyler	Eaton	May, 1844	Hamlin	Eaton.
Tecumseh	Lenawee	June 10, 1824	Tecumseh	Lenawee.
Sharon	Washtenaw	September, 1831	Lansing	Ingham.
“	“	March 10, 1841	“	“
Jackson	Jackson	October, 1836	“	“
Detroit	Wayne	May, 1843	Williamstown	“
Dansville	Ingham	May, 1847	Lansing	“
Byron	Kent	October 25, 1845	Grand Rapids	Kent.
“	“	October 25, 1845	“	“
Lima	Washtenaw	October, 1837	Lansing	Ingham.
Detroit	Wayne	May 19, 1836	Detroit	Wayne.
Ann Arbor	Washtenaw	Nov. 9, 1824	Duplain	Clinton.
“	“	September 1, 1824	Mason	Ingham.
Romeo	Macomb	March 11, 1854	Romeo	Macomb.
Otsego	Allegan	October, 1838	Olivet	Eaton.
Locke	Ingham	April 10, 1842	Locke	Ingham.
Lansing	“	October 14, 1848	Lansing	“
“	“	October 14, 1848	“	“
Handy	Livingston	June 1, 1837	“	“
Detroit	Wayne	May 13, 1833	Detroit	Wayne.
Quincy	Branch	June, 1837	Lansing	Ingham.

REPORTS OF COUNTIES, TOWNS, AND DISTRICTS.

BRANCH COUNTY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE IN BRANCH COUNTY. BY HENRY N. LAWRENCE.

[Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Society, February 7th, 1878.]

Mr. President, and Members of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan:

My apology for appearing before you with a paper this afternoon is this: I had earnestly solicited the attendance at this meeting, of one of the pioneers of Branch county, and being disappointed in not meeting him, I present in brief some facts furnished by him, mingled with recollections of my own boyhood days.

Early in the winter of 1835–6, Mr. James H. Lawrence, of Geneseo, Livingston county, N. Y., found himself prospecting for a farm and future home in what is now known as the southern tier. Coldwater, now the county seat of Branch county, was then but a small settlement of pioneers, with ten or a dozen indifferent dwellings, a tavern, a rickety saw mill, with a store or two, and an Indian trading post on the bank of the river from which the place derives its name.

The then broad prairie in township six south, range six west, was swept by the wintry winds, and covered by the drifted snow, blown hither and thither by the northern blasts. Making his way south and east from this point, he, with a companion, stuck their stake, and felled the first tree in township eight south, range five west; and working with a will, could only manage to roll together logs for a cabin ten by twelve feet in size ere night came, and when as yet the hut was but four logs high, throwing a rude covering over these, and cutting with their jack-knives some of the wild marsh grass for a bed, they turned in, and, building a fire in one corner, sat down to cook their rations.

He thus writes me of this incident: "Seated on a log with our feet on the ground, and cracks in our house on either side, through which you might throw a good sized dog; while we were cooking our rations on a forked stick, a voice from without startled us, as if it had come from the ground or the air. We knew not whence that sound was brought from, for we knew of no human being within six miles of us. After we had recovered from our fright we inquired who's there? The voice replied, "Friends." We said, "Come in." They did so, as did the friends of the palsied one, by uncovering the roof and letting themselves down in our midst. We had as yet no door to our house. We found they were Asahel Brown and Nathan Austin, a couple of land lookers, who had heard of our venture, and taking our tracks had followed us in. We spent the evening pleasantly, talking of game, and range, and quarter sections, and then lay down and slept soundly in our prairie grass bed. Morning came, and our guests left us, and Mr. Brown was fortunate enough to find one of the best locations of the county a few miles from us."

There are many incidents of that "first stern winter," which, if narrated, would sound strangely to-day.

On one occasion, when our provisions ran low, and we were out of bread, and our nearest neighbors were six miles away, we bethought ourselves of a quantity of buckwheat flour that ran out of a bag that fell from the top of our load as the team ran violently down a steep place, while we were hurrying after nightfall to our destination, and where we hastily threw the bag back upon the load and kept on our way regardless of what ran out. When we afterwards were in want, we were very glad to come back and gather it up after it had lain three weeks on the ground. The winter rains had coated the flour with a covering of paste, and we found the major part of the pile in good preservation, which we gathered as carefully as if it had been manna or gold dust. The potatoes we brought with us were frozen as hard as "*gun stones*," but we found that heaping coals of fire on them was as good a way for us to obtain bread as heaping them on an enemy's head. Twice we went six miles to get a loaf of bread, wading through swamps and marshes, and frightening the deer from their hiding places in our route.

In the spring we went ten miles through an unbroken forest to attend "town meeting" when the three townships, Quincy, Algansee and California, were under one jurisdiction.

We have still living the man (then a stripling in his teens, now a gray-haired sire of near three score years), who drove the first team of oxen and horses into the township, drawing provisions a distance of seventy miles for the family that was expected in the spring. Driving the first yoke of oxen drawing a sled load of household furniture—and such a load as that was when it reached its destination. There were chairs with broken backs, and chairs without backs; chairs with broken legs, and chairs with no legs; tables with the leaves torn off, and other household goods broken, bruised and marred; for we had driven that load ten miles over a road never before traveled, following a devious Indian trail, from which neither a tree or log had ever been moved; and though we did not "wade knee deep in gore" to do it, we did wade more than knee deep in mud and water, fording streams and marshes, driving over logs from twelve to eighteen inches through, which we could not move or get around.

It was in the month of November, 1835, that Israel R. Hall, from Ontario county, N. Y., located 640 acres of government land on sections 3, 4, 9 and 10, township 8 south, range 5 west, which location soon became known as "Hall's Corners." It was to this location that he moved with his family in the spring of 1836, leaving the cultured society of Canandaigua for the privations of the pioneer. Mr. Samuel Beach, from Saline, Mich., formerly from Geneseo, N. Y., with his family, were now here on section 4, and when, in the summer of 1837, they were joined by the two families of Col. Joseph W. Lawrence, Sr., and Joseph W. Lawrence, Jr., (the last named the honored father of your reader), the four families were a social community bound together by kindred ties. They brought with them from Western New York a Bible Christianity, and a love of the Sabbath and its institutions. From Sabbath to Sabbath the families gathered together under one roof, and led by the aged colonel, the patriarch of the settlement, their service of prayer and praise with the reading of a sermon from the "National Preacher." made to our little band, "the Sabbath a delight," and the surrounding settlements, pointing to this one, styled it "the Holy Land." The aged father rests at last, and his memory is blessed. Many of those early settlers have passed to "that bourne from which no traveler returns," but a goodly company yet remains to contrast the things that are with the things that were. The brothers, Joseph W. and James H. Lawrence, still occupy land on section 10, in the township of California, which they began to cultivate in 1837.

Your reader (the writer) well remembers the first *school ma'am* who taught in the township, Miss Sarah L. Beach, now the honored wife of Mr. Benj. Holcomb, of Fremont, Ind. I have in my mind's eye a picture of the double log house, in one apartment of which she gathered the urchins. Built of rough unhewn logs, and cobbed to the ridge, and covered over with shakes weighted down with poles, its floor of split basswood puncheons, and its furniture of the most primitive kind. The seats were slabs with two inch pegs for support, and the desks were of the same character, supported against the wall on pins driven into the logs of the house. The house itself was built by Mr. Ira Purdy in the spring of 1836, and Miss Beach opened her school therein in the fall of 1837. The next year logs were drawn together for a school building, but an accident to Mr. William Beach at the raising dispersed the company, and for a time the work was abandoned. Subsequently the site was changed and a house built of whitewood logs, hewn outside and inside, was erected in School District *No. One*, the lath for the ceiling being split of oak by Mr. Samuel Beach, the first justice of the peace in the township.

In this house the Rev. Louis Mills preached many times, and his son, Joseph Mills, Esq. (well known here in Lansing, and now deceased), when but sixteen years of age taught his first winter school.

When, in the summer of 1837, Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence came with his family to reside at the corners, he paid 20s. per bushel for oats to feed his team; and leaving the Chicago turnpike at Allen's prairie, and after fording Hog creek, the water of which came into our wagon-box, we reached Long lake, and camped down on its bank for the night. The next morning, putting the two span of horses before the covered wagon, and getting an early start, the long day in June was spent in toiling through the woods to our destination, but ten miles from our resting place of the previous night, and the sun was just sinking in the west when we climbed the hill on the north line of section ten.

So crooked was the road in places, at one of the sudden turns the near wheel horse was drawn by the leaders over a sapling large enough for a hand-spike, and the poor beast was almost lifted from the ground by its upward spring.

One of the early settlers in this township yet lives to tell of a night in the woods: Mrs. John W. Harris, in looking for her cows late one afternoon lost her way, and hardly had night settled down upon her when she heard the howl of the "gaunt and hungry wolf," which was answered by another and another—nearer, and yet nearer they came, until she was obliged to climb a tree for safety, and all night long they kept up their frightful, unearthly, hideous howling; enough to curdle one's blood when heard at a distance, and yet they were even just beneath her feet. Wolves to the right of her, and wolves to the left of her, and wolves beneath her chill hiding place, made the long, weary hours of that night anxious ones to her; while fighting among themselves they thirsted for her blood. She passed the night securely, though terribly frightened, and when morning dawned, her cowardly enemies slunk away to hide in the dark recesses of the forest, far from the abodes of men, and she came down from her perch and soon heard the welcome horns and shouts of her friends who turned out to look for her. She was in a sorry plight, and her morning *toilette* was far from suitable to the present day, as indeed the echoes of the previous night were widely different from the music of a modern serenade.

There yet lives also in this township one of her hardy pioneers, who was, even when he located there, a veteran, scarred in the war of 1812. Mr. Alexander Odren, (or Odrian, as sometimes written). *Uncle Alec*, as he is familiarly styled, was at Malden and saw the treachery and horrid butchery by the Indians at that place, and also, was engaged in the naval conflict on lake Erie, where brave Perry so nobly commanded. His recital of the thrilling incidents of that event is of deepest interest, and unlettered as he is, his words still confirm the narrative of the historian. He says he saw the brave commodore leave his ship after it had been dismantled, and with the gallant remnant of his crew, in an open boat, pull for the Niagara, half a mile away, and this in full view of the whole British fleet; and when the daring commodore brought all his vessels into action he made warm work for the enemy.

Uncle Alec was himself taken by a British press-gang and carried on board a British vessel and compelled to fight against his country on that occasion. He had charge of a twenty-four pounder, and of the nine men necessary to man her, only two were left at the close of the action, and one of these was shot through an arm. The waters of the lake were dyed with the blood of the hostile crews, as it poured from the sides of the riddled ships, and the crimson wake of the vessels could be seen for a long distance. He states that one of the vessels attempting to escape in the twilight, a thirty-two pound shot was sent after it, which, striking in the stern, traveled the entire length of her deck, convincing her commander that discretion was the better part of valor.

Uncle Alec was taken prisoner with the rest, but was soon released by an American officer who knew him, and he came back to "Te troit" in time to see the first brick house that was built there, and remembers seeing the first steamboat that navigated the Detroit river. His life has been an eventful one, and one of toiling industry. He is the father of eleven children—seven boys and four girls—all living but one. The missing one went to the field in defense of the "Stars and Stripes," was made color-bearer, and in one of the hotly contested engagements in Virginia, when his comrades were falling around him, and he was told to run, refused to turn his back to the "*rebs*," or trail his colors in the dust. He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. A son of the color-bearer, and grandson of Uncle Alec, was with Custer, and by him detailed to guard the train when that lamented officer made his final charge into the valley of death.

BERRIEN COUNTY.

NOTES, ADDITIONAL TO AN ARTICLE ON NEW BUFFALO, BY HENRY BISHOP, ON PAGE 125 OF VOL. I., PIONEER COLLECTIONS. READ FEBRUARY 7TH, 1878.

When we first arrived on the town plat, we found two Indian wigwams at the foot of what afterwards became Whitaker avenue. When the village plat had been surveyed and staked off, the Indians removed their wigwams outside of the village limits, and never after intruded on what they realized were the white man's rights.

When we reflect on the sudden manner that they were compelled to leave a favorite resort of a lifetime, where, from an opening of the matting composing the covering of their wigwam they shot the wild duck, and by gill-net across the river caught the finest of fish, and where muskrat abounded in great numbers, and in the surrounding forest deer and wild game were plenty, we can seem to realize the bitter disappointment it must have been to them to be thus suddenly deprived of this, to them, so desirable a locality. The town for some time remained attached to Niles. Fortunately the first inhabitants were peaceably disposed, and we found no use for township officers until we became an organized township in A. D. 1836.

The first criminal arrested by the newly elected officers was a young man traveling through the county, and paying expenses with counterfeit money. He was examined before a J. P., found guilty, and committed to the county jail at Berrien for trial. The officer who was selected to take him to Berrien allowed the prisoner to mount a fine blooded mare of his own, while he himself mounted a sorry looking old horse. A number of the citizens had congregated in front of the Goodrich Hotel to see them off. The prisoner, when ready for a start, turned to the assembled citizens, raised his hat, thanked them for their attention, said he had seen all he wished of New Buffalo, put spurs to his horse and started on the run, with the officer in hot pursuit, but only making about one mile to the prisoner's three.

And that was the last we ever saw of the prisoner, but not the last of being heard from. In starting so suddenly his saddle-bags slipped off, and on his arrival at Adrian, where he claimed to have arrived the next evening, 150 miles, he wrote to his attorney to forward his saddle-bags to that place, where he then felt as safe from being re-arrested as he would now be in Europe. We lost the prisoner, but he forfeited his saddle-bags.

The town proved a very unhealthy place for the first two or three years; nearly every inhabitant had either the fever and ague or chill fever. The first death was a Mr. Cummings. Nearly all recovered after the first few frosty nights, and then came the voracious Michigan appetite, and the capacity of the stomach to hold food seemed to be doubled.

The town sprang into note as if by magic, and the way it got its start may not be uninteresting to the reader. It happened thus: In the fall of 1834 the schooner Post Boy, then commanded by Wessel Whitaker, was driven on shore at Michigan City, and lost. The captain had to make the trip to St. Joseph to report her situation to the custom house and to the underwriters, and, to get there, rode on the beach of the lake on horseback, and had to cross the mouth of the Galien River, which he conceived would make a better harbor than Michigan City. So, after accomplishing the business that took him to St. Joseph, he found a few jovial companions and went to playing poker, and in the morning found himself the winner of money enough to enter one hundred acres of land, which he lost no time in doing, returning by way of White Pigeon for that purpose. He died a poor man.

The growth of the place was rapid the first year; and to show the number of strangers constantly visiting the place, the following novel bet was made by Capt. Whitaker and Mr. N. Willard, proprietor of unsold lots: Capt. W. bet $30 against an old horse owned by Mr. Willard that the town would be visited within the next twenty-four hours by as many as eighty strangers. The bet was won by Capt. Whitaker, and the old horse was given to a Dr. Pierce, the first M. D.

Every one was then happy at the prospects ahead, but the tide soon turned, and most of the first settlers either had to go to work and procure a living from the sale of wood and timber, and from the cultivation of the soil, or leave for a more prosperous locality.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

HISTORY OF CALHOUN COUNTY—COMPILED BY DOCTOR O. C. COMSTOCK, OF MARSHALL.

A little over 80 years since this region of country was surrendered by treaty with the Indians to the government of the United States. In 1830 the land was offered for sale. The county of Calhoun was laid off and its boundaries fixed by statute, approved October 29, 1829, and the township of Green established therein, including also the counties of Eaton and Branch. The first town meeting of the said township of Green was held (if held at all), at the house of one Jabez Bronson, in said town, agreeably to act, approved November 3d, 1829. The record of said meeting, and indeed the residence of Mr. Bronson, is unknown to the writer. The seat of justice for the county of Calhoun was established by Thomas Rowland, Roger Sprague and Joseph Torry, who decided "upon a point in the line dividing sections 25 and 26, in town two, south of range six west, on or very near the centre of the west half of the northwest quarter of section 26, being northeast, distant about three miles from the geographical centre of the county." This was proclaimed and established by the governor, (G. B. Porter), October 17th, 1831. The county is centrally located, and is eminently a first-class agricultural district. Wheat is the staple product, but all the coarser grains are grown in great perfection, including also roots grasses, and fruits. Wool, especially the finer grades, is produced here as cheaply as in any part of the northwest, and commands as high a price. The surface of the county is undulating. The soil ranges all the way from very good to poor. Some portions of every town are highly productive, and that I have designated as poor is but a small fraction of the whole. The soil may be said to be a sandy loam, abounding in lime and humus, with a substratum of porous sand-rock. This species of rock, while readily admitting the passage of water through it, also retains a large amount, so that the necessary moisture of the superincumbent soil always insures good crops. This characteristic of the substratum renders under-draining less efficacious and necessary than where the soil rests upon a hard-pan, composed of a cementing clay and coarse gravel. Just here let me say, that I use the term "less efficacious and necessary" as diminishing the degree of necessity, for in my judgment all our lands would be more easily and thoroughly worked, and with more remunerative crops, if under-draining was universally practiced. The climate is changeable—often sudden and extreme changes occur in a short period of time, and yet this county compares favorably as to its productiveness and general health with her sister counties, and with other regions in the same latitude. In its primeval state it is said to have been surpassingly beautiful. In the spring and summer the whole landscape was an unbroken sea of grass and flowers.

The territorial road was laid through this county, and has in the past, particularly, been of incalculable convenience and advantage both to the settler and passing emigrant. Covered wagons literally whitened its entire length from 1832 to 1837. Many exceedingly interesting anecdotes are told of the log way-side taverns, with their rude and limited accommodations—such as meat without bread or vegetables, pounded corn and milk, and not unfrequently milk without other accompaniments, provided the traveler could wait till the cow could be hunted up and milked. The finding of the cow was often a labor of doubt and time, as the extensive pastures of the township of Green embraced what is now known as the counties of Calhoun, Branch, Eaton, St. Joseph, and some *terra incognita* lying north of Eaton. I think crossing streams and marshes, unbridged as they chiefly were, afforded some amusement and variety. Stringers were thrown across the streams and then covered with round logs or poles, which, as they were not fastened and usually afloat, afforded a very insecure foothold for man or beast. George

Ketchum wrote to a friend, April 27th, 1831, as follows: "I started from Ann Arbor Friday, 12 o'clock, for Calhoun, with two wagons, two yoke of oxen, two cows, one calf, seven men and one woman and child. The distance to Calhoun is 65 miles from this place, (Ann Arbor) through marshes and creeks. The road otherwise is good. We crossed one large marsh where we had to carry all our things on our backs for the distance of 80 rods, in water knee deep. The oxen we drove over singly, and one broke through the bog and we worked two hours to get him out, with chains under him and around his horns, and it was as much as eight men could do to get him over, the ground was so soft."

The Calhoun County Bank was incorporated in 1836, with a capital stock of $100,000. Its first, and possibly its only president was Sidney Ketchum. Although this, like most other banks incorporated at that time, succumbed to the stringency of the times incident to and inseparable from the subsidence of the spirit of speculation which prevailed all over the United States. It had been of great value to the business men of the town and country, in enabling them to complete many valuable enterprises, and its ultimate failure was very much deplored. Bills of this bank, I am told, passed currently "down south" during the rebellion.

There are twenty towns and two cities in the county, and their names and date of organization are as follows:

Marshall, extending over the entire county in	1832
Battle Creek, (formerly Milton),	1833
Marengo,	1833
Homer,	1834
Athens,	1835
Sheridan,	1836
Eckford,	1836
Tekonsha,	1836
Burlington,	1837
Albion,	1837
Convis,	1837
Fredonia,	1838
Clarendon,	1838
LeRoy,	1838
Newton,	1838
Penfield,	1838
Emmett,	1838
Lee,	1840
Clarence,	1840
Bedford,	1838

City of Battle Creek, four wards.

City of Marshall, four wards.

Albion, in the towns of Albion and Sheridan, and Homer, in the town of Homer, are incorporated villages.

October 17th, 1831, Calhoun county was declared a township of the name of Marshall, and the first township meeting was ordered held at the school-house in the village of Marshall on the first Tuesday in September, 1832, agreeably to act, approved June 29th, 1832. The record of that meeting cannot be found. The presumption is that no meeting was held, or if held, its proceedings were deemed of too little importance to be made a matter of record in any documentary form. On the first day of April, 1833, the "annual meeting of the electors of the town of Marshall was held in the school-house of the village of Marshall." Andrew L. Hays was chosen moderator, and Ellsworth Burnet clerk. As being historically interesting to the people of the county, the names of the first office-holders in the town of Marshall, (county of Calhoun *de facto*), are hereby given:

Henry Cook, supervisor; Marvin Preston, town clerk; Samuel Camp, Ellsworth Burnet, Robert McCully, assessors; Andrew L. Hays, constable and collector; Sidney Ketchum, poor-master; John Kennada, Isaac E. Crary, Stephen Kimball, common school commissioners; Thomas J. Hurlbut, path-master; Milton Barney, Solon Davis, Solomon M. Allen, school inspectors; John G. Bean, pound-master; William Brown, Stephen Kimball, Barnas Kennada, fence-viewers.

It was "resolved at this meeting that the sum of one dollar be paid for the head of each wolf that may be killed in this town during the ensuing year."

It was also "resolved that the sum of four hundred dollars be raised and applied for opening and repairing roads."

In July, 1833, an election was held in this town for the election of delegates to Congress from the Territory of Michigan, which resulted as follows, to wit:

Austin E. Wing received	5 votes.
William Woodbridge received	3 votes.
Lucius Lyon received	11 votes.

On the same day an election was held for the election of a member to represent the sixth district in the next legislative council with the following result:

William H. Welch received	4 votes.
Elias B. Sherman received	2 votes.
Calvin Britian received	2 votes.

All of which is duly certified by

SIDNEY KETCHUM,
MARVIN PRESTON,
SAMUEL CAMP,
ELLSWORTH BURNET,
Inspectors.

The town records for the balance of the year 1833 show the faithfulness, and the amount of labor performed by the commissioners of highways in establishing roads. This was a work requiring good judgment and a firm purpose to serve the general public. The names of these excellent commissioners are indelibly written in the good and judiciously laid-out roads of this town, which, be it remembered, comprised the county of Calhoun. As the towns of Milton and Marengo were organized in 1833, no further mention of the town of Marshall will be made in this place.

The flood of emigration continued in a healthy and continuous stream to pour into this county, up to 1836, when it became a tidal wave, absorbing most of the desirable public lands, and infusing into the population a spirit of enterprise, which contributed largely to the development of the country in a marvelously short period. The truth of history however, compels the admission that some of the schemers of that period were visionary, at least visionary at that time. The charters of railroads to and from towns having an existence mainly upon paper, and the charters of banks of large capital for the transaction of the prospective business of those towns, may be mentioned as confirming the remark above made. According to the highly finished plats of Battle Creek, also of Marshall, they were each at the head of steamboat navigation on the Kalamazoo River, and Bellevue was at the head of steamboat navigation on "Battle Creek River." That there might be no detention of passengers at Marshall, after the completion of the Marshall and Allegan Railroad cushions were purchased for the passenger cars, by a very sanguine gentleman who was largely interested in lands at both termini of this road, and who, no doubt, firmly believed in its speedy construction.

The first suit at law in this county was before Isaac E. Crary, justice of the peace. The litigants were Peter Chisholm vs. George Ketcham, being an account of furnishing a saw-mill saw.

The first male white child born in this county is supposed to have been a son of Dr. Hays, long since deceased; and the first female white child, the daughter of Thomas Chisholm, also deceased. The first minister of the gospel entitled to mention as a man of the county, was the Rev. Calvin Clark, who came into this state in 1835, and whose parish included not only Calhoun county, but parts adjacent. He still lives and labors in the work of the ministry to great acceptability and profit. His long and holy life commends him to the love and confidence of every one who has the happiness of his acquaintance. His present residence is the city of Marshall, but his field is the state. In this connection an extract from a paper read before the Pioneer Society of Detroit by the Rev. O. C. Thompson, so far as it relates to his entry into Calhoun county, is deemed entirely pertinent:

"West of Jackson it was next to impossible to distinguish the main road from the Indian trails and paths of new settlers. I came at last to the openings and was obliged to make my dinner that day on raw turnips, growing in a deserted homestead. Late in the afternoon of the second day's tramp I entered a ten mile woods, beyond which I was told were accommodations for travelers. The sky was overcast with clouds, and soon the rain began to fall; before I had half accomplished my task, the night set in fearfully dark and gloomy; the stillness was broken only by the howling of wolves. I began to feel that my situation was anything but pleasant, and might be sadly disastrous, and quickened my steps. Just then the noise of wagons and teamsters on the road before me was a glad and welcome sound. It proved to be several families of emigrants like myself bound for that same house of entertainment beyond the woods. Among these were the Rev. J. D. Pierce and family. His wife, whom he had recently married, a highly intelligent lady from a wealthy family in the State of New York, was sitting in her silks in an open ox wagon drenched to the skin with the falling rain. Misery sometimes likes company, and I took such a liking to that company that dark night, that I determined not to leave them. The road was bad, and it seemed to me that oxen never went so slow before. Late in the evening we saw the light of the long-looked-for tavern as it shone through the chinks of the logs—a sight most welcome to us all. Our caravan halted before the door; only there was no door there, a blanket being where the door should be. The shanty was only partly covered with shakes; the rain pouring down at one end; a cook-stove stood on the ground in the middle of it. This was soon put in requisition, and the coarse fare was a sensible relief to us weary and hungry mortals. After this we prepared to retire for the night, but where to retire was the question. If there had been a garret or a cellar, we might have retired, and either would have afforded some relief. Some of the women of the company packed themselves away on the bedstead, others under it, on the ground, their husbands next; and the rest of us occupied a little more than all the dry ground in the shanty. Sleep soon came to the relief of the weary bodies, at least it was so with one of the company. The morning came; one of those dark, gloomy fall mornings; the rain was still falling. We made another requisition on the potato pile and the pork barrel, after which Mrs. Pierce sang beautifully, as few persons can sing, "Home, Sweet Home," then turned her face to the wall and wept. Poor woman, the next summer she fell a victim to the cholera.

In the course of the forenoon the rain ceased and we made preparation to move on as far as Marshall, six miles distant. And here another adventure impressed itself upon my mind. I undertook to put on my boots, which the good woman of the house had placed near the stove the night before, and the more I tried the farther I seemed to be from the accomplishment of my object. Either my feet had swollen by the severe hardship to which they had been subjected the day before, or my boots had shrunk, or both, and I was attempting an impossibility. I pulled at the straps till my fingers had no strength left in them. In my grief I cried out, "What shall I do?" I was fifty miles from a shoemaker, or any place where I could provide for my understanding. Among the company there chanced to be a genius. He advised me to take off the fat fried out of the pork and thoroughly baste the heal of my stocking and the inside of my boot. This was a success. In went my foot and on went my boot. That day we reached Marshall, consisting then of one log house and another in the process of erection. A few emigrants had planted themselves on the beautiful and fertile farming lands in that vicinity. The next day being the Sabbath we had public worship. A young methodist clergyman by the name of Pilcher, preached in the morning, and Rev. J. D. Pierce, one of our company, in the afternoon. These meetings were held in the unfinished log house of Mr. Geo. Ketchum.

On Monday morning I resumed my journey on foot, and alone, and before breakfast reached Battle Creek, without seeing a house or seeing a person. The creek was then as now, only larger; but the beautiful town was *non est.* One single log house, in the process of being built by a Mr. Stoddard, marked the spot of the future city. Here I took breakfast before crossing the river. It is said that a bath immediately after eating is unhealthy. I don't know about that. I took a bath after eating that morning, and I have lived more than forty years since. The stream was swollen by the recent rains, to full banks; no bridge, no boat, and too deep, in most places, to ford. The icicles were hanging from the bushes on the banks. Mr. Stoddard pointed out the shallowest spot and the only fording place; so, holding my clothes high over my head with both hands, I waded chin deep to the other shore, where I hastily made my toilet, and pursued my journey."

The Calhoun County Agricultural Society is believed to have been among the first and most useful organized in the state, upon a permanent basis. An unsuccessful attempt to create a popular sentiment among the farmers, which should induce them to associate for the objects involved in the present Agricultural Society, was made two or three years prior to 1847, when the present society was organized. Since that period it has held annual meetings, with increasing profit and pleasure, not only to farmers but to the community generally. It has excited and diffused a healthy rivalry among its members, and has also awakened a kindly spirit which has resulted in better and more general acquaintance and good will. Conservatories and parterres of handsome flowers and plants, adorn many houses and yards, and a vastly higher type of cattle, horses and sheep, and, indirectly, a richer and more showy turn-out, are the outgrowths of this Society. It is a stimulous to labor, to refinement and to the beautiful. Our citizens generally look forward to these annual meetings with unalloyed pleasure; indeed our fair days are, by common consent, given up to social enjoyment with old friends, and to the formation of new and pleasant acquaintances. The meetings are always held on its spacious grounds in the City of Marshall, where permanent and tasteful buildings have been erected.

The Farmers' Fire Insurance Co. of the County of Calhoun was organized April 7th, 1862. At the first annual meeting there were 164 members, and the value of all the property insured amounted to $190,890. No loss by fire having occurred, there was in the hands of the secretary $46.37. The annual report, made as by law required to the secretary of State, Jan'y 23d, 1863, gives the whole number of members as 161, and the value of property insured by the company as $189,940. Received on admission of members $310.69; incidental expenses, $268.41; cash in hands of secretary, $42.28. The first loss sustained by the company was the burning of two barns and sheds, estimated at $1,100. Amount paid as mutually agreed upon, $930. The number of members has increased year by year, until it nearly reaches 3,000, and the value of property insured exceeds six and a half millions of dollars. The company insures no property within the limits of any city or incorporated village. The officers of the company are required to present their claims against the company certified under oath. The entire business of this company is mainly conducted by the secretary and the board of directors, at an expense annually falling below $2,000. The prompt and fair adjustment of all losses has long since dispelled all doubts of the feasibility of a cheap and safe mutual protection association. The officers of the company have always been among the solid men of the county, who have cheerfully and almost gratuitously given to it their time and attention. ———Withee, Esq., is the present energetic secretary.

For most of the facts connected with the history of the judiciary of this county, I avail myself of the address delivered by the Hon. George Woodruff, at the formal opening of the lately erected court house.

The first circuit judge appointed for the entire state out of Wayne county was Hon. W. A. Fletcher, who held his first term in this county at the school-house above mentioned, in the month of November, 1833, Judge Eleazer McCamley as associate judge; Charles D. Smith being clerk, and Harris C. Goodrich, Sheriff. It would seem that the sheriff had not reached the skill attending his subsequent efforts in running down jurymen, inasmuch as for that or for some other reason not explained, a quorum of grand jurors did not attend, and the few that attended were discharged. No case, civil or criminal, was tried at that term. At the next term, held in May, 1834, the first jury cause in this court was tried; the parties being Randall Hobart, plaintiff, and George Ketchum, defendant; both of these early pioneers, with the same spirit of enterprise which brought them here, long since crossed the plains to the Pacific slope, in pursuit of a better land, which it is hoped they have found at last beyond the confines of this contentious sphere.

Judge Fletcher continued to preside in this court, holding two terms in a year till November, 1836, when he was succeeded by Hon. Epaphroditus Ransom, who had been appointed under the state government, which took its practical date from that of the conditional act of admission into the Union, June 15th, 1836, although the state was not actually and formally admitted until January, 26, 1837, so that the court and judge might be regarded as coming somewhat by anticipation. A rebellion, however, against the actual government, and especially against the judge, would have proved indiscreet if not unprosperous, so far as he was concerned, for he was a man of powerful frame and formidable aspect, yet he was a kindly and social man, a respectable but not a learned lawyer, and an impartial judge; his weight of character and sterling qualities were subsequently acknowledged by the people, by electing him (I will not say promoting) to the governorship of the state. Judge Ransom presided here for about seven years, that is, until after May term, 1843; his successor was Alpheus Felch, now of Ann Arbor, who needs not the humble tribute of my obscure applause.

The few now left of his cotemporaries of other days will join with me in wishing that he may long survive yet to shed honor upon a profession which, under a great physical disadvantage, he still pursues. Executive or senatorial honors, even as they were won by him, are not needed to support his recognition as yet a pillar of the state.

Judge Felch presided here for only two years, and was succeeded by Hon. Geo. Miles, from November 3d, 1836, to August 14th, 1850—about fourteen years. During this interval Hon. George Woodruff was (in his own words) engaged in an unequal contest in endeavoring to administer justice under the county court system, which was finally, under the unwise and passionate opposition of the leading members of the bar of the state, pushed to the wall by the revised constitution of 1850.

Mr. Gibbs, reporter, says: "The reported opinions of Judge Miles are noticeable for their ability, conciseness and close adherence to the points involved, bearing in these particulars a great resemblance to the decisions in the early New York reports." Judge Miles was a man of commanding personal appearance, and presided on the bench with great dignity. He possessed an exalted character, and was entrusted and esteemed by all. His last entry on the journal is in a hesitating hand, and the entry is, that a jury trial was broken off by the sickness of the judge. He lived but a few days thereafter, I think. He was succeeded by Hon. Abner Pratt, who was appointed to the vacancy, and succeeded Judge Miles in January, 1850.

He had strong native sense and much experience, and was a most efficient prosecuting attorney in the county of Monroe, in the state of New York, before coming into this county, where he at once took high rank in a bar which, at that time, was composed of Crary, Bradley, Hughes, Gibbs and others. Judge Woodruff remarks of Judge Pratt, that men of his strong attachments and strong antipathies are seldom fairly judged, but I am not advised of any well attested instance in his case of bias which prevailed against law or fact in his judgment. His character was of a manly strain, and he would have divided his last biscuit with a famished brother, and given him the larger half.

Judge Graves came on to the bench without the prestige of any brilliant reputation as an advocate, but with the ample preparation of long experience as a magistrate and as an office lawyer, in the course of which he had investigated the principles of adjudication, and familiarized the rules of evidence to a great extent from a judicial standpoint. With such preparation it would have been more remarkable that he should fail than succeed in his new sphere. Besides this intellectual training he possessed what is even more important to a successful magistracy. He had the advantage of a complete subordination to the unreasoned rescripts of a code older than the pandects, and his career as a judge was continually marked by the conquest of industry. The amount of genuine work which he did is perhaps better known to myself than to any one else, because I have seen its results over the whole circuit. The great mass of voluminous and carefully considered opinions on file in each of the four large and populous counties then comprised in its limits, in the course of his nine years of service, would themselves constitute a sufficient title to a permanent judicial reputation. It was fitting that his voluntary retirement, justified as it was, should be succeeded by a call to a higher position, in which his ability, learning and character have been recognized by the profession and the public, and in which there ought to be no question of remaining as long as his health and strength are continued, which it is earnestly hoped may be for many years to come. This closes the judicial history of the presiding officers of this court.

The county officers appertaining to the circuit court first selected under the territorial condition in 1833 were as follows:

Associate Judges—Eleazer McCamly, John V. Henry.
Prosecuting Attorney—Cephas A. Smith.
Sheriff—Harris C. Goodrich.
County Clerk—Charles D. Smith.

In 1836 the state government was organized—though prior to the formal admission into the union—and the following officers selected:

Associate Judges—Tolman W. Hall, Charles Olin.
Prosecuting Attorney—Stephen H. Preston.
Sheriff—Harris C. Goodrich.
County Clerk—Marvin Preston.

CALHOUN COUNTY POOR HOUSE

Is located upon a farm of 120 acres, lying one-and-one-half miles northeast of the city of Marshall. The building is a wooden structure, about seventy feet front, with a wing off the north end of the building, properly constructed for the insane poor. The estimated value of the farm and buildings thereon is $16,900; live stock on the farm estimated at $900; farm implements on the farm estimated at $200, and value of all other property estimated at $750; total, $18,750. The annual expenses of the poor of the county is from $16,000 to $20,000. The annual profits on the cultivation of the farm, which goes into the support of paupers at the poor house, is justly chargeable to the expense account, and would therefore increase the same somewhat, but has never been itemized by the keeper. The average numbers in the poor house is about seventy annually. Last year there were from eighteen to twenty-two in the insane department. The cost of maintaining paupers per caput, is from $1.50 to $1.80, which also includes medical attendance. The present able board of county superintendents of poor have had the control of this department of the county charities for nine years. Kindness, economy and great good judgment have characterized their administration. Their location is such that the work they are called upon to do readily admits of investigation and intelligent action.

Aug. O. Hyde resides at Marshall; T. W. Hall resides at Battle Creek; E. H. Johnson resides at Albion; superintendents. Dr. Jay, of Marshall, is the medical officer; Henry L. White is the keeper.

Mr. White's salary is $800 per annum.

That the county highly appreciates the services of the superintendents is proven by the fact that they have held the office so many years. Two dollars a day seems an inadequate compensation for such unpleasant services. Their pay aggregates about $800 per annum.

Calhoun county has not been deficient in candidates for political preferment, and many more are anxiously waiting to be summoned to usefulness, and especially to the honors and emoluments of office. She has furnished to this and other states the following: One governor, five lieutenant governors, four members of congress, one chief justice for Utah, four ministers to foreign courts, one United States senator, three superintendents of public instruction, two commissioners of internal improvement, two commissioners of the state land office, one assistant secretary of the interior.

Albion became an organized town in 1837, and its first town meeting of that year elected James Sheldon supervisor; Wm. Farley, town clerk; Warham Warner, Cyrus Robertson, Ashbell Howell, assessors; Chas. D. Holmes, Jas. Vandenburg, David Peabody, commissioners of highways; George Boss, collector.

At the second town meeting, 153 votes were polled, and a bounty of $5.00 offered for the scalps of wolves killed in the town in the ensuing year. At the present time there are in the town thirteen doctors, seven lawyers, nine clergymen, six organized churches, —— church edifices.

October 16th, 1830, Ephraim Harrison entered eighty acres of land in this town, described as E. ½ N. E. ¼ S. 2.

No lands were entered in 1831. In 1832, 889 $\frac{65}{100}$ acres were entered. Tenney Peabody, Cyrus Robertson, Campbell Waldo, and other well known citizens made their entries of land in 1833.

William Farley, an early settler in the town, lived and died (a few years ago) in South Albion, so-called. He was a remarkable man, and widely and favorably known. He was a local preacher in the M. E. Church, and was ever ready to labor in that capacity; and he did so labor, to a greater extent, both at home and abroad, than any other local preacher in Calhoun county, unless it may have been Rev. Randall Hobart, of Marshall; he was zealous and sympathetic, and had the rare and happy faculty of infusing into his brethren all the warm emotions of his own spirit; he was not a profound theologian, but an earnest and hard worker, and accomplished much good. He had decided political convictions, which remained unchanged through his somewhat long and eventful life. It is said of him that he was fond of telling how often he had been elected supervisor of his town; indeed, it was creditable, alike to him and his constituents, for he was a very useful and reliable public officer. He was the fast friend of Albion Seminary, and was at one time its efficient traveling agent. He left his family a handsome property, and community the abiding memory of a life of usefulness and virtue.

Dr. F. Wheelock, a pioneer professionally, is still engaged in the practice of his profession, in connection with other business. He is a man of unblemished character and fair attainments.

Jesse Crowell purchased valuable water-power and other real estate in 1835, and in the following year took up his permanent residence in Albion. Mr. Crowell was the resident proprietor of the Albion Village Company, who recorded the village plat in 1836, and was for many years the great man and the business man of the town. In 1837 the company erected a grist mill, erected bridges across the river, and opened up several new streets. In 1839, the Albion Company made a munificent donation of land to the trustees of Albion seminary, under stipulation that the writer thinks have been complied with. In 1838 Mr. C. was appointed post master, an office he continued to fill some ten or twelve years.

In addition to Mr. Crowell's large real estate operations, he owned and carried on a grist mill, saw mill, and the largest flouring mill in the county; was engaged in general merchandise and in the erection of buildings. The dwelling erected for himself, and in which he lived, was the finest residence in town. Becoming involved beyond his ability to extricate himself, he made an assignment of all his effects for the benefit of his creditors. No taint of dishonesty ever attached to him at this painful crisis in his affairs. He continued to give to the final settlement of his business all his time and energetic attention, until his every day increasing weakness compelled him to desist. He had not long to mourn over this disability. His many deeds of charity are recounted by the suffering poor, who remember with touching gratitude the assistance received from him, when they knew not where else to look for help. He was never married.

Marvin Hannahs was for many years an active business man, not only at Albion, the place of his residence, but in the western part of the state. He was a large and successful operator in lands, and was one time largely engaged in tanning leather; he was also engaged in milling and lumbering. He was a thorough-going temperance man, and an outspoken enemy of intemperance. To the demands of business he gave earnest heed, even after the infirmities of age should have admonished him of the necessity of rest. Labor and enterprise were cardinal virtues with him. He was successful in business, as he deserved to be. The writer long enjoyed his acquaintance and friendship, and he desires to say, that he never knew a man who excelled him in many of the attributes of a perfect character.

Mention should be made of the following persons, who have made their mark in this town, to-wit: James Sheldon, Stephen Willis, Dr. Tuttle, Stephen Blodget, Cyrus Robertson, Charles D. Holmes, David and Tenney Peabody, etc.

The amount of banking capital in the village of Albion is $325.000.

ALBION COLLEGE,

Like the river on whose banks it stands, finds its remotest sources in adjoining counties, and at a very early day—March 23d, 1835—an act to incorporate the trustees of Spring Arbor Seminary was passed by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan. The first session of that board was held October 29th, 1835, in the village of Jacksonburgh, at the house of Dr. Sampson Stoddard. Adjourning to the counting-room of George B. Cooper, Esq., the first permanent officers of the board were elected, to wit: Dr. Benjamin H. Packard, president; Daniel Colman, first vice president; Dr. Sampson Stoddard, second vice president; Dea. William Smith, secretary; and Col. Moses Benedict, treasurer. Rev. Elijah Crane was subsequently its first financial agent. Deeds of lands to the amount of 210 acres were executed in favor of the seminary by William Smith and M. Benedict. Numerous subscriptions were obtained, and 100,000 brick engaged for the seminary edifice. But the financial crisis of 1837 coming on, it was deemed prudent to delay the work of building. Meanwhile many friends of the enterprise deeming the location at Spring Arbor ineligible, proposed to move it to whatever town should offer the most favorable inducements. The citizens of Albion agreeing to donate fine grounds for the seminary and subscribing a few thousand dollars for the erection of buildings, on the 12th of April, 1839, an amendment to the original act of incorporation was secured from the legislature of the state, changing the name and location from the "Spring Arbor Seminary" to the "Wesleyan Seminary of Albion," and the number of trustees from 23 to 13. The first trustees under the amended charter were: Elijah Crane, president; Alvin Billings, first vice president; Marvin Hannahs, second vice president; Jesse Crowell, treasurer; Rev. E. H. Pilcher, secretary; Benj. H. Packard, Almon Herrick, Thos. W. Pray, Jesse Gardiner, Peter Williamson and Arza C. Robinson. Rev. Lorin Grant was appointed the first agent. The corner stone of the central building was laid on the 6th of July, 1841, Hon. Henry W. Taylor, of Marshall, delivering the address. On October 27th, 1842, a preparatory school under the direction of Rev. G. P. Tindall was opened, a temporary frame building having been erected in the spring of the previous year. In November, 1843, the seminary proper was opened under the following faculty: Rev. Chas. F. Stockwell, A. B., principal and professor of languages and mathematics; Jesse Vase, professor of natural and moral science and English literature; William W. Clark and Nelson Valentine, assistant teachers; Miss Octavia Gardner, preceptress.

The sessions, which were at first held in the Methodist church, were removed in January, 1844, to the central building, which had just been completed, under the supervision of Rev. A. Billings, agent. The number of students during the winter term was 117, and during the summer term 183. The next organic change in the structure of the institution occurred in 1850, when, by an amendment of the previous charter, the following board was incorporated under the name of Albion Female Collegiate Institute and Wesleyan Seminary—Rev. A. M. Fitch, president; Edward McClure, first vice president; Worcester Deane, second vice president; C. M. Cobb, secretary; Joseph French, treasurer; G. L. Foster, E. H. Pilcher, R. Sapp, H. Packard, O. C. Comstock, Benj. Faxon, E. J. House and L. D. Crippin. The faculty, at the time, were Rev. Clark T. Hinman, A. M., president and professor of moral and intellectual science; Rev. E. W. Merrill, A. M., professor of ancient languages and elocution; Rev. Norman Abbott, A. M., professor of mathematics; Rev. L. R. Fiske, A. B., professor of natural science; Isaac C. Cochrane, professor of primary English literature; Miss Sarah Hurst, principal of female department and teacher of belles lettres; Mrs. Mary E. Adams, teacher of modern languages and fine arts; Mrs. Mary E. Church, teacher of music; Joseph Chamberlain, teacher of Indian department; Joseph French, Esq., steward; Rev. W. H. Brockway, general agent. Whole number of scholars for the year, 355.

The next change in the organic structure of the institution occurred by act of legislature, February 15th, 1861, by which George Smith, president, Samuel W. Walker, first vice president, M. Hickey, second vice president, William Farley, treasurer, E. Holstock, E. H. Pilcher, W. E. Bigelow, Andrew M. Fitch, Wm. Bort, John C. Blanchard, Wm. H. Johnson, and Clinton B. Fisk were continued and constituted a body corporate by the name of Albion College. The faculty were as follows:

Rev. Thomas H. Sinex, D. D., president and professor of moral philosophy and political economy; Rev. C. C. Olds, A. M., professor of natural science; John Richards, A. M., professor of ancient languages; Miss Julia F. Robinson, principal of female department and teacher of French and fine arts; Miss Charlotte Innes, assistant teacher; Henry Meakin, professor of music. Whole number of students for the year, 290.

The last organic change in the charter of the institution took place by legislative act February 25th, 1865, by which Hon. John Owen and E. G. Merick, Esq., of Detroit, and E. J. Connable, Esq., of Jackson, were constituted an "Endowment Fund Committee," to receive, hold in trust, and invest all moneys contributed for the endowment of the college, and to pay over to the board of trustees semi-annually all the interest accruing thereon. The board of trustees at this time were as follows, to wit:

James W. Sheldon, president; Martin Haven, first vice president; S. W. Walker, second vice president; A. M. Fitch, treasurer; Geo. Smith, Julius D. Morton, S. Clement, D. Preston, A. Billings, Wm. Bort, W. H. Brockway and J. S. Tuttle; Rev. Israel Cogshall, agent.

Faculty—George B. Jocelyn, D. D., president and professor of moral and mental science; Rev. W, H. Perrine, A. M., professor of natural science and fine arts; W. H. Shelly, A. M., professor of Latin and Greek languages; Mrs. Livonia B Perrine, A. M., professor of mathematics; Mrs. Rachel Carney, M. S., preceptress and professor of modern languages; Miss Juliet Bradbury, M. S. A., and Miss Elizabeth Hollingsworth, teacher of instrumental music.

The *status* of the college at present is as follows:

CORPORATION.

ELECTED BY THE DETROIT CONFERENCE.

Names.	Residence.	Time Expires.
Rev. A. J. Bigelow,	Romeo,	1878
Rev. Seth Reed,	Ann Arbor,	1878
*Hon. Henry Fish,	Port Huron,	1877
Rev. J S. Smart,	Port Huron,	1877
David Preston, 1st vice president,	Detroit,	1876
Otis A. Critchett, A. M.,	Monroe,	1876

ELECTED BY THE MICHIGAN CONFERENCE.

Rev. Wm. H. Brockway, president,	Albion,	1878
James W. Sheldon, treasurer,	Albion,	1878
Hon. C. R. Brown,	Port Huron,	1877
Rev. T. F. Hildreth, A. M.,	Grand Rapids,	1877
Geo. S. Clapp,	St. Joseph,	1879
Hon. Hampton Rich, 2d vice president,	Ionia,	1879
President Geo. B. Jocelyn, secretary,	Albion,	*Ex officio.*

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* Deceased.

ENDOWMENT FUND COMMITTEE.

Hon. John Owen,	Detroit,	January 1, 1883
E. J. Connable, Esq.,	Jackson,	January 1, 1880
E. G. Merick, Esq.,	Detroit,	January 1, 1877

ALBION PROVISIONAL BOARD OF CONTROL.

Rev. A. M. Fitch, chairman; James W. Sheldon, secretary and treasurer; Martin Haven, Esq., Jacob Anderson, Esq., Rev. Wm. H. Brockway, Orlando C. Gale, Esq., Martin B. Wood, Esq.

BOARD OF VISITORS AND EXAMINERS.

Appointed by the Detroit Conference--Rev. L. R. Fiske, D. D., Rev. J. C. Wortley, A. M., Prof. Sallie A Rulison, M. S.

Appointed by the Michigan Conference—Rev. A. R. Boggs, Rev. Geo. S. Barnes, Rev. H. F. Spencer.

Appointed by the Alumnal Association—Elmer D. North, M. S., Franc M. Sanders Nichols, M. S., Alva W. Bradley, A. B.

FACULTY.

Rev. Geo. B. Jocelyn, D. D., moral and intellectual philosophy; Rev. Jas. H. Hopkins, D. D., Latin language and literature; Wm. M. Osband, A. M., natural science; Mrs. Lucy A. Osband, A. M., modern languages; Rev. Rollin C. Welch, A. M., Greek and Hebrew languages and literature; Wm. Havemann, vocal and instrumental music; Geo. B. Merriman, A. M., mathematics; Rev. Lewis F. Stearns, A. M., history and belles lettres; H. A. Mills, instructor in painting, drawing and perspective; Mrs. Julia E. W. Havemann, teacher of guitar; John M. Roach, Charles H. Chase, George L. Bailey, tutors in mathematics; P. Della Pierce, tutor in Latin; Bertha F. Aldrich, tutor in English.

OFFICERS.

Geo. B. Jocelyn,* president; Jas. H. Hopkins, vice president; Lucy A. Osband, preceptress; Rollin C. Welch, secretary; George B. Merriman, librarian; Chas. H. Chase, statistical secretary.

There are five regular societies connected with the institution. The Erosophian, (formed by a union of the Clever Fellows' and Clever Girls' societies), Eclectic and Atheniædes societies, afford the usual opportunities for improvement in composition and for exercise in forensic and parlialiamentary usages. The Missionary society is organized for the promotion of religious enterprises. The Choral society has for its object the study and performance of works of the best composers. Also the Arions, an association for the development of a higher musical taste.

The following is a statement of the present financial condition of the college:

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*Deceased.

Buildings, grounds and furniture,		$ 65,000 00
Apparatus, library and cabinet,		5,000 00
President's house,		2,000 00
		$ 72,000 00
Funds in the hands of endowment fund committee:		
In bonds and mortgages,	$131,004 00	
In notes,	12,550 00	
		143,554 00
In the hands of board of control.		25.000 00
In notes,		23,896 26
		$192,450 26

The income on this amount for the years 1875 and 1876 was	$11,864 65
Income from other sources,	4,078 42
	$15,942 97

The indebtedness of the college is $19,200. A sinking fund has been created to cancel this indebtedness.

I am indebted to Rev. W. H. Perrine, D. D., for the foregoing statement.

ATHENS

Is the southwest town of the county, and contains a small amount of beautiful prairie, some elegantly timbered tracts, and the balance is oak openings. In its primeval state it is said to have been surpassingly beautiful, especially in the vicinity of what is now called the village of Athens. This accounts, no doubt, for the eagerness to enter these lands, and the fact that they were selected and entered by rival applicants, mainly in the month of June, 1831.

There were entered June 6th, 1831, 1,440 acres.
" " " 7th, " 240 "
" " " 11th, " 80 "
" " " 18th, " 160 "

Ashael Stone, Warren Nichols, Peter Beisel, Jr., Caleb A. Millan, John Rogers, Goodwin Stoddard, purchased on the 6th of the month.

The following memoranda, from the lips of *Alfred Holcomb*, interested me very much, and will abundantly repay the reader for the time he may spend in their perusal: On the 3d June, 1831, he went aboard the old Superior at Buffalo, destined for Detroit. At the mouth of Black River, in consequence of a shipwreck, the steamer was detained seven days for repairs. The boat was ten days from Buffalo to Detroit. Mr. Holcomb, wife and two children arrived at Dry Prairie on the first day of July. At Detroit a man with his team was hired to carry them to Athens. At Jackson, then consisting of three houses, the team gave out. Mr. Holcomb left his wife and children here and made a journey to Dry

Prairie after two yoke of oxen, with which to complete moving his family to their destined home. Another ten days was consumed between Detroit and Dry Prairie. In this whole route there were no bridges. At very wet and miry places, half built causeways kept the teams in sight of their drivers. Streams were all forded. The family camped out every night between Detroit and Dry Prairie, except at Ann Arbor, which then had five or six houses. Lot Whitcomb, a recent emigrant from Vermont, had put up a shanty on seminary land at Dry Prairie, into which Mr. Holcomb moved his family. A log school-house was raised in 1831, and every year since that period a school has been kept in that district. To reach a grist-mill and a doctor, a journey of twenty-five miles each way was made. In 1834 a Methodist minister from Kentucky, of the name of Dickinson, commenced preaching at Holcomb's house. The first mail route was extended to Dry Prairie in 1835, Lot Whitcomb, P. M. In 1834 Mr. Holcomb imported sixty sheep. The wolves had a great hankering for those sheep. Mr. Holcomb harvested a little wheat in 1832, and was thus employed when the cholera broke out among them. There were six victims of this dread disease—five in the family of Warren Nichols, and it constitued the entire family—father, mother and three children, and Isaac Crofoot, the other and last victim. The alarm occasioned by this epidemic was so universal, that medical and other aid was very difficult to obtain, and for weeks after it ceased to exist they were so completely cut off from all communication with the surrounding settlements that Mr. Holcomb, who was compelled to go to mill, was looked upon, almost, as one risen from the dead. In the absence of suitable lumber for coffins, the upper floor of Nichol's house was used for that purpose. Rough coffins were made, and the dead deposited therein immediately, and buried (in no cemetery), and without religious services, and with the least possible delay.

Mr. Holcomb's prairie farm of 200 acres is apparently as productive to-day as it was forty years ago, although it has neither been manured or seeded down to clover but two or three years. Oats sometimes attained nine feet and one inch in height. First crop of wheat, from poor seed, however, was smutty, chaffey and worthless. His second crop, from the sowing of Wabash pure wheat, was clean and plump. Average product some eighteen bushels. His average crop of oats is from sixty to seventy bushels per acre. Mr. Holcomb set out thirty apple trees in 1835, and one hundred in 1836. This man of just celebrity was born in 1800 in Windsor, Conn. Went into Ontario county, N. Y., at the age of nineteen. He traveled extensively in this state in 1830. Moved on to Dry Prairie as before stated in 1831. The first summer after he put in six acres of corn, and about two acres of potatoes on Prairie Ronde. Indians were numerous and friendly. Wolves, panthers, deer and many smaller animals were roaming unmolested all over the country. The community, both whites and Indians, were excedingly excited during the Black Hawk war. Five hundred Indians met in council within twenty-five miles of Dry Prairie, and the whites were called upon to arm for the defense of the country. Happily no overt act of war was committed on either side. The most friendly relations existed between the whites and the Indians so long as the latter, in any considerable numbers, remained among them. As a fur trader, Mr. Holcomb has traveled extensively in this and other states and territories, and at no time has his choice of Athens as a home been shaken. Now in his old age he and his excellent wife are active and intelligent, and likely to live many years.

The improvements in the town are, one steam and water grist mill, one stave factory, one foundry, one steam saw mill, four dry goods stores, one planing mill, two drug stores, one hardware store, three blacksmith shops, two paint shops, two wagon shops, three milliners, three doctors, one lawyer, one district school of 120 scholars, one resident clergyman, two hotels.

The above are all in the village of Athens. There is a Baptist church and edifice in the north part of the town, and the town is well supplied with school-houses and school facilities. In fact general thrift obtains throughout the town. The first marriage celebrated in Athens will long be remembered.

Esquire Dwinnell, of Emmet, was called upon to marry Robert McCamly and Mary Nichols, which he essayed to do, in virtue of being a justice of the peace in Calhoun county. In order that the parties might avail themselves of the "spare room" of a friend living a little way from Dry Prairie, the justice met them there, and made the twain one flesh, according to law. After a day or two their pleasant dreams were shocked by the discovery that their friend's shanty was across the county line, to wit, in the county of Branch or Kalamazoo, in neither of which counties was Mr. Dwinnell a justice of the peace. Determined to literally comply with the requirements of a salutary law, the parties notified Esquire Dwinnell that he had a limited jurisdiction, and that he must hasten to his own and their relief. He hunted up the parties, took them into his cutter, brought them across the county line and into the town of Athens, and in the cutter aforesaid married them, and this was the first marriage in town, and these were the circumstances thereof.

BEDFORD

Was organized in 1838. At the first town meeting, held in April, 1839, Caleb Kirby was elected supervisor, John Meacham, town clerk and justice of the peace. The first entry of lands in this town was on April 19th, 1832—John Bertram, 160 acres; also July 9th, 1832, John Bertram, eighty acres; 685 acres were entered in the year 1833. John Bertram purchased the land before named as a matter of speculation. He resided in the township of Marshall a few years, then went south, where he was unfortunate in business, and finally returned to England, his native land.

Settlements were made at several different points in this town at an early day, and by men of some means and great worth. Many of them were quakers, who illustrated by their industrious habits, their scrupulous integrity and staid deportment, the principles they professed.

The first saw-mill put in operation in this town was in the fall of 1837. A stage and mail route was established in and through Bedford en route from Battle Creek to Hastings in 1842. A postoffice had been opened in 1840 at Bedford Center, E. R. Wattles, P. M. The first gristmill was erected by H. M. Marvin, and went into operation in 1856. This mill is the nucleus of the village of Bedford. In 1840 some missionaries laid out the village of Harmonia, and built a large school building where the children of spiritualistic parents were to be educated, etc. Nothing is left of this magnificent enterprise but heart burnings and a dilapidated exchequer. The town is rather rolling, in many places beautiful, and produces wheat and other grains, and is a good fruit growing town. There are three places of worship, and three or four organized religious societies in Bedford. The inhabitants are industrious, orderly and intelligent, and general thrift prevails. I am unable to give the school statistics, but I know that the town is dotted with good schoolhouses, which are occupied with competent teachers and numerous children.

The mail carrier between Marshall and White Pigeon, in 1835, was Nathaniel Barney, who also carried passengers in a small and cheap way. Mr. Barney resided in Battle Creek, and many anecdotes are told of his numerous deputy carriers, it not always being convenient for him to leave home. Upon one occasion John Meacham, Esq., was deputed for that purpose, and to please the fastidious postmaster at Marshall, he was sent to Pollodore Hudson, justice of the peace, who administered the oath which conferred upon Mr. Meacham authority to carry the United States mail, which probably at that time contained one or two letters, and possibly was entirely empty.

John Meacham, Esq., came into the county of Calhoun in August, 1835, and settled in the township of Milton, since called Bedford. He was the first town clerk of Bedford, and was annually elected to the office up to 1846, when he was elected county clerk, which office he held for four years. He has been a justice of the peace also in Bedford and Battle Creek, and in every official position he has discharged its duties with great fidelity and usefulness. His quiet, amiable manners indicate an early training among the Quakers of Philadelphia, his native city. For a few years last past he has been an honored citizen of Battle Creek.

BURLINGTON

Was organized in 1837, and held its first township meeting April 3d of that year, electing Justus Goodwin, supervisor; O. C. Freeman, town clerk; Justus Goodwin, Zebesia Sanders and Moses S. Gleason, justices of the peace; Levi Haughtailing, constable and collector. Established six road districts; voted $100 to build a bridge across the St. Joseph river; and $50 for bridging the Nottawa creek. Voted $50 for common schools and $5 bounty for wolf scalps.

Forty votes were cast for representative in place of Ezra Conviss, died. Sands McCamly received 39. At an election held August 21, 1837, Isaac E. Crary received 20 votes, and Hezekiah G. Wells 13 votes for representative in congress.

LANDS ENTERED.

June 6th, 1831, Goodwin Stoddard, 560 acres.
June 10th, 1831, Augustine Canfield, 80 acres.
June 16th, 1831, Richard P. Hart, 80 acres; Robt. Sedgewic, 80 acres.
June 17th, 1831, Sandford Marsh, 160 acres.
August 21, 1831, Augustine Canfield, 80 acres.
August 31, 1831, Jeremiah Marvin, 160 acres.

The only entry of land in 1832 is 160 acres by Anson Gilbert, Messrs. Hurd, Sanders, Olmsted and Hart entered land in 1833.

The south part of the town is generally level; the north part, except Wet Prairie and its vicinity, is broken, somewhat hilly and stony. Taken as a whole it is a good township of land, is well watered, possesses a good water power, well improved, and will ultimately become a wealthy town. The principal products of the town are wheat, wool and stock, all of which finds ready sale at the village of Burlington and at Union City, some three miles distant. E. A. Hayden and Theodore Hamilton settled in this town in an early day, and became at once rival candidates for political preferment in the town and county, and were reasonably successful. In addition to holding the offices of supervisor and justices of the peace, they each held a county office for one term. Both are now dead. Henry Jones, Esq., is and has long been a resident of this town. He is a scholarly gentleman of leisure, fond of books and painting, and an amateur astronomer. He is descended from an eminent family in New York, of whom he is justly proud. He is by profession a lawyer, but led by his taste for the arts and sciences before named, he never appears in court, He has no family incumbrances, a fact he is fond of mentioning. Justus Goodwin at a very early day sold goods in this town. Subsequently he improved a fine farm. He was ambitious to appear before the public constantly in the role of an office-holder. His aspiration was gratified to a great extent; but he finally fell into disgrace and went to Texas, where he died poor.

Burlington village is well supplied with stores and shops, has a good grist and flouring mill, one saw-mill, one Adams fruit-drying establishment, two hotels, four churches, one graded school, an ample supply of well-educated professional men, and an industrious and increasing population, The village is growing in all its substantial interests. Unhappily for her, the freight and passenger depot of the Air Line Railroad is not within two miles of the village. Upon the completion, however, of the Mansfield and Lake Michigan Railroad this inconvenience will be overcome—a boone still in the future. Indian mounds and forts are found in several places along the river. Also Indian relics, such as arrows, bones, gun-barrels, kettles, etc. St. Joseph river abounds in fish, and the timbered land adjacent supplied both the Indian and his white neighbor with fish and venison in abundance. No wonder that the "poor Indian" went in sadness from this beautiful and productive country, and from the graves of his ancestors to an unknown home toward the setting sun. Such, however, is his inexorable doom, whenever the white man covets his domain.

MILTON,

Now called *Battle Creek*, was organized in 1833. The point of land at the junction of the Battle Creek with the Kalamazoo River, had attracted the attention of several gentlemen on the lookout for water-power, and when the lands were brought into market at the land office at White Pigeon, it was discovered that there were some half dozen rival applicants for the same property. A compromise was effected, certain parties bought off, and J. J. Gurnsey entered the lands in his own name, with the understanding, it is said, that Sands McCamley and Daniel G. Gurnsey should share equally with him, upon complying with certain conditions then mutually agreed upon.

The lands entered in Battle Creek were:

June 7th, 1831, John J. Gurnsey, on section 1, 449.50 acres.

June 17th, 1831, John J. Gurnsey, on section 12, 143.22 acres.

Same day, Isaac Thomas and D. Williams entered lands on section 14, 320.78 acres.

June 18th, 1831, Sylvester Sibley, on section 10, 240 acres.

June 18th, 1831, De Garmo Jones, on section 15, 160 acres.

August 29th, 1831, John Stewart, Jr., on section 15, 160 acres.

As we find Isaac Thomas, Dorrance Williams and John Stewart, Jr., living on their lands in 1831, the presumption is that they entered into the occupancy, and upon the cultivation of their purchases at once. At any rate they were there in 1831, industriously engaged in the praiseworthy effort of making the wilderness glad, and bud and blossom as the rose.

Emigration came into this town slowly, no doubt, from the simple fact that notwithstanding the fertility of her soil and her abundant water power, there were no accessible saw-mills to furnish building materials, and no grist-mills to furnish flour for family consumption. Even the necessary evil of a doctor was twelve miles away, and his services could only be obtained by fording streams, struggling through marshes, and following a circuitous Indian trail. However, in spite of all these adverse circumstances, lands were purchased and cultivated, roads were laid out and made passable, schools were taught, and all the appliances of an organized society inaugurated. Valuable additions were made to her list of inhabitants in 1833–4–5, especially such men as the Messrs. Hall, Gen. Convis, Dr. Beach, A. Noble, W. H. Coleman, Judge McCamly, Shepherd, Gilbert, Gurnsey, Meritt, Hart, Whitcomb, etc. Being young, enterprising, and having some means, they laid broad and deep the stable foundation upon which this flourishing town now rests. Late in the fall of 1835 Judge McCamly's saw-mill was put in operation, and it was not till 1837 that the first grist-mill, viz: Noble & Whitcomb's, commenced work, to the great joy and convenience of the western part of the county. Wm. H. Coleman was the first merchant, and his place of busines was built of logs, which he occupied a few years. Messrs. Noble & Whitcomb embarked in merchandising in Battle Creek in 1836. Mr. Noble alone survives this band of pioneer merchants. The first white male child born in this town was Henry C. Hall, born January 7th, 1834; the first female white child was Caroline M. Convis, born November 19th, 1834. In the winter of 1834–5, Warren B. Shepherd taught the first school, in a log school-house. The lumber for the floor, door and seats was floated down the creek from Bellevue. Gen. Convis erected the first frame building as an addition to his block-house. Among the early clergymen who penetrated the wilderness to exercise their holy functions, the Revs. Calvin Clark, John D. Pierce, Randall Hobart, Elijah Crane, and Elders Taylor and Adams are most gratefully remembered. The early settlers had been educated to a reverent observance of religious rites and ceremonies in their eastern homes, and when sickness and death invaded their family circles, their minds instinctively turned toward religious teachers and religion itself as a needed and powerful solace. The real and imaginary religious wants of the people still receive general attention, and the provision made for its inculcation in all its forms of belief and practice are most ample. There are eleven church organizations, and I believe about the same number of church edifices, to wit: The United Congregational and Presbyterian, the Methodist Episcopal, the African Methodist, the African Baptist, the Seventh-Day Adventist, the First Society of Spiritualists, the Baptist, the Roman Catholic, the American Reform, the Episcopal, the Friends.

The Methodists organized in 1832, and the Presbyterians in 1836. The Society of Friends held "meetings" at an early period. The other denominations above named have a later origin. In connection with most of the foregoing churches are Sunday schools and missionary and benevolent societies, which receive a cordial and conscientious attention from their members. A highly commendable Catholic spirit obtains among all the churches usually denominated evangelical. The doing of the most good is apparently the high incentive of all of them. The growth of the Seventh-Day Advent church and its various enterprises are so stupendous, that I feel justified in devoting some time and space to its consideration, particularly as the center of its operations is in the city of Battle Creek. It originated in its present form in 1844, at Washington, N. H. The present manager, Elder James White, whose residence is in this city, is the president of their five leading organizations, namely: General Conference, the Publishing Association, the Health Reform Institute, the General Tract and Missionary Society, and the Educational Society. All these several departments are maintained in good working order, mainly by weekly contributions of one-tenth the income of the donors. Forty thousand dollars was raised in this way in 1875.

Battle Creek College, erected in 1874, is a school of this denomination, which pledged $54,000 toward the erection of the building. Ground was broken in May, 1874, and it was completed and opened for use in January, 1875. The first annual catalogue showed an aggregate attendance of 289 scholars. The second annual catalogue shows an attendence of 267 scholars.

FACULTY.

James White, president; S. Brownsberger, A. M., principal, professor of ancient languages and physics; Uriah Smith, lecturer on Biblical exegesis; G. H. Bell, professor of English language and mathematics;

J. H. Kellogg, M. D., professor of chemistry and physiology; A. B. Oyen, professor of Danish language; L. T. Gronstam, tutor in Swedish language; Francesco Urgos, professor of the Italian language; Madame L. Parrot, teacher in French language; Miss Camilla Haentzsche, teacher in German language; Miss Jennie Sprague, Miss Ella Rankin and Mrs. Emma Woolsey, teachers in common branches.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

James White, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, W. J. Fairfield, Uriah Smith, James Sawyer, S. Brownsberger, John S. Day.

ORGANIZATION OF THE BOARD.

James White, president; Uriah Smith, secretary; James Sawyer, treasurer.

The Health Reform Institute is located on high ground, nearly opposite Battle Creek college, and is conducted on the hygienic principles, which underlie all the organizations of the church, to-wit: total abstinence from the use of tobacco, ardent spirits, pork, coffee, tea, and all highly seasoned food. "The health reform ends not with diet alone, but extends to all the habits of life; and as the health of the body is affected to a great extent by the manner in which it is clothed, that subject occupies a prominent place in this system. Shorter skirts and warmer clothing for females, advocated and practiced. 5575 copies of the Health Reformer are published monthly. Publications in advocacy of the peculiar tenets of this denomination have been sent to Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Australia, New Zealand and Africa. Missions are now in successful operation among the Danes, Norwegians, Swedes and French, in this country. 3800 papers are published monthly in the Danish and Swedish languages. The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald, the weekly organ of this wide-awake denomination, issues 7603 copies. The whole number of weekly and monthly papers is 22,615. Four buildings are devoted to this business; sixty-six hands are regularly employed in the work, and the capital invested is over $100,000. Books as well as periodicals are being constantly published.

Battle Creek village, lying in the towns of Battle Creek and Emmett, was incorporated in 1850. William Brooks was the first president. Its career under a village charter was prosperous, and several of her best citizens held important positions under it; but, the ambitious village had higher aspirations. February 3d, 1859, an act was approved incorporating the city of Battle Creek, with four wards. The city has gone forward with an accelerated speed, and will become in time a large manufacturing town. The fine water power is greatly improved, and steam power is brought into requisition when water fails. The building of horse-powers and threshing machines involves an immense capital, and gives employment to a large number of men. I sought in vain for the items of this business, which I exceedingly regret, as I desired to state its magnitude, in justice to the parties carrying it on, and to the city so greatly benefited by their operations. There are two heavy firms engaged in this branch of business.

Judge Graves, one of the supreme court judges of the State of Michigan, is an erudite judge, an honor to the bench and to Battle Creek, where he resides.

Judge Emmerson, the chief justice in Utah, went from Battle Creek, and still considers that city his home. He enjoys the reputation of being a good lawyer, an impartial judge, and a gentleman of refinement.

A city that can enumerate among her citizens such men as Noble, Cox, Dibble, Meacham, Burnham, Hinmans, Skinners, McCamly, Whitcombs, Nichols, and others too numerous to mention, has its future assured.

Sands McCamly was one of nature's noblemen; though the sphere of his usefulness was somewhat circumscribed, he nevertheless made a favorable impression upon community, who mourns his loss. He was an early settler, an active business man, and enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens, and to a limited extent, the honors and emoluments of office. He died many years since.

Battle Creek schools are of a high order, and the city has spared no money in the erection of spacious and costly buildings for their accommodation.

The Central school building and grounds are valued at . .	$100,000
Value of school buildings and grounds:	
No. 2.	15,000
No. 3,	15,000
No. 4,	20,000
Total,	$150,000

I. D. Stone, A. M., is superintendent.

"Five courses of study are arranged for the high school, of which three, the classical, the Latin and scientific are preparatory to the corresponding courses at the University. Students completing either of these courses are admitted to the University upon their diplomas without examination."

SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

To the Board of Education:

GENTLEMEN—In accordance with your regulations I herewith submit for your consideration the following report of the public schools of this city for the year 1874–5:

Population of the district, (1874)	6,000
Cash valuation of real and personal property in the district,	$5,000,000
Total taxes for school purposes,	25,500
Total salaries of teachers and superintendent,	11,850
Value of school property,	150,000
Number of school buildings,	4
Whole number of sittings,	1,446
School census, August, 1874,	1,546
Number enrolled in public schools,	1,285
Per cent. of enrollment on private schools,	83.12

Number of resident pupils enrolled in private schools,	93
Number of non-resident pupils in public schools,	88
Amount received for tuition of non-residents,	$ 831.62
Average number belonging,	930.4
Average attendance per session,	851.3
Per cent. of attendance on number belonging,	91.5
Average tardiness per session,	10.5
Per cent. of tardiness on attendance,	1.22
Number of suspensions,	67
Number restored,	40
Number of teachers,	27
Number of visitors,	1,252

SYNOPSIS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL COURSES OF STUDY.

FIRST YEAR.

	Classical.	Latin and Scientific.	Scientific.	English.
1st Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Composition.	Composition.
	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.
	Grammar.	Grammar.	Grammar.	Grammar.
2d Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Comp., Botany.	Comp., Botany.
	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.
	Grammar.	Grammar.	Grammar.	Grammar.
3d Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Govt. of Mich.	Govt. of Mich.
	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.
	Rhetoric.	Rhetoric.	Botany.	Botany.

SECOND YEAR.

	Classical.	Latin and Scientific.	Scientific.	English.
1st Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Physiology.	Physiology.
	Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.
	Natural Phil.	Natural Phil.	Natural Phil.	Natural Phil.
2d Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Book keeping.	Book-keeping.
	Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.
	Natural Phil.	Natural Phil.	Natural Phil.	Natural Phil.
3d Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Rhetoric.	Rhetoric.
	Physical Geog.	Physical Geog.	Physical Geog.	Physical Geog.
	History.	History.	History.	History.

THIRD YEAR.

	Classical.	Latin and Scientific.	Scientific.	English.
1st Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Chemistry.	Chemistry.
	Geometry.	Geometry.	Geometry.	Geometry.
	Greek.	Fr. or German.	Fr. or German.	History.
2d Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Geology.	Geology.
	Geometry.	Geometry.	Geometry.	Geometry.
	Greek.	Fr. or German.	Fr. or German.	Eng. Literature.
3d Term.	Latin,	Latin.	Astronomy.	Astronomy.
	Geometry.	Geometry.	Geometry.	Mental Philos.
	Greek.	Fr. or German.	Fr. or German.	Reviews.

FOURTH YEAR.

	Classic.	Latin and Scientific.	Scientific.
1st Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Zoölogy.
	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.
	Greek.	Fr. or German.	Fr. or German.
2d Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Eng. Literature.
	Algebra.	Algebra.	Algebra.
	Greek.	Fr. or German.	Fr. or German.
3d Term.	Latin.	Latin.	Reviews.
	Greek.	Fr. or German.	Mental Philos.
	Grecian History.	Reviews.	Fr. or German.

Latin course same as first three years of the Latin and scientific course.

Students in this course preparing for the University will take French rather than German; history as in the English course instead of chemistry; and geometrical drawing instead of mental philosophy. See courses in French and German.

ENGLISH COURSE.

First Year—Same as scientific course.

Second Year—Same as scientific course.

Third Year, first term—Chemistry; geometry as in scientific course; history, outlines completed.

Second term—Geology; geometry, as in scientific course; English literature.

Third term—Astronomy; mental philosophy; reviews. Essays and declamations throughout the course.

COURSE IN FRENCH.

Third Year, first term—Grammar to page 133; French verbs, the auxiliary and regular verbs.

Second term—Grammar, Part I., completed; conjugation of verbs completed.

Third term—Grammar, Part II., to page 296; translation from the Reader.

Fourth Year, first term—Grammar completed; translations from the Reader.

Second and third terms—Composition; translations from standard authors.

COURSE IN GERMAN.

Third Year, first term—German course to page 128.

Second term—German course to page 240.

Third term—German course continued; translations from the Reader. Conversation through the year.

Fourth Year, first term—Reader completed.

Second term—Goethe's Faust.

Third term—Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Composition and conversation through the year.

The Battle Creek Machinery Company, manufacturing Boult's carving, paneling, moulding and dove-tailing machines, has a world-wide reputation for the manufacture of a "most perfect and available machine," and adapted to an almost endless variety of mechanical uses. It is used extensively and satisfactorily, not only in the United States, but in South America, Scotland, Germany and Canada, and is rapidly extending its field of usefulness. Mr. T. Boult, the inventor, gives his entire attention and skill to the construction and improvement of every machine made. He is an honor to the trade and the city of his residence. I am unable to say what amount of capital is used in this immense and growing business, but from a careful inspection of its machinery, the number of hands employed, and of their order book, I am prepared to say it is very large.

The banking capital of this city is $200,000, to wit: First National Bank, $100,000; City Bank, $50,000; A. C. Hamblin (perhaps more) $50,000. No doubt there is a very large sum of money used in the purchase and sale of bonds and mortgages, and in cashing short time paper, not included in the foregoing account of "banking capital."

The Central and Peninsular Railroads have passenger and freight houses and all the ordinary facilities for conducting with promptness the business of the city and surrounding country. One other railroad is graded and nearly ready for the iron.

L. D. Dibble, Esq., was the efficient man in organizing and carrying on to near completion the Peninsular Railroad. He is a lawyer by profession and practice, is a good advocate, and a man of uncommon energy and perseverance. He is destined to a still higher standing if life is spared him. He is a comparatively young man.

The present member of congress from this district is the Hon. George Willard, of Battle Creek. He is a gentleman of enlarged and liberal views, a ripe scholar, pure morals, a statesman, and an accomplished gentleman. He is an honor to this district.

I append hereto an extract from the eloquent oration delivered at Battle Creek, July 4th, 1876, on account of the local interest which it excites. The orator upon this occasion was the Hon. Leonidas D. Dibble.

The first celebration of the Fourth of July held in Battle Creek was in 1835. It was between Sands McCamley's house and the junction of the river—Judge McCamly presiding. Elder Adams delivered the oration, and Moses Hall read the Declaration of Independence. The occasion was a pleasant one, and heartily enjoyed by all. The day closed with toasts and responses, after which several hundred Indians came in and devoured the remnants. In those days matrimony was difficult of accomplishment. The day for the wedding was fixed, and the justice of the peace was notified to be ready. It was on his "ague day." In the morning he attempted to fortify himself by taking a large dose of quinine, and at noon repeated this precaution by taking a larger dose, and by the time the wedding party arrived, the justice was delirious, but the ready wit of his wife was sufficient to carry all through. The justice was taken to the well and drenched with cold water, and for a short time consciousness returned, and seizing that moment the parties were married. Moses

Hall was the justice, and Mr. Frank Thomas and Miss Amanda Goddard were the wedded pair.

In the expressive language of another, we can truly say that "the first settlers of the wilderness have a peculiar experience which the country, once occupied and improved, can never afford. They had privations which their successors, on the cultivated fields, and in the thriving cities which their enterprise has been the means of producing, may some of them fail to appreciate, but the proud consciousness that their early trials and labors, and their once united and hopeful energies, gave the first impulse toward these magnificent changes which they now witness, is, of itself, something of a reward. They may have labored, and in some cases others may seem to reap the benefit, but we may be sure that the just and the wise will always award honor to men in proportion to the real benefits arising from what they have accomplished." Forty-five years ago the first log hut was built in Battle Creek, on land costing one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre; to-day the value of the same land is estimated at not less than ten thousand dollars per acre. Then there were no schools, no churches, no manufactories, no business; all was a wilderness peopled by the aborigines of the country. To-day eleven religious denominations meet in their respective churches and lay their supplications before the Throne of Grace. To-day there is invested in school buildings, libraries and apparatus, nearly or quite two hundred thousand dollars, and fifteen hundred and seventy-three scholars, between the ages of five and twenty years, receive an education sufficiently advanced to place them in good standing in the famous university of Michigan, free of cost. To-day fine brick blocks for business purposes, beautiful residences, vieing with the palaces of eastern cities in splendor; manufactories turning out their millions in value of manufactured articles of world-wide renown annually, have taken the place of the forests of forty-five years ago. Then, all the travel and all supplies for the infant colony were transported on wagons drawn by oxen. To-day two railroads transport annually to and from the city hundreds of thousands of pounds of freight, and tens of thousands of passengers over their iron ways at from twenty-five to forty miles per hour.

STATEMENT BY JOHN MEACHAM.

BATTLE CREEK, Jan. 7, 1877.

John Meacham's statement.—He first saw Battle Creek in the month of July, 1835. Nathaniel Barney kept the tavern on the north side of Main street and at the northerly end of Barney street. A list of the male inhabitants was taken at that time by Mr. Meacham, and is still in his possession; following are the names: Sands McCamly, Ezra Convis, Moses Hall, Tolman W. Hall, Polydore Hudson, Nathaniel Barney, Samuel Convis, Cephas A. Smith, John S. Halladay, Joseph Farnsworth, Jonathan Comstock, Ella G. Smith, Joel Fordham, John Marvin, Porter Rossin.

Sands McCamley's saw mill frame had been raised on the site where the Cushman mill was erected many years afterwards. A large number of men were employed in digging the race, and Benjamin Wright, widely known at that time as a mill-wright, was working at the machinery of said mill. The mill was put in operation in the winter following, and that was the first use made of the water power at Battle Creek.

At that time Milton was one of the political divisions of Calhoun county, and embraced townships one and two south, of range seven west, and townships one and two south, of range eight west. Township two south, of range seven west was afterwards organized as a separate township and called Cady, and was subsequently changed to Emmett.

Township one south, of range seven west, was set off and called Pennfield. Township one south, of range eight west, was organized and called Bedford, and the first township meeting was held in the spring of 1839, at the house of Josiah Gilbert; about forty votes were polled. Caleb Kirby was elected supervisor, and John Meacham township clerk.

There were four settlers in Bedford in 1835: Josiah Gilbert, John Conway, George Johnson, and a man by the name of Tower. John Conway had a saw-mill in operation at the mouth of the outlet of what is now known as Harl lake; it was located on the bank of the Kalamazoo river, near the present site of Pratt's mill.

Matthias Hutchinson erected a saw-mill in 1837, at Bedford village. I commenced an improvement on section fifteen in Bedford, in 1838; sold my interest in the farm in 1853, and in September of the year last named became a resident of the city of Battle Creek, at that time a village.

Noah P. Crittendon made an improvement on section thirty-three in Bedford, and lost his life on the steamer Erie, burned off the mouth of Silver creek.

Isaac Sutton located section twenty-five in Bedford, in the year 1835, and the following year took possession and commenced his improvement. He had eight sons and one daughter, and I have heard him relate the following anecdote: On his way home after locating his section of land, he called at a farmer's house in the eastern part of Michigan to get something to eat; the farmer's good wife had the curiosity to know somewhat of his affairs. He informed her that he had bought a section of land in Calhoun county and was going to move to Michigan. She expressed surprise that a man of his age should want to move to a new country. Why, said he, I have eight sons, and every one of them has a sister. What! she exclaimed in astonishment, sixteen of them, eh?

Nathaniel Barney, who kept the public house in Battle Creek, in 1835, had a contract for carrying the mail between Marshall and White Pigeon, and would frequently allow a guest to take his team and go to Marshall and back, or to White Pigeon and back with the mail; and Mr. Meacham recollects that he took the mail to Marshall, and delivered the same to Charles D. Smith, post-master, at Marshall, and, after feeding his team and getting some refreshment for himself, he called for the return mail. Mr. Smith at first refused to deliver it, strongly censuring Barney for allowing so many irresponsible men to carry the United States mail; but, Meacham demanded the mail, and stated that his appointment was regular, and that he had that day been duly sworn as a mail carrier, before

Pollydore Hudson, Esq., at Battle Creek; Mr. Smith very reluctantly at length brought out and delivered the mail, and Meacham says this is his *first* and *last* experience as a mail carrier.

A post-office was established in Bedford, but I cannot remember the year; Erastus R. Wattler was the first post-master. The office is now kept at Bedford village, and is the only post-office ever established in that township.

I was informed that a sturgeon weighing ninety pounds had been taken as high up as the forks of the Kalamazoo river at Albion, and in the spring of 1836 I spent several days on the river, hoping to capture one, but the dam at Albion had stopped their migration above that place; the right which the sturgeon had enjoyed to navigate the Kalamazoo from time immemorial, was suddenly taken away by the Allegan dam.

In the summer of 1835 I saw William B. Hill at Barney's tavern with his rifle shoot at a wild deer standing on the opposite bank of the Kalamazoo river; fortunately for the deer, the shot did not take effect. At that time deer were as plenty inside as outside of the present city limits. In the summer of 1836 the grounds now occupied by the Advent College and Health Reform Institute was one great strawberry bed, and often did the writer of this go out of his way to enjoy his solitary strawberry festival.

In the spring the Indians would set fire to the dry leaves, which would spread over vast tracts of country, when everything on the earth's surface that would burn would be consumed, leaving only the large timber standing. Afterwards, when the warm summer weather came, the surface of the ground everwhere would be clothed with beautiful green, interspersed with varied colored wild flowers. Michigan never appeared so beautiful as in the early days. Every one who came here, when the country was new, could give some incidents worthy of record.

Professional and learned men ought to be the conservators of history, and our doctors and lawyers could furnish a great many facts connected with the early experiences that would be of great interest to Battle Creek, and I make this statement for the purpose of saving from oblivion the fact that medical as well as legal men came here with the early settlers.

CONVISS

Held its first township meeting at the house of James Lane, April 3d 1837, and elected Elisha Brace, supervisor; Thomas S. Vangenson, town clerk; Ashael Hawkins, Ira H. Ellsworth, assessors; Elisha Brace, Ashael Hawkins, S. D. Barden, justices of the peace; Levi Rowley, constable and collector. Resolved to pay $5 bounty for each scalp of a wolf, killed in the town this year. Five school districts were organized. There is in town one postoffice, one tavern, two saw-mills, one church edifice. one organized church.

The Peninsular Railroad crosses the northwest corner of the town. Surface rolling, in some locations rather hilly. Chief productions wheat, pork, wool and fruit. Marshall is the market town. Pioneers are Ashael Hawkins, Elisha Brace, James Lane, John King, Joseph Bentley. All these persons, except Elisha Brace, are now highly respected residents of the county, and all in easy circumstances. There is no record of lands entered in this town in 1830–1–2.

Ashael Hawkins and family were residents of the town before its organization, and were, in virtue of their intelligence and thrift, a leading family. For 30 years or more Mr. Hawkins held important town offices. He was postmaster until the office was removed. A daughter and son of Mr. Hawkins are supposed to be the first white children born in the town. One of the sons, who was a lawyer by profession and practice, died some years since in Iowa. Mr. Hawkins resides upon the old homestead.

James Walkinshaw, a shrewd and money-making Scotchman, is at the present time a power in Conviss. He has been the supervisor for many years, and is a man of the people. Their interests can never suffer from any oversight or misjudgment of his. He is equal to any emergency likely to come before the board of supervisors. He has just been elected a representative in the legislature from his district.

The town was named after Gen. Ezra Conviss, who was in the legislature and introduced the bill for its organization, but died before the act was passed.

PINCKNEY, NOW CLARENCE,

Was organized in 1839, and elected the following persons, to wit: Andrew Bell, supervisor; Cook Tyler, town clerk; A. M. Green, treasurer; W. B. Noble, C. W. Clapp, Samuel Sellers, A. P. Bell, justices of the peace; O. S. Bell, collector; W. B. Noble, C. W. Clapp, Norris Barnes, school inspectors.

At the general election held in this town in November, 1839, Elon Farnsworth and William Woodbridge received each 15 votes for governor. Thomas Fitzgerald and J. Wright Gordon received each 15 votes for lieutenant governor. John Ball received 16 votes for senator, and P. Bridge 14 votes for the same. Andrew L. Hays and Harris C. Goodrich received each 15 votes for representative. Jonathan Hart and Henry Cook received each 15 votes for representatives. No political party seems to have led at this election. Whole number of votes cast, 30. At the next general election held in November, 1840, 46 votes were cast for presidential electors, designated Whig 26, Democratic 16.

The town re-elected the officers of the preceding year at its next town meeting. As a matter of history, indeed natural history, I transcribe literally the following entry from the town record: "Received fifteen dollars, it Being the Avails of the Sail of a Pony taken up as a stray by A. I. Swain which was sold on the 17 Day of Dec. 1840."

The first town meeting of the township of Clarence was held April 5th, 1841. The town is broken, abounds in lakes and marshes, but is nevertheless healthy and productive. The timber is principally oak of a good quality. Beach and maple is found in the north part of the town. The products are wheat, pork, wool and apples, which are sold at Albion and a near station on the railroad in Springport, Jackson county. Mrs. A. M. Green was the first white woman who crossed Rice creek in this town. Indians, game and fish were abundant. The patriotic citizens celebrated the Fourth of July, 1838, at the south end of Duck lake—the whole number of men, women and children just a dozen souls. The declaration of independence was read by C. W. Clapp. Cook Tyler, Esq., read an interesting "Essay on the future development of the surrounding country."

The statistics of the town were as follows: One doctor, one resident minister, one town-house, eight district schools; value of school-houses, $10,000; one saw-mill, three organized churches.

Duck lake is a large, beautiful sheet of water, and abounds in fine fish. The late Jesse Crowell, of Albion, built and operated a steam saw-mill near the north border of this lake, around which clustered a few residences and shops. From this saw-mill great quantities of lumber were sent to all the surrounding country, rendering the mill and Duck lake famous. Rice creek rises in Springport, Jackson county, runs through the towns of Clarence, Sheridan, Marengo and Marshall, and empties into the Kalamazoo river in the city of Marshall. It affords a moderate amount of water power. It traverses quite a number of small lakes, but does not lose its identity.

Battle Creek is the outlet of Duck lake, which emerges from the north end, in section number nine, soon passing into Eaton county, and enters this county in the town of Conviss, thence through Pennfield and across the northwest corner of Emmett, and finally empties into the Kalamazoo river in the city of Battle Creek. This is a large stream and affords an abundant water power. The Indian name of this stream was Wapokisko, the River of Blood. A not well authenticated legend is, that Battle Creek derived its name from the supposed fact that a bloody fight occurred on its banks between the Indians and a party of engineers.

The following named persons were pioneers in the town of Clarence, viz: Theoran Hamilton, A. M. Green, B. R. Gillet, Y. M. Hatch, Andrew Bell, J. R. Palmer, Cook Tyler, Norris Barns, C. W. Clapp, etc.

CLARENDON

Was organized in 1838. For four years prior thereto it constituted an important part of the township of Homer. The following persons located lands in this town, as follows:

March 5th, 1832, John Kennady, 146.65 acres.
April 2d, 1832, Anthony Doolittle, 160 acres.
May 17th, 1832, Barnes Kennady, 160 acres.
June 21st, 1832, T. J. Rosoman, 67.25 acres.
July, 1832, Enos and Keep, 160 acres each.

The fertile lands of this town attracted the attention of farmers on the look out for homesteads, and the most desirable selections were made within five years from the organization of the town, and made by men who settled upon the lands they bought, and which, to a great extent, is now owned by themselves or their descendants. The eccentric Bartletts came in 1834, and brought with them a threshing machine which was a great convenience to the few farmers who had any grain to thresh. They also erected a saw-mill. One of the Bartlett brothers had received a good education, and was a reading man, and while he was very far from being below par mentally, he was quite deficient in good common sense. The Blashfields, who came in 1835, were of that large and always respectable class of men who thrive and make themselves highly respected, because they have good common sense, and don't make fools of themselves by the vain attempt to pass themselves off for what they are not, either by nature or education. The Keeps, Enos, Hurmstons, Kennady and Keith, were all of this type of noble men. The Michigan Air Line Railroad passes through the center of the town. At Clarendon Center there is a postoffice, a store and a few shops. The large and varied productions of this town are marketed chiefly at Homer. The timber is of a better quality and kind than is found in the adjoining towns, and is manufactured into lumber at their own mills. The class of farm buildings attests the taste and ability of the farmers. Religion and education, fostered at the beginning, is now established upon an imperishable basis. In several places along the St. Joseph River are marked evidences of Indian occupancy.

ECKFORD.

The early records of the town of Eckford are lost, *i. e.*, the record of town elections, but from the books of the highway commissioner, which are extant, all important matters connected with the settlement of the town can be ascertained.

Oshea Wilder entered eighty acres of land in this town in 1831. In 1832 Oshea Wilder, E. S. Rogers, Chas. K. Palmer and others entered 1,705 acres. The land is rolling, in many places stony, but generally productive. Its chief products are wheat, wool and pork. Marshall is the principal market town. There are three organized churches, three church edifices, one town house, one settled minister, one saw-mill, school-houses, no graded school. The number of school houses, the value thereof, and the number of children between five and twenty years of age, though quite desirable, were not ascertained.

Names of pioneers—Oshea Wilder, Chas. Olin, Joel B. Marsh, Thos. J. Walker, Eli T. Chase, Elijah Cook, Jr., Joseph Otis, Joseph I. Ehle, Daniel Dunnakin.

Oshea Wilder settled in the town of Eckford in 1831, and continued his residence until the time of his death, which occurred in January, 1846. He was a man of refinement and more than ordinary culture. In his early life he worked at blacksmithing, a trade he had learned of his father in his New England home. The avails of his first labor were expended in the purchase of books and in the payment of school bills. Being a man of industry, economy and business shrewdness, he accumulated money. In 1821 he went to England and embarked in business in the city of London, which proved a success. His passport, which now lies before me, was vised in France and England, but it is not known that he engaged in business in the former country. Soon after his settlement in this state, he wrote a series of articles for the Detroit Journal and Michigan Advocate, giving graphic descriptions of the beauty and fertility of the country, and predicting its early, and now realized greatness. In 1833, through the same papers, he called public attention to the feasibility of the construction of a railroad through the central portions of the state, commencing at Detroit and terminating at the mouth of St. Joseph river. Upon the receipt of the first article, it was editorially complimented and endorsed, and the editor suggested calling "a general meeting of the citizens of the county at an early day, with the view of considering the expediency of memorializing congress on the subject, and soliciting the War Department to direct a survey of the route and an estimate of the expense." The Detroit Courier introduces the railroad letter of Mr. Wilder in these words: "The attention of the citizens of Michigan has been strongly invited to an immediate consideration of the important subject, and in view of which, and of the great interests connected with it, we are at a loss to account for the singular lethargy which prevails among our merchants who are, in every other commendable enterprise, not wanting in energy and perseverance." The whole article of Mr. Wilder is every way worthy of the man and the subject, but a single extract will suffice for the object had in view in this paper: "If a railroad was constructed leading from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph river, running through the fertile counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Van Buren and Berrien, a distance of about 175 miles, it would pass through the very pith and marrow of the territory with rich counties lying north and south of this line, to which branches would naturally extend. What, think you, would be the result of such an artery through the territory? I hesitate not to say the result would be beyond the present calculations of any man unacquainted with the natural resources of the interior. The region through which the road would pass is not like the heavy timbered land of western New York, where it wears out one generation of men in subduing the forest. On the contrary, almost every farm is ready for fencing and tillage—it invites the plow at once, and the justly celebrated Genesee Valley must yield the palm to this region as a wheat producing country both in quantity and quality." This prophecy, made forty-five years ago, has been literally fulfilled, and the apathy complained of among the merchants of Detroit in reference to the building of this great central thoroughfare, exists at the present time among capitalists in reference to the building of tributary or side branches. This far-seeing statesman did not live to see the results of the improvements he was among the first (if not the first) to suggest and urge. The system of internal improvements which has developed the rich resources of our state to an unprecedented extent, is mainly attributable to Oshea Wilder for its early inception and advocacy. Beyond holding some unimportant town office the writer is not aware that Mr. Wilder ever held or ever desired political preferment. He knows that upon being solicited by certain political busybodies to be the candidate of the anti-masonic party for side judge, he replied, "The prosperity of the country requires harmony, and not discord—the selection of men qualified for the several offices, and not selected by party spirit." These wise words fitly illustrate his noble character. He was a frequent contributor to the press, but never in the role of politics. Under the unhealthy stimulus imparted to the monetary affairs of this state by the passage of the general banking law, Mr. Wilder started a bank at Singapore which, after a brief existence, failed. He had a large tract of land in Eckford which he improved somewhat, but with indifferent success. Among his books and in the bosom of his loved and loving family, he met the summons to depart hence, with Christian calmness and hope.

Charles Olin, a very much overestimated man, was an early supervisor of the town, held several minor offices, was one of our side judges, and for one term was a representative in the legislature of this state. He died many years ago.

Copy of receipt signed by Elijah Cook, Jr., supervisor:

ECKFORD, April 10th, 1838.

"Received of Chas. Olin, seventeen dollars, the balance of town money in the superintendent's hands, as appears by book—fifteen dollars on the Bank of Allegan, two dollars on the Clinton Canal Bank at Pontiac."

EMMETT,

Formerly called Casey, was organized in 1838. Some years previous the following lands were located, to-wit:

June 17, 1831, John J. Gurnsey, 404.74 acres; Estes Rich, 160 acres; Jeremiah Gardner, 160 acres; Michael Spencer, 160 acres; Sylvester Sibley, 18.67.

July 27, 1831, John V. Henry, 160 acres.

July 25, 1831, Benj. F. Dwinnell, 322.43 acres.

February 2, 1832, John Bertram, 474.36 acres.

April 10, 1832, Henry L. Dwinnell, 80 acres.

August 6, 1833, Royal Stiles, 259.96 acres.

August 7, 1833, John Harper, 134.09 acres.

June 21, 1834, Robert Wheaton, 149.38 acres.

The purchasers of land in 1833, were Asa and Moses Lowell, Harper, Stiles, Henry, Calkins, Woodward and Warren.

The lands on section six and seven of this town, constitute an important part of the city of Battle Creek. The freight and passenger depot of the Michigan Central Railroad, in the city of Battle Creek, is on section seven of this town. Many of the finest residences of the city are upon the sections before named. The land is elevated and affords a charming prospect. The Dwinnell farm (now owned by Henning), on section twenty-three, was once the site of an Indian village and burying grounds. The mounds and graves were very distinct in 1831. Some of the graves were surrounded with poles and surmounted with rude crosses.

The Peninsular Railroad crosses the M. C. R. R. on section seven, in this town. On section twenty-three there is a post-office and a small freight and passenger depot, called a side station, of the M. C. R. R. The Kalamazoo river enters the town at Ceresco, and passing out at the city of Battle Creek, dividing the town into two nearly equal divisions. Dickinson creek, a small stream, affords power for a saw and cider mill, near its junction with the Kalamazoo river on section twenty-two. The butter and cheese factory erected by Chas. H. White has been idle for the past two years. A part of the village of Ceresco is in this town, being the only village in it, save the quite small village of Verona. The land is rolling, and the soil very productive. All things considered, the writer thinks the township of Emmett the most attractive town in the county. her pioneer settlers were men of means, enterprise and good judgment, and their early industries developed all these traits of character, without a single exception.

John Harper came from Batavia, N. Y., and settled in this town upon a large tract of land, in 1833, which his abundant means enabled him to improve, at once, on a large scale. He broke up over one hundred acres in 1833–4. He had eight children, some of whom were old enough to give him some assistance, at that time. This large family were stowed away in a small log house, which was erected on section twenty-two. At the time of Mr. Harper's death, which occurred over thirty years ago, he had put under cultivation 200 acres of the beautiful land now owned by Messrs. Henning and Hough. Mrs. John Hough is the only descendant of the family, now living on the paternal domain. The M. C. R. R. crosses this farm, and the writer well remembers the great reluctance of Mr. Harper to convey the right of way.

Benjamin F. Dwinnell was the first justice of the peace, and in that capacity performed the marriage ceremony mentioned in the history of Athens. He was a genial man; had a fine farm, a happy home, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of his neighbors, and yet, alas, in a fit of unaccountable depression, he committed suicide. His widow is now the wife of Kenyon Johnson, Esq., of the town of Marshall.

The present men of mark in this town are in part as follows: John Hough, the Messrs. Newbrees, Loomis Hutchinson, Jeremiah Brown, Messrs. Chilson, Spaulding, Moore, etc. Few towns, either in its pioneer or present inhabitants, has been so fortunate as Emmett, in the acquisition of industrious, moral and intelligent citizens. The private residences and their beautiful surroundings are indicative of all this.

FREDONIA

Held its first township meeting at the house of Ebby Hyde, April 2d, 1838. John Houston was the moderator, and James Winters and A. H. Blakely clerks. The election resulted as follows: Solomon Platner, supervisor; James Winters, town clerk; Putnam Root, collector. At this first meeting, one hundred dollars was raised for schools, and fifty dollars for the relief of the poor. This particular fifty dollars was deposited for safe keeping, against the time of need, in Calhoun County Bank, which long since became itself a pauper. At a special town meeting held January 7th, 1839, Ebby Hyde was elected supervisor. At the second annual election, John Houston was elected supervisor; Putnam Root, town clerk; David Aldrich, town treasurer. At the third annual town meeting, John B. Fredenburg was elected supervisor. By general agreement, the office of supervisor alternated between Messrs. Houston and Fredenburg, irrespective of politics. The early office-holders in this town were men of uncommon capacity and fitness.

May 14, 1832, lands were entered in this town by Dan'l Sykes, Thos. Burland and Rob't Williamson.

October 26, 1832, Asa B. Cook bought 75 acres.

1833, John Houston, Alfred G. Smith, David Aldrich, and many other well known citizens, bought a large amount of land, and a portion of them ultimately became the largest and best farmers in the town.

The corn lands of the Indians, whose home was between South Fish and Pine lake, were distinctly visible in 1836, and the finding of Indian curiosities, so-called, was by no means uncommon. The first schoolhouse, built of logs, was in the neighborhood of David Aldrich, and the first teacher was Miss Janette Baldwin. John Houston, Esq., now a prominent citizen of Fredonia, then a stripling, was Miss Baldwin's esquire in reaching her home on Palmer's plains, at the close of her school on each Saturday. These journeys were on horse-back, and the route traveled an old Indian trail. By way of dispensing with the attendance of John upon these occasions, calico rags were attached to the brush at convenient distances on either side of the path. This circuitous road led over, or rather, through some miserable marshes. The south part of the town is hilly, and abounds in small lakes and marshes. Palmer's plains, on section twenty-four, and the plains on the west part of section twenty-three, are not excelled in beauty or fertility by any lands in the county. The balance of the town is rolling and productive. Lyon, Cedar, and so much of Brace lakes as lie in this town, are beautiful sheets of water, and abound in fish. In some of them the fish commissioner has deposited white fish, and I think, trout and shad.

There is no tavern or other drinking place in town, and but few to patronise them if (unfortunately) they were here; but four churches, with their heaven-pointing spires, adorn the landscape. Good school buildings and numerous good schools attest the importance attached to education and refined manners. The town has erected an inexpensive but commodious town-house. The chief products are wheat, wool, cattle and fruits, and the principal market is Marshall. There is no post-office in town. The Coldwater, Marshall and Mackinaw R. R. going through the centre of the town, is now ready for the iron, which will be laid in 1877. In the Lion lake region are fine flocks of merino sheep, and directly north of Long lake Mr. Hyde has a herd of Durham cattle, and adjoining Marshall, on the Coldwater road, Mr. H. H. Comstock has a fine Hambletonian stallion.

Ebby Hyde, who, it will have been seen, was an early settler in Fredonia, and who was the peer of such men as Houston, Fredenburg, Aldrich, Blue, Briggs and Platner, died years ago in a ripe old age, upon the farm which he entered. He is better known at this period as the father of Professor Hyde, of New York, and of A. O. Hyde, of Marshall, and of E. V. B. Hyde, of Fredonia. The writer remembers him as a venerable man, possessing strong and correct views of men and measures, and ready at all times to express his honest convictions upon any topic of conversation which might be introduced. He was a good thinker, a good talker, and in every sense of the word a good man.

John Houston, another useful pioneer, was a younger man than Mr. Hyde, and consequently more active. He was a good farmer, and made that his sole business. A year or two after locating in this town, I think, a brother came to see him. He enquired at Marshall if such a man as John Houston lived near there. Some thought not, but some knew that a man of that name lived some three miles south. The only road worthy of the name leading south was the road to Homer. The brother went out about three miles and inquired for John Houston, and found that he was too far east, and he was again started on another road leading in a westerly direction. He followed that until he was utterly exhausted, and found no one who knew his brother for some time, but finally met a man with an ox-team, who knew him and his place of residence. He hired the man to take him aboard his craft and deposit him at his brother's. I have two objects in view in repeating this anecdote, one is, in illustration of the fact, that in the formation period of our history, people have only time to attend to their own business, and second, to give an idea of the complete isolation of men or families in a wilderness without roads. Mr. Houston had a commanding presence, was energetic and decided, and reared a large and interesting family, who now take rank as men and women of high standing. The writer had the unhappiness to see Mr. Houston expire, in a conjestive chill.

John B. Fredenburg settled upon his farm, upon Lyon lake, in 1836. His strong common sense and positive manners made him at once a prominent man in the new settlement. He came from Albany, and brought with him letters from the Albany junto, and it was at once inferred that he was a politician of the democratic stripe, an imputation which was a matter of pride and boasting with him. In early life he was a surveyor, and hence, was particularly useful in laying out roads, hunting lands, and settling any disputes that arose about the lines of farms. He filled, with great credit, every office of the town for many years, and, indeed, until the infirmities of advanced age were upon him. He owned one of the most beautifully located farms in this town or county, which, since his death, has passed out of the family. I trust it will be many years before another name than the Freedburg farm will attach to it.

David Aldrich is now living in the city of Marshall.

Putnam Roab is still a resident of Fredonia. Both are conspicuous for their moral and social virtues.

HOMER.

The writer opened his eyes upon Homer one beautiful morning in October, 1836, and he thought then, as he thinks now, that there are but few places in Michigan that can equal it in beauty or excel it in the productiveness of its soil. In proof of my estimate of the place at the time I have mentioned, let me say that I called upon Henry Cook, deceased, and endeavored to buy his beautiful prairie farm. But as I could not make up my mind to give the price asked, viz: $50 per acre, I passed on. This particular farm, and indeed the entire Homer plain, is under the highest improvement and would readily command almost double the amount named to me by Mr. Cook. Elegant residences, churches and school-houses are proofs of the refinement and intelligence of the people.

Homer held its first township meeting at the house of Milton Barney, first Monday of April, 1834; Henry Cook, moderator, Oshea Wilder, clerk. Elected Stephen S. Powers, supervisor; Chauncy C. Lewis, town clerk.

At the second township meeting elected Oshea Wilder, supervisor; James M. Parsons, town clerk.

At an election for delegates to state convention, held in this town April 4th, 1836, the following persons were voted for: Oshea Wilder received 66 votes; James P. Greeves received 61 votes; Isaac E. Crary received 58 votes; Ezra Conviss received 56 votes.

At the general election in October, 1836, Stevens T. Mason received for governor - - - - - - - -	58 votes.
Edward Mundy for lieutenant governor received - -	59 votes.
Isaac E. Crary for congress received - - - - -	59 votes.
John S. Barry for senator received - - - - -	59 votes.
Calvin Britton for senator received - - - - -	54 votes.
Horace H. Comstock for senator received - - - -	54 votes.
Ezra Conviss for assembly received - - - - -	56 votes.

For the adoption of the constitution, 56 yeas, 1 nay.

Augustus Canfield made the first entry of land in town, viz: August 1st, 1831, 80 acres; 880.41 acres were entered in 1832 by Milton Barney, Henry McMurtin, Wm. Winterstan, John Burt, Arba Lambson, H. Lake and Barlow Lewis; 1833 Abram Letts purchased 360 acres, and John Burt bought 320 acres.

Hiram Smith arrived in this town in 1837 with a stock of merchandise, which was the stock in trade of the firm of Smith & Lewis. The firm existed and did a successful business for many years. The firm were also engaged in milling. Mr. Smith was a man of intelligence, and of fixed and determined principles. Politically he was radical in his views and dogmatic in their defense. With political trimmers he had no patience and gave no quarter. He had served the town faithfully in the discharge of the duties of most of its offices, been the postmaster, and had represented his district in 1841–2 in the legislature. He died May 4th, 1874.

Arba Lewis was born in Derby, Conn., 1799. The family, while Arba was a youth, moved into Cayuga county, thence into Wayne county, N. Y. In the latter county Mr. Lewis married and embarked in merchandise. In 1837 he came to Homer and embarked in business with

Mr. Hiram Smith, with whom he sold goods and built mills, etc. Mr. Lewis is a refined and cultivated Christian gentleman. In his old age he is very feeble and decrepit, but enjoys meeting with old friends and talking over with them the stirring times and incidents of their early settlement in the town. The first Sunday-school organized in Homer held their meetings over the store of Smith & Lewis. Both of these gentlemen entered into this enterprise with zeal and perseverance. Mr. Smith was especially useful in conducting the singing.

The Sunday-school has always been a fixed institution in Homer, and upon the completion of the Presbyterian session house was removed from the store-loft to the more spacious and comfortable quarters afforded in the session house, which was the first church edifice erected in the town. Ashael Finch, Jr., was the first superintendent of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school.

Milton Barney, who had made large purchases of real estate, now embraced in the village of Homer, moved into the town September, 1832. He brought with him millwrights and mill machinery, and immediately set about the erection of a saw-mill. He very soon platted a village and brought lots into the market. Mr. Barney lived some two years in a log house, which was also open to the traveling emigrant, many of whom are yet alive and bear testimony to the hearty cordiality with which they were entertained by both landlord and landlady. In 1833 Mr. Barney brought on a stock of goods, which he offered for sale in a small frame building, which was the first frame building in town. A large stone building and the Homer hotel were erected after a year or two and occupied by Mr. Barney. Elisha Thompson was clerk for Mr. Barney, ultimately married his daughter and succeeded him in business. The Homer mills were built by a company in 1837, of which Mr. Barney was a member. He was a justice of the peace, president of the Bank of Homer, and a man of all work. By nature he was a genial man, but the wear and tear of multifarious business, which was not always prosperous, made him sometimes morose and irascible. With an impaired fortune, and under some domestic afflictions, he went to California, where he died some years ago.

Among the leading men of Homer not mentioned above were Andrew Dorsey and sons, James M. Parsons, Drs. Blair, Nims and Parks, Ashael Finch, Jr., N. D. Skeels, Letts, Weatherwax, Hopkins, Powers, Gibbs, and many others. In fact, for intelligence, enterprise and moral worth the early settlers of this town were deservingly conspicuous. At the present the village of Homer is a growing business centre, and promises in the near future to become a large and flourishing town. It now has in town and village, (mainly in the latter), seven doctors, one lawyer, four resident clergymen, four organized churches, three church edifices, one railroad depot and freight house, two banking houses, one printing office, one weekly newspaper, one iron foundry, one graded school, eight school-houses and districts. Value of school-houses, $14,500. Number of scholars as per last report, 521.

The town is well supplied with stores and mechanic shops, and a thriving business is done. The general surface is rolling and soil productive. Chief products wheat, corn, pork, wool and fruit. Market at Homer village.

LEROY

Was organized in 1838, and at a town meeting, held April 2d, 1839, D. N. Bushnell was elected supervisor; J. C. Mulhollen, town clerk; Joshua Robbinson, treasurer; Pollodore Hudson, H. M. Burdic, Silas Kelsey, T. B. Barnum, justices of the peace; Pollodore Hudson, D. N. Bushnell, C. L. Newkirk, school inspectors.

The only lands entered in this town in 1832–3 were as follows:

August 15th, 1832, Wm. A. Bishop, on section 6, 88 acres.

April 17th, 1833, Wm. A. Bishop, on section 6, 79 acres.

Education, religion, and especially anti-slavery had a coeval existence with the town; indeed, they may be said to be indigenous. There are at the present time two Methodist churches and one Congregational church—the latter was the first organized. There are two settled ministers, one steam saw-mill, one dry-goods store, three grocery stores. Value of school-houses, $4,300. LeRoy Fish was the first white male child born in the town.

The chief products are wheat, pork and wood, mainly marketed at Battle Creek. There is a great diversity of soil, from very good to very poor. The burr oak plains here, as elsewhere, are very handsome and very productive. The pioneers are Bishop, Bushnell, Kelsey, Hudson, Baker, Taylor, Fish, etc.

Fine residences are by no means uncommon, and the general aspect of things would impress a stranger, as it did the writer, that general thrift prevails.

LEE

Held its first township meeting April 6th, 1840, and elected John Weaver, supervisor; Frederick Garfield, town clerk; Jesse Ackley, treasurer; Benjamin Thomas, collector. Whole number of votes polled, twelve. No public lands entered in this town prior to 1834. One town house (at Lee Center), five organized churches, no church edifice, no mills, one doctor, no lawyer, one clergyman, one running stream, many lakes—Pardu and Lake of the Woods abound in fish.

It is the poorest township of land in the county, and yet there are many fine farms, and many men have made themselves well off by farming. The timber is oak, black walnut, whitewood, beech, maple and cherry. On section twelve J. R. Partello built a saw-mill some years ago that did a large amount of business, and around it clustered several houses, one store, one tavern, a postoffice, and the usual number of mechanics' shops. The settlement now boasts of a cider-mill, a postoffice and a very small store. The mill and tavern, which were the life of the place, have ceased to be.

There are eight school districts and eight school-houses. Value of the school-houses, $3,850. Children in attendance upon school last year, 348.

The chief marketable commodities are wheat, wool, pork, wood and hay. Marshall is the market town. The land is rolling, where not swampy. The first white child born in the town was Eliza J. Thomas. The town is a healthy one, notwithstanding the large number of marshes. The pioneers are Messrs. Wood, Thomas, Garfield, Hadden, Stanley, Miller, Hanchett, Carrier, etc.

Nicholas Stanley was killed by the caving in of a well. Amos Hadden still lives upon his farm. The two last named persons settled on section 36 in 1835.

Sidney S. Alcott, of Marshall, erected a saw-mill on a small stream on section seven, which supplied Marshall with most of its whitewood lumber for years. It has rotted down, and the whitewood having been mostly used up, the mill has not been rebuilt. The Coldwater, Marshall and Mackinaw Railroad passes through the western sections of the town, and will undoubtedly have a station in section six.

Among the notable men of the town at the present time are Messrs. Wood, Weaver, Waggoner, Walker, Thomas, Carpenter, etc.

MARSHALL.

Land entries in Marshall as follows:

October 15, 1830, Noble McKinstry, west half southeast quarter section twenty-five, 67 acres.

June, 1831, large purchases by Geo. Ketchum, H. H. Comstock, I. N. Hurd, Lucius Lyon, etc.

July, 1831, Joseph Beach,

August, 1831, Geo Ketchum, Thos. Bendure.

September, 1831, Geo. Ketchum, Sidney Ketchum, John Bertram, Thos. J. Wheeler, etc.

November, 1831, largely by John Bertram.

It is a noticeable fact that the purchasers of land in this town and in its immediate neighborhood, were men who had their eye to the main chance; in other words, they bought expecting a large advance in a very short time, from the price paid, and, as buying and selling was the order of the day, this advance price was very generally obtained. Men bought and sold in those crazy times often without seeing the property in which they bartered. From the loose and hasty transfer of property, one would naturally look for defective titles, but I am not aware of any important break in the chain of title, and know of no litigation growing out of any defect.

This town derived no small amount of prospective importance from the fact that a college was incorporated, and its sanguine friends had no doubt of its early erection. The incipient steps were taken; a beautiful tract of land was purchased, a primary building erected, and for a short time occupied for school purposes. The Rev. Dr. John P. Cleveland was elected president of the college; was upon the ground devoted to the enterprise, and deserved success. An institution for the higher education of females, incorporated about the same time, erected a building, called the Female Seminary; which was occupied some two or three years, and then, with the college, utterly failed and went out of being. Neither of them came to this end because there was a want of appreciation of their advantages, for their existence at all proves the contrary, but because they were prematurely started.

At all elections and other important meetings, the entire male population were out, and took a lively interest in everything in which the business or reputation of Marshall was involved. In consequence of the sparseness of the population in 1831–2–3, many of the prominent citizens held several town offices at the same time. Fitness for the place rather than political availability was the sole consideration. Among this number was the Hon. Isaac E. Crary, whose promotion from the offices of commissioner of highways, inspector of common schools, and justice of the peace, to that of delegate in congress from the territory of Michigan, was rapid and eminently deserved. Mr. Crary was a ripe scholar, a sound lawyer, and a good and enterprising citizen. He identified himself at an early period with the religious and educational interests of the rising town, which was ever ready to do him honor. As a co-worker with the Rev. John D. Pierce in the establishment of our common school system upon its present admirable basis, he is entitled to very great honor. As a delegate, and subsequently a member of congress, and in political sympathy with the party in power, he was enabled to secure princely appropriations of the public lands for the benefit of our common schools and of the university. He never attempted the cheap and silly eloquence of the wordy orator, but relied entirely upon the presentation of his own convictions in a plain and simple manner. That a man of his discernment and characteristics should have been a useful and popular citizen need not excite any surprise. He was a member of the convention to form, and subsequently to revise, the constitution of the state. In these bodies he was constant in his attendance, untiring and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and his course was universally approved by his constituency and the general public. At the time of his death, which occurred May 5th, 1854, he was in the zenith of his honor and usefulness.

The first persons of prominence who penetrated the wilderness, domiciled among the Indians, and who braved the dangers and toils of a frontier life to establish for themselves and families a home at the confluence of Rice Creek and the Kalamazoo River, were Sidney and George Ketchum. Sidney Ketchum came in the autumn of 1830, bought up the "floating claims" of some persons equally enterprising, and then returned to Peru, New York, his former residence. He returned with his family the following summer, and entered at once upon those speculations and improvements which gave him great celebrity throughout the state. He had a commanding presence, an air of confidence and honesty, and a ready command of most convincing language. The monuments of his enterprise are in part destroyed. The Methodist church and the stone mill have been burned, but his dwelling house, now the residence of

Charles T. Dibble, Esq., remains, surrounded by the beautiful oaks which were once his especial delight. The Marshall House, which was at one time the largest and finest hotel in the state, out of the city of Detroit, was built by Mr. Ketchum. The daily line of stages which "changed" at this house, and which gave so much life to its surroundings, was another enterprise mainly due to him. The Bank of Calhoun county, of which Mr. Ketchum was president, and which he may be said to have controlled, long since collapsed. The above, and a countless number of other enterprises, absorbed the time and means of Mr. Ketchum. About this time, as the writer is informed, the project of building a railroad from Marshall to Allegan was so nearly accomplished that coaches were purchased. At any rate, coach cushions for said coaches arrived in Marshall. Mr. Ketchum's journeys to and from "the east" in negotiating loans were so frequent and so well understood, that payment of taxes, debts, etc., depended (in the phrase of the time) upon Mr. Ketchum's return from "the east." There is no doubt that in all the financial matters of that early period, he was the mighty moving power. But loans could no longer be effected, and those made had to be paid. Then the crash came, and Mr. Ketchum, with a thousand others, became hopelessly bankrupt. He made a manly effort to retrieve his lost fortune by the purchase and sale of real estate in New York city, but fortune frowned upon him, and in his decrepitude and age he returned to the theater of his former successes to find a resting place for his weary and worn out body. He had not long to wait. He died September 16th, 1862.

George Ketchum, brother of Sidney, arrived in Marshall in the spring of 1831, bringing with him five or six other persons. Mr. Ketchum was a man of strong frame, well balanced mind, and accustomed to carrying on a great diversity of business, and to have the control of men. He immediately set about the erection of a saw-mill upon Rice Creek, near the south end of Mr. Perrin's dam. The millwright was Benjamin Wright, assisted by H. P. Wisner, Ashael Warner and one other person. When the frame was ready to "raise," the persons named, with the help of a tree which stood at a convenient distance as a spring pole and a tackle and block, accomplished the feat. This mill was in operation by September ensuing, and its benefits to the settlers can hardly be estimated. Up to that time the pioneers were living without floors, and often without doors to their houses. The houses were covered with bark, shakes, or split logs. This, too, be it remembered, when the woods swarmed with Indians and wild beasts, and the entire white population less than ten persons. In about one year from this time, a grist-mill, which stood just above the saw-mill, was completed. These mills were the first erected in this county, and dispensed their favors over an extensive region of country. At the time the grist-mill was put in operation, a bushel of wheat had not been raised and threshed in this county. John Bertram had purchased a threshing machine, which was being run by Joseph Shipp and Robert Williamson for his account on Climax Prairie. Bertram took wheat for his pay, and this grain found its way to Ketchum's mill. Wheat was purchased on Gun Plains also for the same purpose. George Ketchum became interested in a water power on a large affluent of Grand river, in the county of Kent, and made some expensive improvements thereon. But the venture never paid, not because the works were not valuable, but because they were in advance of the business of the country. Becoming somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, Mr. Ketchum went to California and was engaged in canaling for mining purposes, a business with which he was familiar, having been a successful contractor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad before coming to Michigan. If his career had not been cut short by sickness and death, there is no doubt that he would have succeeded to his entire satisfaction. He made some money, a part of which has been secured to his estimable widow, but the greater part absorbed by the Shylocks who know that dead men tell no tales. He died at Sonoma, California, June 29th, 1853.

Sidney S. Alcott filled a conspicuous place among the enterprising and business men of the town for many years. He also filled some town and county offices with fidelity and credit. He was a warm and devoted friend, scrupulously honest, and died some years ago in Boston without a known enemy.

Col. Charles Dickey is among our oldest and most honored pioneers, and has been before the public as one of its faithful servants a greater length of time than any other man in the county. He has filled the office of sheriff, been a senator from this district, been a United States marshal, and is at the present time judge of probate. That his discharge of the various political trusts he has held has met the approbation of his constituents is evident from the fact of his re-elections, and often he leads the ticket of his party.

Rev. John D. Pierce, now of Ypsilanti, was one of the earliest and most honored citizens of this county. He came from Oneida county, N. Y., as a missionary of the Home Missionary Board, and made his permanent location at Marshall in 1831, and immediately entered upon his life-work, to wit: preaching the gospel. He immediately identified himself with the people as their friend, to rejoice with the fortunate and happy, and to mourn with the bereaved and suffering. Every enterprise which had for its object the substantial improvement of the town met with his hearty approval and co-operation. He was the first superintendent of public instruction, as he should have been, for he was the father of our school system. His lucid and scholarly reports will always stand as models of learning and deep insight into the topics to which they relate. The accomplished wife of Mr. Pierce fell a victim to the cholera, which devastated the little town in 1832, as elsewhere spoken of. Of the once large family of Mr. Pierce, but two children are now alive. His son, who held a lieutenant's commission at the time of the Mexican war, contracted an incurable disease while in the service and died some twelve months after his return home. Mr. Pierce preached the first sermon in Calhoun county.

Stephen H. Preston is the oldest surviving member of the bar of Calhoun county. He is a ripe scholar, a ready and forcible writer, and a profound thinker. He has been prosecuting attorney of the county, and was for several years editor of the "Expounder," then I think called the

Calhoun County Patriot. He has retired from the practice of his legal profession.

James Wright Gordon came to Marshall in its infancy, was attorney for the Marshall Village Company, and thus became intimately identified with all its transactions and with the early growth of the town. As a lawyer and advocate he at once took a commanding position at the bar of this county, which he retained without the slightest abatement as long as he remained in the country. In consequence of a bronchial difficulty there was a roughness to his voice which would otherwise have been musical. He had a clear and comprehensive mind, which had been highly cultivated. He was the peer of the many liberally educated men among whom he was thrown, at the bar and in general society in Marshall. His legal efforts were marked by great earnestness and a clear perception of all the salient points in the case and the law bearing upon the same. He was senator from this district, and was elected lieutenant governor upon the ticket with Gov. William Woodbridge. At the legislative caucus for the nomination of United States senator Mr. Gordon was nominated over Gov. Woodbridge, who was also a candidate; but at the election the Democrats united with the Woodbridge faction and elected him United States senator. Mr. Gordon thus became the executive of the state, and discharged the duties of the office with universal acceptance. Soon after the close of his gubernatorial career he received a federal appointment to one of the South American states. At this time his lungs had become involved with the bronchial difficulty before named, and the delusive hope was cherished that a residence in a more genial clime might stay the further progress of the disease. It was for a time retarded, but not cured. The fatal ending came, and came in a most distressing manner. In a fit of convulsive coughing he fell from the balcony of his hotel and was fatally injured. Under such painful circumstances the brilliant scholar, lawyer and statesman, the venerated husband and father, and the accomplished gentleman, died among strangers and in a foreign land.

William H. Brown is the oldest practicing lawyer at the bar of Calhoun county. Although he has always been a consistent and outspoken politician, he has never held or been an aspirant for office. The study and practice of law has been his highest ambition. In that he has excelled. Identified as he is, with all the history of Marshall, he is well and favorably known by all its citizens. He is a gentleman of courteous bearing, possesses a fine classical and legal education, and occupies, as he should, a commanding position in society.

Geo. S. Wright came to Marshall in 1835, and is still one of its honored citizens. He was born and raised to early manhood in the city of New York. His manners are courtly, and his general bearing that of an educated and refined gentleman. He has long been cashier of the First National Bank of Marshall.

Charles D. Smith was the first merchant in Marshall, and although his prices seemed enormous, or rather, seem so now, he made but little money. The well-watered whisky which he sold to the Indians paid him better than two-shilling calico. He long since left the state.

Edward Bradley, of the law firm of Gibbs & Bradley, was of Irish extraction, and possessed all the ardor and enthusiasm belonging to the distinguished sons of the Emerald Isle. He was a good specimen of nature's nobility; neglectful of his personal appearance, mingling freely with the people as one of them. His only pride of character, if he may be said to have had any, consisted in a quick perception of an insult, and in the full appreciation of a mean act, by whomsoever committed. As a lawyer, he stood in the first rank as an advocate, and, as a stump speaker, he had few, if any, equals. When under the influence of excitement, and moved by the great political principles involved in the contest of a political campaign, his voice, manner and language awakened an enthusiasm in the countless multitude, which no one but a Bradley could excite. His manner and language were his own, the gift of nature rather than education. Mr. Bradley was elected to congress, and died on his way to Washington, of consumption, superinduced, I have no doubt, by his almost superhuman exertions as a stump speaker during the Cass campaign, so-called. No member of his family are now residents of this county.

Jabez S. Fitch, though not an early settler, deserves mention in this connection. He was a merchant, and a man of large means. In politics and religion he was radical and eccentric, but always sincere and conscientious. He was a strong temperance man, giving drinkers, even the most moderate, "war to the knife." He would admit of no palliating circumstances, listen to no explanation or apologies. The tap must be driven in and cut off, and the drinker humbled to the dust. Moral suasion upon his temperance principals consisted in instant surrender and annihilation. Of course, a man of such ultra creed and conduct had enemies; but, what did he care for that—was he not persecuted for righteousness' sake? His great enterprise in Marshall was the building of the Presbyterian church, of which he was an active and honored member. The writer was a witness to the execution of his will, signed, I think, but a few hours before he died. Mr. Fitch was held up in bed, the instrument placed upon the bible, and he signed it and attached his usual flourish thereto, with all the composure he would have signed a business letter. He died at his residence, now owned and occupied by Hon. Chas. T. Gorham. He died August 20th, 1843.

Abner Pratt was a sound lawyer, and an able and incorruptible judge. He had a native aversion to rudeness and crime; culprits, therefore, were severely dealt with, sometimes, possibly, unmercifully so. He was prompt, decisive and bold. As a financier he was loose and extravagant, and failed to accumulate money. Of his honest and generous impulses no one doubts.

Charles P. Dibble embarked in mercantile business in Marshall in 1836, which he still continues with great success, under the name of C. P. Dibble & Son. He is the vice-president of the First National Bank of Marshall, and during the long absence of Hon. Chas. T. Gorham, has been its president *de facto*. Notwithstanding the magnitude of Mr. Dibble's operations, which receive close and absorbing attention, he nevertheless devotes much time and care to the interests of his church and the public schools of the city. To the latter he has donated $500, the interest of which is always to be used as premium for superior scholarship.

Charles T. Gorham sold goods here for a few years, became rich, established the first private bank, finally merged his institution into a national bank, now called "the First National Bank of Marshall," of which he is president. Mr. Gorham has held the office of state senator, minister to the Hague, and is now assistant secretary of the interior. In all positions he honors himself and the office he fills.

Rev. Randall Hobart was an early and laborious Methodist minister, who is said to have married more and buried more persons than any other clergyman in the county up to the time that he left the state for California. During the prevalence of the cholera he was nurse, doctor, priest and undertaker. Sustained by an abiding trust in God, he went about his trying duties with calmness, having encouraging words for all. The first victim of cholera was Isaac N. Hurd, one of the proprietors of the village. Mr. Hobart's account of his sickness and death is in these words: "We visited him in the afternoon, and then, for the first time, witnessed the effects of that awful scourge. A strong man that we had seen on the streets the day before, now writhing in the dreadful collapse of cholera. He died about sundown. Under the apprehension that contagion might be conveyed if the remains were not immediately interred, some men in my employ had commenced a coffin before night. It was ready shortly after dark. Preparation by digging the grave was begun about the same time. We met at the house of Mr. Pierce, where he died, to place him in his coffin, and convey him to the grave. There were present Isaac E. Crary, Sands McCamly and three brothers, young men, by the name of Thompson, said to be from South Carolina. I am not quite sure, but believe, that S. S. Alcott and Mr. Pierce were present. We bore the body to the grave by torchlight—the first ever opened in Marshall." Mr. Hobart was not only a good minister of religion, but of law also. For many years he was among our very best magistrates. He died some years ago in California.

Dr. John H. Montgomery is the oldest medical gentleman now engaged in practice in this city, having been thus engaged since 1836. His great popularity attests his success as a practitioner, and as a courteous, Christian gentleman.

Thomas W. Wells settled in the township of Marshall in 1838, purchased and cultivated a beautiful tract of land. Although farming was a new business to Mr. Wells, he having been educated to mercantile pursuits in the city of New York, he nevertheless was a good farmer. His own experience and success demonstrates the fact that brains and education are no set-back to a farmer. Mr. Wells did not follow the plow, for he had too delicate an organization, but he gave direction and personal attention to all his farming operations, and was, of course, successful. On the 8th of April, 1842, he entered upon the duties of acting commissioner of internal improvement, and creditably filled its responsible duties for two years. He retired from office at his own request, on account of impaired health, on the 8th of April, 1844. Some idea of his responsible and arduous labor may be inferred from a survey of the various enterprises pertaining to his office, to wit: The Michigan Central railroad; the Michigan Southern, (now called Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana;) Clinton and Kalamazoo canal; improvement of Grand and Maple rivers; Northern railroad, or turnpike; Saginaw canal; canal around the rapids of Grand river, at Grand Rapids; Detroit and Grand river road; improvement of Kalamazoo and St. Joseph rivers, etc. In the conduct of his business, spread out as it was over the entire state, he handled hundreds of thousands of dollars, or rather land warrants and state scrip, representing that amount. In his report to the legislature, December 16th, 1842, he says he has received from the Michigan Central railroad $11,106.74 in specie and bills of specie paying banks, which has enabled him to make change, etc. How fortunate that the cash accumulations from the Central railroad for *nine* months enabled the commissioner to make change!

During the administration of Mr. Wells the Central railroad was extended from Dexter to Jackson, and the road was nearly completed to Marshall at the expiration of his term of office. He returned to his family and farm in April, 1844, from which time he was a patient sufferer and invalid until the time of his death, which occurred a few months thereafter. No doubt the labors and exposures incident to his official duties hastened the sad event. He was a man of high social qualities, of irreproachable life, and died beloved and regretted. His estimable widow and one son are now residents of the city of Marshall. He died February 22d, 1845.

SCHOOLS.

From the report of A. O. Hyde, Esq., director of the school board of the city of Marshall for the year 1875, I make the following statement: Whole number of school-houses five, of solid brick, in modern architecture and possessing all the modern improvements in seating and lighting. These houses can seat 1,200 pupils. The value of these school-houses and lots is $150,000. Whole number of qualified teachers, 20. Total wages of teachers, $7,182.69. Total expenses for school purposes, $23,618.29. Total number of children between the ages of 5 and 20, 1,413. The bonded indebtedness of the city for the erection of school-houses and school lots, is $40,000.

In addition to the foregoing there are two parochial schools, to wit: St. Mary's academy for females, and the common school under the fostering care of St. Mary's church. The investment in the way of buildings and grounds for these schools is not less than $6,000. The number of pupils in these schools is 175. A German and Kindergarten school completes the list of educational facilities in this city.

CHURCHES.

There are ten organized churches and the same number of church edifices in this city. These church edifices, with the parsonages and grounds upon which they stand, are valued at about $100,000.

NEWSPAPERS.

Two ably conducted weekly papers are exponents of the principles of the two political parties of the city and county. The Democratic Expounder, now edited by Samuel S. Lacey, Esq., issued its first number (then called the Calhoun County Patriot), December 3d, 1836. The Statesman, now edited by Morgan Bates, Esq., issued its first number (then called the Marshall Times), in 1837. Both papers were then Democratic, or Republican, as the party was then called. The career of the Times was short, and the press was purchased by some gentlemen of Whig proclivities, and has since been the organ of that party.

WATER WORKS.

The city is justly proud of her artesian wells, numbering twenty-two, and located in all parts of the city. The supply of water is perfectly inexhaustible. The steamer makes but little perceptible impression upon the elevation of water in the wells, though driven to its utmost capacity for hours. The fire department have one steamer and two hand engines, and a hook and ladder company with all the usual apparatus.

Gas is furnished to the city by an incorporated company, and is also made and used by private parties.

MARENGO,

From its immediate proximity to Marshall, may be said to have had a simultaneous growth with it. In 1831, 3,621.45 acres of land were entered in this town. On the 16th of June of that year, the following persons entered lands, to wit: Elijah Crane, 135.28 acres; Seeley Neale, 400 acres; Ashael Warner, 80 acres; Horace P. Wisner, 87.34 acres; Augustus Dustain, 49.40 acres. The only prior entries were as follows: June 7, 1831, Solomon M. Allen, 40 acres; Erastus Kimball, 80 acres.

Nathan Pierce, by his purchase of 843 acres, made him the owner of the greatest amount of land in this town in this year. Thomas Chisholm entered this year the lands upon which he now resides.

The following persons purchased lands and became honored residents of the town this year: Col. John Amsley, Dea. Elijah A. Bigelow, Erastus Kimball, Francis Phillips, Reuben Abbott.

The first town meeting was held at the house of Joseph Ames on the first Monday of April, 1833, and the election resulted as follows, to wit: Seeley Neale, supervisor; Harmon Neale, town clerk; Alfred Killham, Reuben Abbott, Seeley Neale, assessors; Joseph Ames, Seeley Neale, Benj. Wright, commissioners of highways.

"*Resolved*, that a bounty of $3 be paid for every wolf killed in this town by any inhabitant thereof the coming year."

At the second township meeting Horace Brace was elected supervisor and Loren Maynard town clerk. Repealed the wolf bounty this year, but renewed it in 1836, increasing the bounty to $5 a head or scalp. The town ceased to offer this bounty in 1839. At the fifth town meeting 91 votes were polled.

Seeley Neale settled in 1832 upon the lands which he had entered in this town, where he continued to reside until the close of his life. He was one of the chain-bearers of the government surveying party which laid the route of the Territorial Road, and was one of the commissioners for establishing the same. As the party crossed the Marengo plains, then in all its virgin beauty and richness, Mr. Neale was so thoroughly enamored that he lost no time in entering all of these plains that his means enabled him to do. His judgment in that, as in most other matters, was not at fault. These lands are to-day the envy of agriculturists, and the admiration of all beholders. Mr. Neale served his town with great acceptance as supervisor, justice of the peace, and in many minor offices. He was industrious, temperate and economical—a man of honor and of good judgment.

Col. Loren Maynard settled in this town in 1833, and soon became widely and favorably known. For many years he kept a tavern, which, in those days, was a particularly prominent and necessary institution. He also carried on farming operations with entire success. He filled nearly every office in the town, and was post-master and sheriff of the county. Although this county has been most fortunate in having the duties of sheriff discharged by many of our first citizens, yet no one has exceeded Col. Maynard in all the qualities that make up a good and reliable officer. The writer is reminded just here of a little incident which shows how determined he was to carry out faithfully, and to its legal consequences, all his official business. The writer had a young man in his employ who fell under the suspicion of petty theft, and to satisfy himself, and to detect the thief, if such he proved to be, some bank notes were marked and left in a cash drawer, to which this young man had frequent access. The money was taken. Accompanied by the sheriff, I went to the young man's boarding house, search was instituted, and the marked bills found upon his person. The colonel thought it his duty to take the young man to jail. I was reluctant to place him in so deplorable a condition, as I knew of no other departure from a virtuous life, and hoped and believed that if allowed to escape punishment then he might reform. Taking him into another room, receiving his most solemn assurance that he would thoroughly reform, if permitted to escape, I gave him money to carry him back to New York, opened the door, and he vanished in the darkness. As a palliating circumstance connected with the legal error I committed, I may say, that though I have never seen the young man since, I am assured by a credible person who knows him well, he is a man of unsuspected Christian character. When I returned alone to the room in which I had left the colonel, I was so severely censured and threatened by him, that I began to fear that my leniency might lead to my own incarceration. As a public officer, he considered himself a minister of the law, and he did not allow his sympathies to master his judgment or divert him from the path of duty. His honor and his honesty was proverbial among all his acquaintances. He is supposed to have fallen from his wagon in a fit, and died in the highway, not far from his own residence.

Milo Soule has long been a most useful man in this town, held most of its town offices, and has been honored with county offices, in which he displayed all the qualities of a mind able to, and intent upon, the faithful discharge of every public duty. His advanced years have made but little inroad upon his physical energies, and still less upon his mental constitution. He was also a member of the constitutional convention.

Robert Church, who was a native of Rhode Island, came into Michigan in 1836, and settled upon the farm two miles east of the city of Marshall, now owned by his son, Byron Church. This farm was purchased by Robert Church in a wilderness state, but under his tasteful manipulations it soon became one of the most attractive and home-like places in the township of Marengo. One of the first steps taken by this enterprising farmer was to clear off six or eight acres of oak openings, and set out an apple and peach orchard, which was among the first, if not the only, orchard of like extent, in the county. He continued during his lifetime to cultivate good fruit, as the writer has good reason to remember. In early manhood Mr. Church worked at the making and repairing of cotton mill machinery, also, tried his hand at merchandising; but, after his marriage, became a successful farmer. He was a thinking, reading man, and had fixed and positive principles. He raised a large family, all of whom survive him. Mr. Church spared neither pains nor money in giving them all a good education, and left them, with other legacies, his own example of honesty, industry and economy.

At the side station of the Central Railroad in this town there is a post-office, two warehouses, a grist and flouring mill, a saw mill, a store, shops of various kinds, a church and a tavern.

The head and front of the business and enterprise of the place is John Evans, an old and very worthy citizen. Mr. Evans is the post-master.

NEWTON

Held its first township meeting at the house of Eleazer Donnelly on the first Monday of April, 1838, and elected Eleazer Donnelly supervisor; Stephen Graham, town clerk, and David Merrill, justice of the peace.

Twenty-five dollars was raised for highway, and five dollars for causeway purposes, at this meeting.

January 1st, 1833, Granville Beardsley entered 160 acres of land in this town, being the first lands entered therein.

This town was better timbered than some of the adjoining ones, and for that reason, possibly, was not settled as rapidly. Immediate returns were imperatively demanded by many who came into this new country with only means enough to bring them and locate a quarter section. Very few came as did Lemuel L. Downs in 1839, with abundant means to purchase large tracts of land, erect ample buildings, and put under immediate cultivation an entire quarter section. The same year John VanVleet arrived with some means which he invested in land, and continued to add to his broad acres, year after year, until he became the largest land owner in the town. Both of the above named gentlemen died many years ago.

The religious and educational interests of the settlers were successfully looked after by Prof. Eastman, Deacon Daniel Merrill, Benjamin Chamberlain, Granville Beardsley, L. L. Downs and others. The result of this early attention to the improvement of the minds and hearts of her citizens has made this beautiful and productive town the home of intelligence and religion.

SHERIDAN

Held its first township meeting at the house of Reuben Abbott, April 5th 1836, and elected Chandler M. Church, supervisor; Howell Bidwell, town clerk and collector. The town offered a wolf bounty of $5.

July 7th, 1831, Reuben Abbott entered 80 acres of land in this town.

November 11th, 1831, Nathan Pierce entered 191.69 acres of land in this town.

November 6th, 1832, Samuel Camp entered 40 acres of land in this town.

November 6th, 1832, Marvin Preston entered 40 acres of land in this town.

June 26th, 1832, Daniel Rossiter entered 96.50 acres of land in this town.

October 5th, 1832, Darius Perrin and Elisha S. Lee entered 48.52 acres of land in this town.

Waldo, Church, Clapp and Wilds became large purchasers of land in 1833, and became permanent settlers. In addition to the list of pioneers the following names must not be omitted, viz: Reuben Abbott, Chandler M. Church, Howell Bidwell, M. J. Lathrop, Orris Clapp, Almon Herrick, O. M. Cobb, W. S. Loomis, David H. Miller and Campbell Waldo.

Chandler M. Church went to California many years ago and died there. His son now resides upon the old homestead in Sheridan.

Reuben Abbott, when last heard from by the writer, was living at or near Racine, Wisconsin.

C. M. Cobb is now a resident of the town. He has been frequently its supervisor, and has been an influential member of the board of supervisors, and has looked well after the interests of his town.

Dr. Campbell Waldo was an early settler of this town, was an active business man for years, and a successful practitioner of medicine and surgery. He had an eminent professional standing in the state of New York, from whence he emigrated, and at once took rank with the leading medical men in this county. So long as his age and health permitted he responded to every call. He was esteemed by the faculty as a discerning and well read doctor. Books and papers were his constant companions until he lost his eyesight, which occurred some years before his death. He raised a large family, to whom he gave good educational and business advantages. Among the living, the two sons residing at Tekonsha may be named as worthy sons of a worthy sire.

There are in town two lawyers, two clergymen, one church edifice, nine school-houses—two of them graded schools. Value of school-houses about $31,000. Two railroads pass over some portion of the town; one flouring and grist-mill. The chief products of the town are wheat, wool, pork and fruit, principally marketed at Albion.

TEKONSHA

Held its first township meeting April 13th, 1837, and elected Eli Stone supervisor, and John A. Rice town clerk.

The first lands of record are as follows:

May 29th, 1832, Darius Pierce, 320 acres.

In 1833 the entries only amounted to 440 acres.

All extremes of quality of soil and surface are met with in this town, from beautiful, level plain to broken, stony hills. The lands around the village of Tekonsha and on either side of the St. Joseph river are productive and beautiful, and under high cultivation. This town has a high grade of farmers, both intellectually and industriously, and will therefore compare favorably with the tillers of the soil in any other locality. The village of Tekonsha was platted by Harris C. Goodrich and Chas. D. Smith, of Marshall, and the same parties erected a saw mill in 1836. This mill was stocked with whitewood and other valuable timber, and was therefore of incalculable value to the pioneers of Calhoun county, who were erecting houses and barns in every direction. In digging the mill-race a great amount of Indian remains and relics were disinterred, such as sculls, guns, powder horns, bows, arrows, and a great amount of useless trinkets. These discoveries, and the existence of Indian mounds in several places in the neighborhood, together with the fact that all the Indians in and about the place, (and the number was very large) were agreed in saying, that the big Indian, Te-quon, or Kon-qua-sha, once lived here, ruling a great tribe, and that his bones are here interred. Hence, the name of Tekonsha The village is growing under the stimulus of improved water-power, and a shipping station of their own on the Air Line Railroad, and now contains, including the town, one grist and flouring mill, two saw mills, four organized churches, three church edifices, two resident clergymen, five doctors, one town house, eight school districts and school houses, one graded school.

Value of school houses, $14,400.00.

Number of children from five to twenty years of age, 535.

It is considered a healthy town. Its chief products are wheat, wool, pork and fruit, all of which are marketed at home. The principal pioneers were Harris C. Goodrich, Levi and Lewis Merrifield, Renodine Steed, Timothy Kimball, Jonathan Enos, Rufus Osborn, Oliver Mattison, Martin Hadsell, Wm. Kerr, Chauncy Trumbull, John James, and others.

Harris C. Goodrich is brought to public notice in this town in 1834 or 1835. He was, by trade, a shoemaker, but embarked in business of varied character at a very early period. He was the first sheriff of the county, and took the census as per act approved March 18th, 1835, which then contained 1,714 inhabitants, for which service he was paid the munificent sum of "twenty-one dollars and thirty-eight cents." "Extra pay to said sheriff and to his assistants, on the above number of inhabitants, being 1,714, at fifty cents per hundred, eight dollars and fifty-seven cents." "For his services in making the appointments of assistants, and making, comparing and perfecting the returns to the clerk of said county, as well as the aggregate to the secretary, four dollars and fifty cents." Among the prominent men in Tekonsha at the present time are Campbell Waldo and brother, W. H. Kerr, Renodine Steed, Rufus Osborne, Jonathan Enos, etc.

SCHOOLS.

Having failed in securing from some of the towns, the school statistics I sought, I append hereto an extract from the report of the superintendent of public instruction for 1875, so far as it relates to Calhoun county, to-wit:

Whole number of school districts,	166
Whole number of school houses,	179
Whole number of graded schools,	9
viz: in Albion, Athens, Battle Creek, Bedford, Burlington, Ceresco, Homer, Marshall and Tekonsha.	
Whole number of graded school houses,	22
Number of children from five to twenty years of age,	11,388
Number of children attending school,	9,425
Value of school houses,	$500,509.00
Total indebtedness of school districts,	159,896.06
Total resources,	128,752.15
Number of volumes in district libraries,	3,933
The amount of primary school interest fund apportioned to this county in 1875 was,	$5,639.00
From two mill tax,	12,828.40
Primary school fund,	5,419.63
District taxes for all purposes,	91,081.76
Total wages of teachers,	58,986.19

The following article from the pen of Mrs. John Amsley and Mrs. G. W. Dryer, as illustrative of early times in Calhoun county, is copied from the History and Directory of Calhoun County, compiled and published 1869, by E. J. Rust. Mrs. Dryer is now dead:

"In the year 1831, when the Michigan fever was carrying off hundreds to that country, my husband and myself, then residing in Pennsylvania, caught the raging epidemic. Being young, and possessing a good share of firmness, connected with more than common constitutions, we made up our minds that Michigan was the place for us. Having both lost our parents when quite young, we were left with no other fortune than to earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. Having been married only three years our capital, of course, was small. We made a vendue and sold all our household furniture excepting a little salt dish and a few bed-clothes. We were so carried away with the idea of moving to the far west, we scarcely thought but what the comforts and conveniences of life were the abundant products of that much extolled El Dorado.

Two small trunks, a chest of carpenter's tools and a little daughter ten months old and $300 in money constituted our earthly all. The 3d day of June we had everything arranged for our departure. And now, dear reader, if you ever gave the parting hand to beloved brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances, and bade adieu to the home and scenes of your youth, your imagination can better paint the anguish of my heart than I can describe it with my pen. We hired a teamster to convey us 100 miles. We then took the steamboat across Cayuga lake. Not being used to traveling we saw many things to divert our minds, and call our thoughts from those we left behind. Having friends in Scottsville, N. Y., we spent a week there very pleasantly. We attended meeting while we were there, and heard a very deep and interesting discourse by the Rev. Mr. Cheesman. Little did we think it would be the last we should hear for a year to come. Having visited our friends at that place, we set out once more on our westward journey. On the 19th of the same month we arrived at Detroit, and if ever I was thankful for victuals and drink it was then. As we knew nothing of the situation of the country, only what we had read and heard, we knew not what course to take; but it was our good fortune to form an acquaintance with a gentleman by the name of Gurnsey. He had traveled as far west as Battle Creek and selected a farm near that place. He liked the country verv much, and advised us to go in that direction. Having the appearance of a man who could be relied on, we concluded to follow his advice. We had no conveyance of our own, and there being no stage route in that direction, we were obliged to accept of any conveyance we could find. As we had but little with us, my husband made a bargain with a man who was moving to that part of the country to carry our trunks, I was to ride when convenient, and husband was to proceed on foot. On these conditions we left Detroit, with hopes of soon beholding the beautiful plains that had been pictured to us in such high colors; but as we advanced we were greatly disappointed in the appearance of the country. The roads were bad, the water poor, and the land was not much better. My child was quite unwell, and I was compelled to walk from three to five miles at a time and carry her. The weather was very warm, and not being used to poor, hard water, it will not be wondered at that my thoughts would revert to the pure cold water of my former pleasant home. But this did not discourage us, as we had made up our minds to go ahead until we found a place that suited us. The second evening after leaving Detroit we arrived at Ann Arbor, a very pleasant place and beautifully located, but we did not like the country around it. After remaining here for two days to rest, we started again and traveled about five miles to a place called Thorny Creek. My husband did not think it best for me to accompany him any farther until he should find a location. We accordingly rented a small house, or rather a part of one, as there were two families already living in it; but it was the best we could do.

"Calhoun county had been very highly recommended to us, and my husband determined to see it before making a purchase. He therefore set out on his journey, leaving me to enjoy my new home as best I could. The prospect of ease and comfort was not very flattering, I assure you.

There were nineteen of us huddled together in a little log cabin, with only one place to set up a bed, and that was given to the eldest, of course, leaving the rest of us to select the softest planks up stairs or down, as we might prefer. After the lapse of a few days my husband had the good fortune to find a location that suited him, and made a purchase, and returned without any accident. It was now about the 20th of July, and we immediately commenced making preparations to go to our permanent home in Calhoun county. We were obliged to go to Ann Arbor to purchase some provisions and articles for housekeeping, as the reader will remember we brought nothing with us. We had no team of our own, and could not get one where we were. We therefore set out on foot, intending to get one at Ann Arbor to bring our purchases back with us. We had not accomplished more than half our journey when my husband was taken with fever and ague, and was obliged to lie down by the road side and await the approach of some person with a team, or until he should be able to proceed on foot. The weather was very warm and my babe troublesome, and I was compelled to carry her the rest of the way in my arms, as my husband was only able to drag himself along with great difficulty, and when we arrived at our destination he had to go to bed, leaving me to do the shopping alone. When night came I was sick and tired enough to go to bed, but we had to return that night. By this time my husband had so far recovered that he was able to get about, and soon succeeded in hiring a team to carry us to our home. It was now quite dark, and we had to ride five miles over bad roads behind an ox team. I had such a violent pain in my head and chest that it seemed to me I should never live to get home, and when we did get there, how unlike the home we had been accustomed to. The time had now arrived when we must set out again on our westward journey. We hired a man with a breaking up team and plow to carry us to our new home, and stay and do some breaking up for us. At that early day there were no crossings, and but few bridges, so that we were compelled to ford the streams and wade the marshes which were in our way. The country appeared more pleasant as we proceeded on our journey, but we were not as yet smitten with its beauty. Four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day brought us within three miles of Grass Lake, now called Leoni. Here we found our progress impeded by quite an extensive marsh which looked like anything but driving loaded wagons over it; but it lay in our way, and having no inclination to turn back, nor to go around, we attempted to ford it. We had not made more than half the distance across it when we were brought up standing, or rather sticking in the mud. There was a man in our company with his goods and family, ten in number, who had made a location adjoining ours. Thinking to lighten our load we all got off and waded through, and happily escaped the venomous fangs of the massasugers with which the swamps were then so thickly infested. After lighting up, our teamsters hitched four yoke of cattle to the end of the tongue of the foremost wagon, thinking to bring it out, but did not succeed. Totally unconscious of how far we were from human habitation or assistance, eight o'clock in the evening found our teams mud bound, and ourselves perched upon high ground with our garments wet and bedrabbled with the soil of Michigan. The monotony of our situation was broken occasionally by the howl of a hungry wolf, or the shriek of some startled night bird. We had about made up our minds to camp where we were for the night, when, to our great joy, we beheld a man approaching with three yokes of cattle. We were not long in procuring his assistance to help us out of our difficulty. They hitched the seven yokes of cattle to the end of the wagon tongue, which brought those in front on hard ground. By this means our wagons were soon brought out. It was now quite late, but we were soon loaded up and on the move again, and reached the Grass Lake House between ten and eleven o'clock that night, very much fatigued. After taking some refreshments we retired to rest, and when the morning light dawned upon us, we found that 'nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' had restored us to our wonted vigor. We set out on our journey again with new courage, but before nine o'clock we found ourselves stationary in the mud again, and had to go half a mile for assistance. With the assistance obtained, we were soon on terra firma, and by twelve o'clock reached the small village of Jacksonburg, and put up at a hotel kept by a man by the name of Blackman. Here we were treated very kindly, and regaled ourselves with green peas and new potatoes, the first of the season for us, which was quite a treat. Our next obstruction was Sandstone creek, which was not bridged. We had to drive into the creek and then follow up-stream a considerable distance before we could effect a crossing. We staid that night at Roberts' tavern, and the next day took dinner at Blashfield's tavern, situated in a very pleasant place. If I remember rightly, there were but three houses between Jackson and Marengo. We intended to camp out that night, as we considered the distance too great to drive through. We thought of pitching our tent at the forks of the river, since called Abbott's stand, but when we arrived there, to our great astonishment, we found it already occupied by a party of Indians with their dogs and guns, pappooses and ponies, strewn over the ground in every direction. As it was a beautiful moon-light evening we concluded to go as far as Squire Neal's, which was the first and only house at that time in Marengo. When we arrived there I thought it the most beautiful place I ever beheld. The moon shed her silvery light over a vast plain, covered with flowers tinged with every hue, with here and there a stately hickory extending its beautiful branches, as if to invite the weary traveler to rest in its luxuriant shade. A field of corn in front of the house, rustling its green foliage in the cool breeze of evening, rendered the scene still more delightful. The family treated us with as much hospitality as their circumstances would admit of. As there was no floor in the house we spread our bed-clothes on the sand to rest for the night, and cooked our breakfast next morning by the side of a log. We were now within two miles of our place of destination, and I was very anxious to see it. One or two hours' travel brought us to the spot we could call our home. Home it was, but our habitation was the sky above and the earth beneath, carpeted with nature's green, interspersed with beautiful flowers.

"We soon were busily engaged unloading our things, pitching our tents, cooking dinner, etc. Mr. Kimball pitched his tent some four or five rods from us, which seemed quite neighborly. Our tent was composed of two sheets overhead, with bushes set up all round the sides except a small opening for a door, which we closed with a table-cloth. We lived in this manner three weeks before our house was ready to move into. We had but little room and needed less, as our stock of personal property was very limited. We had one cow, which, if she was not in clover, fared sumptuously every day on the fine grass that grew so abundantly all around us. Our flour-barrel served us for a cupboard, our tool-chest for a table, and two small trunks for seats. Four small forks driven into the ground with poles across, covered with our wagon boards, composed our bedstead. Our bed, when made up, looked as though an elephant had stepped on it. We had pillow-cases and ticks, but nothing to fill them with, as there had been no grain raised in the country, and consequently no straw was to be had. Could we have been favored with air-tight ticks we should have resorted to the expedient of blowing them up for the sake of looks, if nothing else, so anxious were we to make a respectable appearance. But our pride was forced to yield to our poverty, and we had to wait until the oak tree could be felled and the leaves dried, which made a very good bed and pillow. This was laid aside for hay, and the hay in turn gave place to straw, which we raised the coming season. It proved to be a very wet time while tenting out, and we were favored with a shower nearly every day and night. Persons of inquiring minds may wonder how we managed, with our frail covering, to keep our goods and baby dry. For the information of such I would say, that our tent leaked very badly, and our clothing and bedding were often wet, but soon dried when the sun shone, and, fortunately for us, the finish on our furniture was water-proof. As for baby, when it rained too hard we put her under the wash-tub until the shower was over. My husband being expert in the use of tools, by industry and perseverance succeeded in getting up our house and finishing it so that we could move into it on the 25th of August, just three weeks from the time we arrived. It is true there was no chimney or chamber-floor in it; but we had a good shingle roof, a floor below, and a door made from hewed planks, which was quite an improvement on the cotton-covered house we vacated, and a better house than there was in the whole village of Marshall, as there were none there that could boast of a floor until my husband hewed the timber for that purpose. Our house was situated in a delightful hickory grove with beautiful surroundings. When I first beheld it the poetic spirit was stirred within me, and I was led to exclaim:

> We have found a place in the green-wood shade,
> That Nature on purpose for us hath made.

"We were very thankful that we had been so highly favored, and began to feel that we were getting up in the world. We were the owners of 160 acres of land, with a house erected on it, one cow, a barrel of flour, a little hay put up, and five acres of wheat on the ground, besides a few articles for housekeeping, such as we could not do without and very few would have been willing to do with. Mr. Hurd and Chas. D. Smith rode over from Marshall and made us a visit. They were the first men who called on us in the county, and we were very glad to make their acquaintance, as neighbors at that time were few and far between. The falling of the leaves and the shortening of the days reminded us that it was time to prepare for winter. Our bread-stuff was nearly all gone and a supply could not be obtained nearer than fifty miles; but as this was the best that could be done, (and we could not live without bread), my husband and Mr. Kimball started for the mill to obtain a supply. They had to ford the Kalamazoo twice and ferry it once in an Indian canoe, taking their wagon apart and conveying one wheel across at a time. The journey was performed in eleven days without accident. It was now the 11th of November, and we had done but little to make our house comfortable for winter. We went to work to finish our chimney, and had just completed it when it commenced snowing, and we did not see the ground again until January. We were out of groceries of every kind at this time, except pepper and salt; and what was still worse, we were nearly out of money. But we had started out with the determination to make the best of everything, and when we had neither fish, flesh nor fowl, potatoes nor milk, we ate our bread alone with thankfulness. We had cranberries, plenty, which we had obtained of the Indians, but they were not very palatable without sweetening. Mr. Dowling, one of our neighbors, remarked that he had eaten them so long without sugar that his teeth seemed longer than usual. Our nearest market town was Ann Arbor, distant 65 miles, and my husband concluded to go there and replenish our stock of provisions. As our circumstances required us to use the most rigid economy, I thought I would bake him a loaf of bread to carry with him for lunch. We had to do all our baking in what was then called a bake-kettle, and this had to be rubbed with butter, lard, or grease of some kind, in order to get the loaf out without breaking it to pieces. These articles had all disappeared, and I was for a while at a loss to know what to do; but I remembered that my husband had saved some marrow to oil his gun, and having sold his gun had no further use for it. I took the marrow and greased my kettle with it, and my loaf came out beautifully, and I felt quite proud of my achievement.

"The next morning my husband started with his oxen and sleigh for Ann Arbor. He was gone about one week, and got along without accident until within three miles of home, when one of his oxen gave out and could go no further. He turned him out and took the end of the yoke himself, and reached home about eleven o'clock at night, tired and hungry. The ox left by the wayside died, and we sold the other, which left us without a team. The winter soon passed away, and the time of the singing of birds came, and with it came work on our farm. We had some of our land enclosed, and, in order to secure our wheat crop, it must be fenced. We were in a close place, without a team or means to get one. It is said that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and it did not fail us in this instance. My husband felled a large oak tree, and sawed off some wheels, and made a wagon, upon which we together could draw ten rails at a time by both pulling one way, which all married people should do. In this manner we drew the rails, and fenced a field of twenty acres.

Mr. Neal, Mr. Ames and my husband procured their seed potatoes this season by making a canoe on the Rice creek, and going with it to Kalamazoo, where a Mr. Bronson had raised some to sell. They boated them up the Kalamazoo in their canoe, which took them about five days. We were now well provided for, and prospects ahead were hopeful. Providence smiled upon our labors, and our fields yielded their increase. It was in this manner that the early settlement of our town was made, and although we had our trials and our straight places to pass through, we also had our seasons of enjoymeut and pleasure, and after having overcome the obstacles in our pathway, we enjoyed fighting our battles over again on the long winter evenings around our ample firesides."

The first burying place was located on the territorial road, on the land taken by Seeley Neale; and the first interment made therein was a child of Hiram Dowling's, probably the first born in the county, in March, 1832. This child was the first female child born in town. The second death and interment was that of Noah, the father of Seeley Neale, who died July 29th, 1832, aged eighty-eight years. The Rev. Randall Hobart preached the funeral sermon. The first male child born in town was Lorenzo, son of Hiram Dowling, in December, 1833, who is one of the present justices of the peace in Marengo. The first township election was held in April, 1833, at the house of Seeley Neale, who then kept the post-office, he being also the first post-master in town. At this first charter election Seeley Neale was chosen supervisor; Harmon Neale, township clerk, constable and collector; Reuben Abbott and Joseph Ames, directors of the poor; Joseph Ames, pathmaster; Hiram Wright and A. M. Benson, commissioners of common schools. The first inspectors of common schools, elected in 1834, were Loren Maynard, Melancthon J. Bagg, Horace Brace, Solomen M. Allen and Benjamin Wright.

It is more than can be expected, that in an article like this we should mention all the early settlers, and perhaps, after all, some may have escaped our minds who deserve more than a passing notice. Thomas Chisholm and Robert Church, at whose pleasant places we are as we leave Marshall, going east on the territorial road—the former still living on the old place, but the latter many years since deceased—now come to our minds as the earliest settlers.

Having given brief sketches of the first settlers in town, who settled on what was afterwards known as the "territorial road," although nothing was there when they came but an Indian trail, we will go with the first settlers to where the village now stands, and for a full and complete description of the journey to this place, the country at that time, and its early settlers, as well as the objects and aspirations of the pioneers, we refer with pleasure to the following interesting reminiscence of early times, written in 1850, by Mrs. Geo. W. Dryer, of Marengo: "In the spring of 1833 the western fever was raging in our vicinity, almost equal to the California fever of the present day. It is unnecessary here to detail the causes that first induced us to seek a new home in the (as it was then called) 'far west.' Suffice it to say, that the glowing accounts given by Mr. S. S. Allcott, of Calhoun county, and the valley of the Kalamazoo, gave my father and husband a strong desire to at last visit that El Dorado of the west. Their expectations were so fully realized that they were induced to make large purchases in what is now called the town of Marengo, on the south side of the Kalamazoo river. On their return we made preparations to remove thither. The prospect was hailed with delight by myself; visions of cottages and wild flowers danced before my imagination. The idea of seeing a country so lately inhabited only by the red men of the forest; of viewing nature in her primeval beauty; of building for ourselves a home in the wilderness, had in itself enough of interest and excitement to render it the object of my highest ambition. My parents, too, and only brother, were going, and the few dear ones that remained behind gave us many assurances that, should no unforeseen circumstances prevent, they would rejoin us in the spring. We were to be accompanied by a number of young men from our village. Two of them were carpenters, Henry Gardanier and Wandal Bortler, and the others—Garret Baker, the first cooper, and Thos. Prior, the first stonemason, in the village—having imbibed our spirit of enterprise, had determined to seek their fortunes in the wilds of Michigan. The idea seems now almost absurd, that we should consider it a difficult or perilous journey; but such was the case seventeen years ago, when the navigation of the lakes was comparatively so imperfect, and railroads almost unknown. The 4th of September we bade adieu to our eastern friends, and the homes of our youth, and commenced our journey to the land of promise. We started with two two-horse teams, a carriage for ourselves, and baggage wagon, our goods and chattels having been previously forwarded on the canal. Arrived at Buffalo the third day after leaving home, somewhat wearied, but without incident. Steamboats were not then, as at present, leaving daily—I might almost say hourly; and we had to wait a day or two before we could proceed farther. A new and splendid steamboat, the George Washington, Captain Walker, was about to make her first trip from Buffalo to Detroit. On board of her we embarked, together with a large number of other passengers, among whom was Col. Wm. Blossom, late of Canandaigua, N. Y. I make mention of him in particular as he took a prominent part in a little incident that occurred during our voyage, which created considerable merriment among the passengers. There was an infant born in the steerage cabin, among the emigrants. The colonel stood godfather, and christened it George Washington Walker. He then produced a bottle of wine, and insisted that all should drink the health of the new-comer. No accident occurred until we reached Fairport, Ohio, when, in turning to go into the harbor, our rudder was broken. This detained us a day and a half, to have a new one made, which gave us an opportunity of seeing the country, which was hardly worth the seeing. It was, in fact, a sterile looking place. I saw but one pretty residence, and this belonged to Mr. Ralph Granger, brother of the Hon. Francis Granger, of Canandaigua, N. Y. It looked like an oasis in a sandy desert. The night after leaving there I was awakened by the cry of fire, and starting from my sleep, perceived the cabin to be full of smoke. Some of the ladies were fainting, others were on their knees in prayer, and such a scene of fright and confusion I never saw before. As for myself, I inwardly made a vow, which has, of course, been broken, that if

I was permitted to reach terra firma in safety I would tempt the waves no more. After a voyage of five days we reached Detroit, which was not the city it has since become.

"By noon the next day we had engaged teams, and loaded two with beds, bedding and other articles that would first be wanted, and came out as far as Ten Eycks, which was ten miles. My romance now began to look wonderfully like reality. The roads through the timbered lands were so much cut up by loaded teams and the tide of emigration that was pouring in, that riding in a carriage was anything but comfortable. But I had not, as the saying is, seen the elephant until we came to those long causeways of huge uncovered logs. After riding over one we concluded to try our pedestrian powers, and accordingly walked over the remainder, which were neither 'few nor far between.' Stayed that night at Hurd's, which was a very good public house. The third night brought us to Jackson, which, if truth must be told, was then a rather sorry looking place—an unfavorable location. A few half finished buildings, and two or three persons lying sick at the inn kept by a Mr. Blackman, gave us a rather unfavorable impression. The supper table, however, was graced with a fine wild turkey, and after having refreshed and rested ourselves, the place seemed to wear a better aspect—so much do our own feelings give color to objects around. We next came to Sandstone, remarkable for nothing, as I could discover, but a fine patch of melons by the roadside, which exceeded in size anything I had ever seen. We alighted to rest, and had an opportunity of testing their good quality, through the politeness of Mr. Mathers, who kept the public house at that place. Proceeding onward we seemed to leave all traces of civilization behind. For many miles we saw neither house nor human being. We were far in advance of the rest of our party, and were alone in the deep solitude of nature. The early frosts of September had already touched the green foliage of the trees and the tall, rank grass of the prairie, giving them a somber and melancholy appearance, although there still remained many wild flowers, of purple and gold, scattered over the plains, telling how great must have been their profusion before their season was over. But on we came. The road seemed now so little traveled that we much feared we had taken the wrong one, and should not reach a settlement that night. My secret apprehensions were that we were on an Indian trail, as I had heard there were many of those in Michigan, and that we should perhaps arrive at some Indian village or wigwam. All that I had ever read or heard of savage cruelty came into my mind, and I cast many anxious glances into the faces of my companions, but their troubled expressions did not tend in any degree to reassure me, and I had almost begun to despair when, to our great joy, we saw approaching at a distance, not a savage, but a good, honest looking man with a coat on his arm. Of him we inquired our whereabouts, and learned that we were near, and should soon arrive at Abbott's tavern. The absence of any improvement had made the last eleven miles seem almost interminable to us, and has often since reminded me of a remark made by a neighbor of ours, that a mile in Michigan was 'across a section and around one,' the length of their miles at that time being proverbial. We were now within three miles of our place of destination, which was Col. Maynard's. I had known, ever since leaving home, that this was to be our final stopping place, and had, of course, attached considerable consequence to it. I had not expected to find much of a village, nor an eastern hotel, but I must confess that I was a little disappointed when, coming in sight of a small log cabin, I was informed it was Maynard's. I did not then understand the difficulties encountered in building in a new country, our own old family mansion, together with those of most of our neighbors, having presented, ever since my earliest recollections, much the same appearance, I was not certain that they had not, mushroom fashion, sprung up in a single night. I have since, however, had good cause to be undeceived in that respect. Humble and unpretending as was the outward appearance at Maynard's, we found comfort and good cheer within; and though not precisely an eastern hotel, we had an eastern host and hostess, if true politeness and good breeding are meant by that name. We remained here a day or two, but were getting very impatient to behold our new purchase, which lay on the opposite side of the river.

"We were now to become farmers, and I, for one, felt anxious to make our debut in that capacity. There was neither road nor bridge. We started on foot, stepping very cautiously, expecting every moment to see a massasauger dart from under some bush or shrub; but we reached the banks of the river without having encountered any. Here we waited for an ox team to come up, with which we were to ford the stream. We rode through the beautiful Kalamazoo, whose tranquil waters had never, until a late period, been disturbed by aught save the light canoe of the red man. Arriving on the opposite side, we beheld an extensive plain stretching before us, diversified here and there with a grove of hickory or burr oak. To me it had much the appearance of a vast field of ripe grain, with here and there an orchard, though buildings and fences were almost entirely wanting—the only house in the vicinity of our land being that of Benjamin Wright, Esq. In the course of another day lumber was drawn from Marshall, which was then almost invariably called the 'Center,' and we had a sort of temporary habitation completed, then very common at the west, and yclept a 'shanty.' It was composed of boards and slabs, the roof slanting one way, and the other side was attached to Mr. Wright's building. I never knew the exact reason for this, but suppose it was to economize in labor as well as lumber, the outside of his dwelling serving for the inside of ours. There was an open space left at one end for a door, which was supplied by a buffalo robe being drawn across it—its novelty in some degree reconciling me to its inconvenience. I had my misgivings about the safety of this door, as the wolves, though not venturing near enough to be seen in the day time, could yet be heard howling nightly in the distance; and one night when a large dog made his entree through, we thought one had come in right good earnest. The wolves, however, never availed themselves of the opportunity; but when stepping from our shanty one day, my attention was attracted by a buzzing sound, and looking down I perceived a small massassauger coiled up, with head erect, and ready to repay with his venomous fangs any intrusion upon his rights. He was not half as formidable in appearance as I had expected, and was soon dispatched. It was the first and last I have ever seen.

"We now commenced unpacking and arranging our beds, etc., but found we were wanting in a most essential part, viz: room. In this emergency Mrs. Wright kindly proffered the use of their loft as a lodging place for our workmen, and also to store such articles as would not be in immediate use. We found in unpacking that through some unaccountable mistake our box of crockery had not been brought from Detroit. Here was a dilemma, as we feared we could neither buy nor borrow. There was, however, one small store kept in Marshall by Charles D. Smith, and here we determined to try and supply the deficiency. Six knives and forks, and as many cups and plates left his store almost destitute of crockery and cutlery, but in part supplied our necessity. We were now house, or rather shanty keeping. Table and chairs we had none, but a couple of benches covered with blankets, and a box for a table, would answer our purpose until those articles could be brought from Detroit. I congratulated myself that the lateness of the season would probably prevent any of our eastern acquaintances from making us a visit until we were better prepared for their reception. I shall not soon forget my mortification when, one fine day, Mr. Alcott, having heard of our arrival, rode up with a friend from Marshall to welcome us. My pride almost got the better of my hospitality, and I hoped they would not remain to dinner; but they did not seem to require much urging to do so. Going without our dinner was in those days no small affair, as many a one can testify who remembers the voracious appetite with which he was visited during the first few months of their sojourn in the west. The dinner, however, passed off much better than I had anticipated. Our table—or rather our substitute for one—though scantily furnished with dishes, was nevertheless amply supplied with good fare. A number of farmers in the country had already raised a large surplus of grain; and venison, wild honey and cranberries could be procured in abundance, and we now looked forward with bright hopes to the future. Our workmen were now busily engaged hewing timber for our new dwelling. We were not going to have a log one, not we. It would be just as easy to build a good one (so we reasoned) first as last.

"Our beautiful plains, though abounding in small trees, did not afford any of sufficient magnitude for building purposes, and, accordingly, we had resource to 'Uncle Sam's' land. I wondered much who this 'Sam' was that every one called 'uncle,' and who had such an abundance of timber; but, I soon found it customary for emigrants scantily supplied to make use of that growing on lands which belonged to government, and which was called in western phraseology, 'Uncle Sam's' land. Our seasoned lumber and shingles had to be brought from Gull Prairie, some thirty miles distant. The difficulty, too, of getting brick, lime, and other building materials, made it much easier building castles in the air than in reality. A few warm, sunny days had shrunk the boards that covered our dwelling to such a degree, that in spite of all the battening that could be done, the rain, which was very frequent, poured in upon us most unmercifully. Every fair day would behold beds, bedding, wearing apparel, etc., spread out to dry. This state of things was not to be endured much longer, and we accordingly held a consultation, which resulted in a determination to build a log cabin after all. All hands were now in requisition, and in less than a week logs were out, hauled and rolled together, and we had a log cabin completed that would lay all those of 1840 in the shade, and was much more appropriate in point of usefulness. It was altogether more commodious than our 'shanty,' and had one merit not to be overlooked by myself, to-wit: a real door, made of boards, with wooden hinges, latch string, and all. We had now no reason to wish to avoid seeking our friends, as the arrival of a couple of loaded teams from Detroit had furnished us with all the necessary apparatus for living in a comfortable manner. We had now a chamber, and I took great delight in arranging it, partitioning off bed rooms with curtains, spare sheets, etc. We had a huge fire-place, made of the sandstone taken from the bank of the river, near which was situated our dwelling. It occupied almost one entire side of the cabin, leaving barely room in one corner for a ladder. One of our packing boxes, furnished with shelves, and a table cloth hung in front, occupied the other corner, serving the double purpose of pantry and cupboard, which was usually well supplied with fish, flesh and fowl; the river affording an abundance of excellent fish. My little brother, then nearly fourteen, was very expert with his rifle, and, though not successful with large game, managed to kill a great many prairie hens, wild ducks and pheasants. I accompanied him in many of his rambles, sometimes along the river, but often over the plains, where we would stop and gather hickory nuts, which lay under almost every tree in great abundance. Of these we gathered a large store, hoping they might prove, in some degree, a substitute for the fruit which we must now learn to do without, at least, for the present, and which we feared we should much miss during the long evenings of the approaching winter. In the meantime, the site for our new house had been selected, the timber brought to the spot, the cellar dug, the wall laid up from the same kind of stone that composed our fire-place, and all things were in readiness for raising, which event was looked upon as of no small consequence, as it would be the first frame house in the town. At length, the important day came. Our new building was erected; and, as it stood on an elevated piece of ground, it made quite an imposing appearance. We had, however, given up all thoughts of getting it habitable before spring. The carpenters soon had it inclosed, and could be at work during the winter, making doors, blinds, sash, etc. I forgot to mention that, while digging stone for our cellar, they came upon a spring of pure water, which gushed forth clear and sparkling, even as Horeb of old. This was a great acquisition, for, although the waters of the Kalamazoo answered very well in the winter, when warm weather came we found the water of this spring invaluable. A level had been taken of the river, and sufficient fall found for a good water-power, within a few rods of our abode. The job for the erection of a saw mill was let; and, the race being dug, already it began to be whispered that at no very distant day we might hope to have a village—aye, perhaps a city; for, why not? We had an extensive water-power, sufficient for all kinds of machinery, a fine location for a town, surrounded by a productive country. A road had already been laid through from Albion to Marshall on the section line, on which was established our little colony. The river had been bridged, and it was thought by many, and more especially ourselves, that the great thoroughfare leading from Detroit to lake Michigan would leave the old territorial road at Albion, and, passing through on the section line, intersect it again at Marshall, as that would be a more direct route. We were now prepared for winter, which had already come upon us, though in a very mild form. We had many balmy, pleasant days, though occasionally a little snow, to remind us of departed sleigh-rides. In the interim a number of families had moved into our immediate vicinity, which made quite an addition to our little society.

"It was determined that the approaching new year should be celebrated in a becoming manner, but here arose a new difficulty: Maynard's inn, though sufficiently spacious for the last Fourth of July ball, would hardly answer, now that the neighborhood had become so densely populated. A few days previous to the expected event, our carpenters were required to assist in putting on an addition. They had it completed in due season, with the exception of a fire-place, or chimney, which absence was to be supplied by a large kettle of coals, stoves not being easily obtained at that time. There was snow enough on the ground to make it *look* like sleighing, and would answer very well for so short a distance, if there was only a suitable conveyance for the occasion. A pair of runners was accordingly made, and our carriage body securely fastened upon them, which made a comfortable, and, what was still more, quite a dashing turnout. This vehicle was now in requisition to convey the ladies to and from the scene of festivity. I was not present, but was assured by those who were that, in point of good cheer and real enjoyment, it exceeded any they had ever attended. The music consisted of two violins, played by Mr. A. M. Benson and Mr. S. Chapman, of this town.

"After brushing from our recollections the cobwebs which time has collected there, my husband is reminded of a bear hunt which he, together with some others, once engaged in. He insists that it must have a place in this our reminiscence of early times: One morning the cry was raised that a large bear had been seen passing near our house, and had gone on to the north. Off they started in pursuit, stopping not for swamps, creeks, or marshes, expecting every moment to overtake and give him battle; but, I fancy bruin stood in no immediate danger, as not one of the party ever caught sight of him after leaving home. When they halted to take breath, they found the day was far advanced, and were so bewildered that no two of them could agree as to the direction they should take to return home; they, however saw some Indian huts at a distance, and determined to try to obtain food and shelter for the night. Judging from their story, their reception was not a very cordial one. A shoulder of venison was all they were able to obtain from the Indians, and that only by paying a high price for it, and which must have made, without bread or salt, rather an unsavory meal, but served in some degree to appease their appetites. As there was a number of them, they occupied different lodges for the night. One of the party informed me that an old Indian woman in the tent where he passed the night kneaded some flour on a bark, and made a kind of doughnut, which she fried in deer's tallow. He partook of some, and pronounced them quite palatable; but, if I had been one of the party, I would much rather have taken her word than proved it by my own experience. In the morning they hired an Indian to guide them to Abbott's tavern, which place was well known to them, it being a sort of trading post, where they frequently carried their furs, deer-skins, venison, cranberries, maple sugar, etc., to swap for flour, bread, and not infrequently, a stronger article, which was prohibited being sold them by government, but for which they had an insatiable appetite.

"Our heroic bear hunters had passed the night somewhere in the vicinity of Duck lake, and arrived at Abbott's the evening of the following day, hungry, weary, and most of them fully satisfied that they had not enough of the Crockett in them to make successful hunters. Especially was this the case with my husband, and, if my memory serves me right, this was his first and last attempt at hunting. Spring was now drawing near, and in the meantime letters had been dispatched to our eastern friends, setting forth in glowing colors the natural advantages of this land of our adoption, and using our best arguments to induce them to join us. We were successful; for letters arrived informing us that dear sisters, friends and neighbors were already making preparations, and might be expected on the first opening of navigation, to which period we now looked forward with no small degree of pleasure. Some of our finest cranberries, purest honey, and choicest bits of dried venison, were carefully laid aside for the occasion. These, as being products of the country, would, we thought, prove a greater treat than anything that could be imported from the east. It was now spring, and each pleasant day beheld us busily engaged in clearing away and burning the rubbish that had collected during the winter about our dwelling. One day while thus engaged, we heard an unusual splashing in the river, which much excited our curiosity. We mentioned the fact to our workmen, and they determined to ascertain the cause. After due examination they found it occasioned by some of the finny tribe, but whether whale, shark, or crocodile, was still a mystery; certain it was they were of an enormous size. The river then being unobstructed by dams, there was free passage from the lake up. The workmen, however, determined to make war upon these monsters of the deep. They at first tried shooting them; but, as this did not succeed, they armed themselves with pitchforks, and waded into the stream. They found much difficulty in holding them without a barbed spear (with which article they were unprovided), but after cutting their throats in the water, they at last succeeded in bringing a number triumphantly to shore, the largest weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. We. who had always resided in the interior of New York, knew but little about what kind of fish they were; but a gentleman present, who had seen them caught from the Hudson, pronounced them to be sturgeon. We had some of them cooked, but found them, in our opinion, wholly unfit for the table. The remainder were accordingly permitted to pass on unmolested. In due time our friends arrived from the east, and we took possession of our new house. There was, of course, much rejoicing. My husband was at work at a little distance from the house when they arrived. My sister, who saw him approaching, and who had never seen him in his new character of farmer, or in his farmer habiliments, exclaimed in some alarm, 'Yonder comes an Indian.' We were highly amused at her mistake, which was, however, very pardonable, considering his unshaven and sunburnt appearance, without hat or coat, except a kind of frock made of brown holland, which, at a little distance, gave him much the appearance of one of the natives, especially to one unaccustomed to seeing savages and backwoodsmen. The ensuing Fourth of July was celebrated at Marshall, and the oration delivered by the Hon. Isaac E. Crary, in a little grove near where the court-house now stands, and the dinner was provided by Mr. Vandenburg. The table was set under a bower built for the occasion. There was also a ball at Mr. S. Planter's, who then kept the old Exchange. Since that period the march of improvement and civilization has been onward. But one word more in regard to our village: At one time a plat was made out and recorded; many lots were sold, and a number of buildings, both public and private, were erected, but some of these passed into the hands of speculators, and, like many other paper cities of 1836, it has had, since that time, a rather retrograde movement. At present Marengo cannot boast much in the way of a village, and is willing to yield the palm to her sister towns, Marshall and Albion; but for beauty of locality and scenery, for fine fruit, fine farms, and enterprising farmers, she will yield the palm to none, and if any one will not admit the truth of this assertion, let them, on a fine summer's day, ride through Marengo on the south side of the Kalamazoo, and they will be convinced. The waters of the old spring bubble up, clear and bright as of yore. The old log cabin stood until quite recently, a memento of other days, having been the successive habitation of at least twenty different families. But the dear companions of my journey—those idolized parents, and that 'brave and gentle brother,' where are they? Alas! they sleep the sleep that knows no waking; they lie low in the village churchyard.

"'A little spot is all they now require
For their last resting-place. There the green turf
May grow, and flowers may bloom, and sun and rain
May come, but they will ne'er have thought or care
For them again. A stone, a single stone,
Will tell their humble names to passers-by;
But their best monuments will ever be
Engraven on the hearts of those who knew,
Nor yet knew half, their worth, till they were gone.'"

Geo. W. Dryer arrived in with his family in the fall of 1833, and was the first justice of the peace in the village, being appointed in 1835 by Stevens T. Mason, who was the acting governor of the territory. S. G. Pattison, with his family, arrived in May, 1834, and immediately commenced teaming between Detroit and Chicago, and for several years did a very large business, both in freight and passengers. The inhabitants were for a long time dependent upon his team for supplies and provisions. At one time when the teams were greatly delayed on account of swollen streams, departed bridges, etc., the "settlement" came to actual want. Mr. Pattison, in this emergency, killed his only cow to supply their wants, which was dressed and prepared for food, and served to keep hunger from their doors till the teams arrived with provisions. Messrs. Pattison and Dryer brought in the first stock of dry-goods and groceries in the year 1834, but soon gave way to Harris & Austin, who entered more largely into the mercantile business. Pattison & Dryer then brought in a drove of cattle from Illinois, (the first brought into town), for the accommodation of the emigrants, who, at this time, were pouring into the state in multitudes. In the following spring, 1836, they also brought in a drove of some 300 head from Indiana, which were readily disposed of to emigrants. The same year Messrs. Dryer & Pattison broke up new ground and put into wheat 206 acres.

OBITUARY OF REV. CALVIN CLARK.

BY O. C. COMSTOCK, FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

Rev. Calvin Clark, eldest son of Nathan and Lovica (Edwards) Clark, of Westhampton, Mass., was born March 27th, 1805. Calvin worked upon the paternal farm until he reached the age of 21, when he commenced preparation for college and the ministry in the Presbyterian church. He had an impediment in his speech, which was a source of great embarrassment to him in his early days, and which was used by his parents as a reason why he should not become a minister. But above all was the imperative command, "Feed my lambs." At the age of 17 he experienced religion, from which time he dated his call to preach. When he attained his majority he earned, by teaching, enough money to carry him through Williamstown College. During the progress of his theological studies at Auburn, N. Y., he was aided to the amount of $200, (which he subsequently refunded to the educational society from which he received it), and probably received something from the feeble churches to whom he occasionally ministered while in the seminary. It may be said of him, therefore, that he was a self-made man. He came to Calhoun county immediately after his graduation at Auburn in 1835, and this county has been his home more or less up to the time of his death, though he frequently, during the forty-two years of his ministry, has lived in other places for several consecutive years. He was never without a charge, and never lost a Sabbath from sickness or because he had no regular employment. Mr. Clark had a sound constitution, and possessed almost uninterrupted good health from infancy to the grave. He was deservedly a very popular man, and more generally and favorably known throughout the state than any clergyman of my acquaintance. He died in the city of Marshall June 4th, 1877, aged seventy-two years, two months and one week.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF THOMAS CHISHOLM.

BY O. C. COMSTOCK.

Thomas Chisholm, of Marengo, Calhoun county, died on the first day of January, 1877. He was born in Scotland, emigrated into Canada while in his youth, lived a short time in Clinton county, New York, thence came to Marshall in 1831. On the first day of September of this year he bought the farm (in part) upon which he lived for about forty-five years. At the time of his decease he owned in this county, and I think all in the the town of Marengo, about eight hundred acres of land, two-thirds of which is under good cultivation. He also died possessed of wild lands in adjoining counties, and a large amount of personal property. All this accumulation was the product of labor, industry, economy and sobriety, for he came here poor. He raised a large family of sons and daughters, who all survive him save one. His estimable widow, though surrounded by loving children, and occupying her beautiful home, expressed herself to me as being "all alone." Mr. Chisholm was in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He had creditably filled important town offices, and was widely and favorably known.

OBITUARY OF JEREMIAH O. BALCH.

BY REV. F. M. WOODS, DECEMBER, 1875.

In the momentary conversations I have been able to have with friends, I have only gathered up the following items of memorial concerning the deceased:

Jeremiah O. Balch, whose remains lie before us, was descended from a pious ancestry, both his father and grand-father being ministers of the gospel. He was born in 1781 in Barrington, New Hampshire, where he was also reared and received his early education. This was thorough, and fitted him life-long for masterly acquirements, his gifts being more than ordinary, and his training giving him a readiness to accomplish almost anything he undertook. His early life was spent in his native state. When he entered political life, espousing the Democracy of the old Jackson type, he was elected to office, spending some time in the state legislature. Subsequently he removed to New York, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, or in writing for and editing newspapers in Leroy, Rockport and Rochester. He removed to this state in 1836, remaining from that time till 1870 mainly in this county, and for the most part in Marshall, where he was known intimately by the older persons who remain for 34 years. He was a practical printer by trade, but spent much of his time in writing articles for the press, which were usually discriminating and forcible. Indeed, he seems to have used the pen of a ready writer, and all who mingled with him in political strife well remember the scorching ordeals to which the subjects of his criticisms were exposed. His views changed while in connection with the Statesman of this city, veering from the Jacksonian principles of Democracy to espousing first the principles of the Whig party, and subsequently those of the Republican party.

His life, since he left Marshall, has been spent with his children in St. Louis, Detroit or Chicago; and for a number of years previous to this he has been laid aside from active pursuits by on-coming infirmities. The body in its fullness has obeyed the law of its inheritance, while the mind has been clear and vigorous almost up to the last—so much so that he kept himself well abreast of the current topics of the day, and seemed profoundly interested in events transpiring. His end came on Thursday evening, brought about by increasing years and infirmity.

Thus closed a somewhat eventful, and for the most part busy and greatly lengthened life—for he was, as you see, within six years of 100 years old. Remarkable that, only attained by one rarely, and that at the ordeal of experiencing the truth of Scripture: "The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away."

GRATIOT COUNTY.

HISTORY OF GRATIOT COUNTY FROM 1850 TO 1860.—BY GENERAL RALPH ELY.

Until the year 1850 Gratiot county was an unbroken forest, known only to the aborigines of the country. Previous to that time the opportunities for obtaining fertile lands, in the more southern and better known portions of this state and northern Ohio, turned the attention of emigrants in that direction. It was not, therefore, till after the more southern counties were quite well settled and improved that those whose means made it necessary turned their attention to the northern and less settled regions of the state.

It will be seen at a glance that Gratiot county occupied a peculiar situation in the geography of the country. While other counties earlier known and settled were connected with the frontiers by continuous bodies of beautiful and inviting country, this county was surrounded by such appearances as were, to say the least, far from inviting, if not forbidding. It was as if nature had selected some of the finest agricultural lands in the state, and purposely hid it away from the avarice of the early speculator, and held it in reserve for her favored sons, as noble and industrious a company of pioneers as ever built a cabin or marked a trail.

About the beginning of 1850 a few settlers commenced improvements in the southwestern portion of the county. Among these early settlers were Henry Lane, Geo. E. Walker, L. B. Loomis, B. Locke and others. About the same time two or three families moved into what is now the township of Fulton, on the south line of the county, among which were two brothers, in honor of whom the township was named, and Mr. Arnold Payne, whose ample cabin and generous heart made it a pleasant stopping place for the pioneer for several years during the early settlement of the county.

During the immediately following years some small additions were made to the settlements of these two townships; however, the commencement of 1854 found not a white settler in the county outside of these townships, except at the Lutheran mission, established some years before among the Indians, near the north line of the county on the bank of Pine river.

In the spring of 1854 Mr. R. Ely moved his family, consisting of his wife, one son and three daughters, to the bank of Pine river, and erected himself a cabin, where is now situated the pleasant and thrifty village of Alma.

This village was platted by Mr. Ely, and at first called Elyton, but as he early erected a mill on the river at that place it was more familiarly known as Ely's Mills. Mr. Ely was the first settler in what is now known as the township of Arcada (11 north, 3 west).

In February of this year two men, Russell Deven and Rodney Way, became the first settlers of Washington township (9 north, 2 west). Soon after James Richmond made the first settlement in Newark (10 north, 3 west), and in the May following H. T. Barnaby and Peter Hoffman made the first settlement in North Star (10 north, 2 west). In the fall of the same year Mr. Wm. Huntington, Mr. Hickman and Mr. Strayer commenced a settlement in Sumner (11 north, 4 west); Joseph Burnet, in New Haven (10 north, 4 west); E. Curtis and Wm. Barton, in Hamilton (10 north, 1 west); Mr. S. Groom, Mr. Clapp and others in Pine River (12 north, 3 west); O. A. Erndon, M. Pettit, Dr. J. A. Guthrie and others in Emerson (11 north, 2 west); Mr. Malory, James Shults and others in Seville (12 north, 4 west); Elba (9 north, 1 west), contained some settlers before the expiration of this year. Fourteen of the townships of the county were more or less settled before the expiration of this year, although at its commencement there was not a white settler outside of the township of North Shade and Fulton. The only place within reach of and accessible to these early settlers was the village of Maple Rapids, in the northern part of Clinton county. In fact the only bridge across the Maple river anywhere coterminous with this county was at that place. The village of Maple Rapids at this time, besides a few dwelling houses, boasted of one store, one hotel, a saw and grist-mill, blacksmith shop and saloon. A trail had been for many years previous traveled by the Indians through the central portion of the county to the Lutheran mission near the north line of the county. Along this trail or near it Mr. Ely opened a road sufficient for the passage of teams, known as the old trail road. Soon after Mr. Ely had moved into the county he opened a road through the woods, direct from his residence on Pine river to the said village of Maple Rapids. Still another road was opened diverging from the old trail through the township of North Star into Hamilton. These three were for a long time the only roads leading out of the county in any direction. The usual way of repairing the roads was for any one who found a place in the road that he was afraid to undertake to drive through, to take his axe, with which he was always supposed to be provided, and cut around it. Thus the width of the road was made to vary from two or three rods to a quarter of a mile, and the traveler could make his selection. At the session of the legislature in 1855 the county was organized, and the organic act provided for holding an election for county officers on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November following. At this same session, or during the same winter, the following townships were organized, viz: Fulton, New Haven, North Star, Arcada, Emerson, and Pine River. In all, with North Shade, which had been previously organized, seven. At this time the north half of the county was attached to Saginaw for all purposes, and the south half to Clinton county.

At the spring election in 1855 the following named persons were elected supervisors of the several townships: North Shade, Henry Lowe; Fulton, Wm. Norton; North Star, Benjamin Crawford; New Haven, Joseph H. Bennett; Arcada, Francis Nelson; Emerson, M. Pettit; Pine River, Hiram Burges.

The summer of 1855 was the wettest ever known in this county, and the winter following an extremely severe one, the snow lying on the ground until April. In the meantime the county had been filling up with settlers—so much so, indeed, that every portion of the counties south and previously settled were thoroughly canvassed for everything that would answer for food for man or beast.

During this rapid settlement and development of the county, three rival villages were platted and business established, mills built and efforts made to secure the location of the county seat. At Alma, (then known as Elyton), by Ralph Ely as principal; at Ithaca by John Jeffry; and at St. Louis by Wm. Clapp and S. Greene. In the act of organizing the county it was provided that the sheriff, county clerk and county treasurer of said county, to be elected at the first election, should designate a place in the township of Pine River for holding the circuit courts and the county offices until 1860; then it was made the duty of the board of supervisors to establish the county seat. At the passage of the act organizing the county the township of Pine River included two townships, Arcada and Pine River, with the two villages Alma and St. Louis, both situated on Pine river, about four miles distant from each other. The first election being close at hand, the several interests were looking after candidates for nomination and election who they had reason to believe would best serve the interests of their locality in designating the place for holding the courts and county offices, which was looked upon at that time of vital importance and lasting benefit to the successful village or locality. A thorough canvass was made, which caused many a long and weary tramp through the woods from one settlement to another, guided only by nature's guides and the pocket compass. Candidates were put in nomination to suit the different interests. The successful candidates were George E. Walker, of North Shade township, sheriff; O. M. Wood, of Hamilton township, clerk; and Ralph Ely, of Arcada township, treasurer. It was well known to the voters through the county that two of these officers, the sheriff and treasurer, were in favor of designating Alma as the place for holding the courts and county offices, as provided in the organic act. The result of this election, it was supposed, had settled the question of county seat until 1860 at least, and all returned to their homes in humble submission to the will of the people. But the end was not yet. The phraseology of the act providing for the canvass was so ambiguous that it was differently construed. As a result, when the canvassers met, three appeared from some towns, while others sent but one. Finally it was agreed that all present should be members. The members then organized by electing Francis Nelson, of Arcada, chairman, and Elijah Porter, of Pine River, secretary. Upon examination of the returns from the several townships it was found that several were slightly defective in form, and in conformity to the wishes of some present, who were not satisfied with the then known result of the election, those towns giving the largest majorities for the sheriff and treasurer elect were thrown out, which, if allowed, would materially change the election and give the offices to other parties. Among the returns of towns thrown out were those of Arcada. The chairman, supervisor of that town, very appropriately followed his returns, and left the chair vacant. There was a dilemma they had not anticipated. However, another member, Hiram Burges, was called to the chair and the canvass proceeded, and resulted in the declaration of the election of officers, not in accordance with the expressed wish of the people by their votes. These facts having come to the knowledge of those particularly affected by this change, a consultation was had with the president and secretary of the board of canvassers, and as a result a further canvass was had and all the votes were counted and certificates of election issued to the officers receiving the majority vote of the people. This ended the first election and canvass of the county.

An act had been passed by Congress, (known as the graduation act), reducing the price of land to fifty cents in Gratiot and Isabella counties to actual settlers, which greatly increased the sale of lands throughout this and other counties of the state where government land could be found. This act, however, resulted disastrously to the county. Before this the immigration was quite as great as the county could bear, but immediately on the reduction of the price of land every man who could raise forty or earn twenty dollars purchased eighty or forty acres.

A proclamation immediately followed, that every one who had purchased land under this act must reside upon it within one year from the date of purchase, or forfeit it. This was very oppressive and ill-timed. Hundreds of men with large families were thus summarily hurried into the woods, some of them without sufficient means left to buy a meal.

The country south of this as far as the capital was comparatively new, but little if any more provisions being there than was necessary for their own consumption. It therefore became a serious question where to procure food, especially without money. The people soon began to complain of hard times. Provisions of all kinds were scarce. The nearest mill to which the people could get their small grists of corn ground was at Matherton, in Ionia county, making a journey of from thirty or forty miles for a large portion of the inhabitants. Many families ground their corn for bread for a long time in coffee mills; others grated it on graters, and many a corn-cake was made and eaten, the meal of which was made by planing the corn from the ear. Language will fail to picture the hardships endured and the heroism displayed by both men and women during those two or three years. Some left the country, disposing of what they had in the county for merely enough to get away with. Others braved it through, and are now reaping their reward in plenty.

In the seasons of 1855 and 1856 the crops were very severely injured by frost; the first wheat crop was an entire failure, which added largely to the distress and scarcity of provisions. The constant travel and teaming over the roads, which at that time were destitute of bridges or crossways, rendered them almost impassable. Here it became necessary for those living in the north part of the county to resort to boats, and follow the river to Saginaw and procure provisions there, polling and towing their canoes up the stream homeward, a distance by water of over one hundred miles.

Mr. Ely, who had during this time furnished a large amount of provisions for the settlers, hauling them in over the roads from Ionia, Matherton and Maple Rapids, conceived the idea of building large or double canoes, which, when completed resembled a small flat or pall boat, for the purpose of obtaining supplies from Saginaw by water. The boat was made out of two large pine trees, making one side and one-half of the bottom from each tree, the two then being bolted together and strengthened by cross-bars. With this boat Mr. Ely succeeded in supplying a large number by contributing largely from his own means. By this time quite a feeling of jealousy had been created between the two rival villages, Alma and St. Louis, each, of course, anxious to out-do the other in enterprise and improvement. A question arose as to the right of an individual to navigate the river with boat, also the right to construct a dam in the river, so as to prevent the free passage of boats and timber; the proprietors of St. Louis claiming they had the right to build just such a dam as they pleased; those at Alma claimed the right to navigate the river at their pleasure. In the summer of 1855 a saw mill was built at St. Louis; the raising of the frame required all the help of both men and women for many miles around, and which could not have been raised at that time had it not been for the timely helping hand of those noble pioneer women, who were ever ready and willing to help in time of need. A dam was being constructed to furnish the mill with water-power, and during the month of September of that year, and while Mr. Ely was at Saginaw with his boat after a load of provisions with which to supply his own household and neighbors, all of which were depending on his return to Alma for the necessaries of life, the timber for the dam was put in, and the dam so far completed as to render the passage of boats, rafts or timber up or down impossible. It was believed and understood by those living in the vicinity of Alma that the dam was so constructed with the intention of stopping the navigation of the river above St. Louis. These people did not feel disposed to submit to this encroachment of what they believed to be their right, without at least a contest in the courts. On the arrival of Mr. Ely's boat at St. Louis many were eager to learn the result. Quite a number had by this time assembled at Alma, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Ely's boat, in order to obtain provisions for their families, some of which lived fifteen miles distant. Learning of the obstruction in the river at St. Louis and the arrival of Mr. Ely's boat at that place, quite a number went there with bags on their arms in hopes to obtain provisions for their then destitute families, from Mr. Ely's boat at that place. On being told that the boat must arrive at Alma before the package could be opened, and no assistance being offered by the proprietors of St. Louis to get the boat over or around the dam, after mature deliberation and council among those present, it was determined that under the necessity of the case, and right claimed to a free passage of the river, that a passage-way should be made and maintained; after which one Henry Sweeting, then a resident of Pine River township, was selected to strike the first blow. In obedience to such selection, Mr. Sweeting took an axe and deliberately cut some of the timbers, which sent a large proportion of the dam on the way to Saginaw. Mr. Ely's boat was then taken to Alma; the load of provisions distributed by Mr. Ely to all present in want, in proportion to the number of their families, to those unable to pay as well as to those with plenty of money. By this generous act many a husband and father was enabled to return to his home with heavy loads on their backs, and tired limbs, but with light hearts; thus ended the daming of the river for that year, except, possibly, the expressions of some of the proprietors of St. Louis were a little mixed with that article; subsequently, and after seeing legal counsel, a dam was built, a suitable passage-way provided for boats, rafts and timber, which ended the controversy in that direction.

The fall of 1856 was expressly noted for two uncommon events: the great number of wild beasts that were in the woods, and the dense smoke that shut out the sun and almost everything else from sight for nearly a week. So thick was the smoke that the largest objects could not be seen or more than three or four feet. Animals of all kinds were driven from the woods by the fires that were burning everywhere, into the roads, streams and fields, and cases occurred where men and animals came in collision before seeing each other—some cattle died from the effect of the smoke; the fish in the streams were floating on their backs, so stifled they might have been picked up by hundreds. Some of the settlers were seriously affected; one man, a Mr. Johnson, of Hamilton, died, as was supposed, from its effects.

In the summer of 1856 Mr. Wm. Comstock, now, as then, a resident of Ithaca, purchased and brought into the county a printing press, and commenced the publication of a weekly paper, giving it the name of the Gratiot News, having the honor of introducing the first enterprise of the kind north of Maple river. The rapid settlement of the county, the hard time, bad season, and uneven bad roads, was really a great calamity to the county, giving it the name of starving Gratiot. The writer has felt more combative than religious, sometimes, when having the term starving Gratiot flaunted in his face. Just stop a moment and contemplate the fact, that in 1854 the whole of this county was a dense and pathless forest, and that in the brief term of six years—till 1860—5,000 people were living in the county, and that no surplus of provisions was raised within fifty miles of the county in either direction then you will very readily see the hard times may be attributed to something else than natural poverty of the county.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE ALVIN N. HART.

READ FEBRUARY 7TH, 1878, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Alvin N. Hart was born in Cornwall, Connecticut, February 11th, 1804. He resided with his parents on the farm until he was fifteen years of age. He received his education in the academy of Sharon, Connecticut, and at the college in Amherst, Massachusetts, finishing it in the latter institution. He was married at Utica, New York, July 8th, 1828, to Miss Charlotte F. Ball, daughter of the late Dr. Benjamin Ball, of Trindall, Franklin county, Massachusetts. Residing at Utica for three years, he then removed to the territory of Michigan.

Mr. Hart cut his way fourteen miles through the forest to his point of destination, locating and beginning his *pioneer* life where the city of Lapeer now stands. He camped under a large elm tree, which is still standing, a respected landmark! His son, R. G. Hart, has placed upon it a lightning-rod to protect it from further destruction by lightning. He built the first building (a log cabin), in that vicinity, and moved into it November 11th, 1831, with his family, consisting of his wife and child, the present B. E. Hart, of Lansing, and Joel M Palmer, who is still living and resides at Lapeer—a hale, time-honored, wealthy pioneer, the oldest now living.

In the spring of 1832, Mr. Hart was appointed sheriff of Lapeer county, and at the election in the fall of 1835, in which the constitution of the new state was submitted and adopted, he was elected a representative to the state legislature. In 1842 he was elected supervisor of Lapeer township, and held the office for the succeeding seven years. In 1843 Mr. Hart was elected state senator from the sixth senatorial district, which then comprised the counties of Lapeer, Oakland, Genesee, Shiawassee, Tuscola, Saginaw and the Upper Peninsula. In 1846 be was elected the first judge of the Lapeer county court for a term of four years, and in 1847 he was again elected to the state senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Witherbee, and re-elected in 1848 for the regular term. He buried his wife in August, 1850, having previously buried three daughters while young, and afterwards one son, Danforth A. Hart, who died April 21st, 1853, at the age of twenty-one. His surviving children are B. E. Hart, of Lansing; R. G. Hart, of Lapeer; Mrs. Bell Hamilton and Arthur N. Hart, of Lansing. In 1856 he was again elected a justice of the peace. In 1860 he removed to the city of Lansing, and in 1863 was elected member of the common council, a position which he held at the time of his death. In 1870 he was elected a representative from Ingham county to the state legislature, and materially aided in securing the appropriation which was made for the erection of the new state capitol now almost completed. He was a man of great energy, earnest in all his purposes, a clear and careful politician, ever holding the public interest as a sacred duty. He always took a lively interest in all matters pertaining to the development and growth of his city and county. His advice and opinions were much sought in the counsels of both, and he contributed freely and generously to every enterprise tending to their prosperity and welfare. He was one of the projectors of that portion of the Amboy, Lansing and Traverse Bay Railroad, running from Lansing to Owosso, and was a director in the Detroit and Bay City Railroad. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian denomination, being one of the founders of the flourishing church of that sect in Lapeer, and also of the one in North Lansing. His death occurred August 22d, 1874.

From the many tributes to his memory that appeared in the public journals at that time, we copy the following from the Detroit Free Press, which says, editorially:

"The telegraph brought news Saturday of the death of Judge Alvin N. Hart, of Lansing, a man well known in almost every section of the state. His disease was typhoid pneumonia, and he died within one week from the first active symptoms of the disease, though he had not been in good health for some time previous.

"The deceased was seventy years of age, and had resided in Lansing for nearly a score of years, coming there from Lapeer, where he had long been a resident. He was a pioneer in Lansing, and as such he did much to hasten the growth of the city. No private character could be more blameless than his, and his public record gave satisfaction even to those who were his political opponents. He served two terms in the state senate many years ago, and two terms in the house, his last being in 1871. It was through his efforts more than any other person that Lansing was furnished with railroad communication, and his liberality in making local improvements has greatly benefited the capital city. He had been a member of the common council almost uninterruptedly since the organization of that body, and death could not have taken one who will be more missed in Lansing. He was a life-long democrat, holding rigidly to his views without pressing them upon others, and he was well known to Michigan politicians. He leaves two sons and a daughter at Lansing, and another son at Lapeer, and an estate worth half a million dollars."

From a Lapeer correspondent to the Free Press:

"The funeral of the late Judge A. N. Hart took place at Lapeer on Tuesday, and the high estimation in which the deceased stood in the community was manifested by the concourse that collected to see the last of this good man who had done so much for the city of Lapeer, where he was the first settler. His remains were brought from Lansing. The mayor and common council of Lansing and the Odd Fellows accompanied the remains to Lapeer, and a special car draped in mourning conveyed them through. They were met at Lapeer by the mayor and common council of the city, and numerous other friends of the deceased. The stores were all closed and draped in mourning. The court-house, which the judge built, and the strong pillars by which it is supported, were entwined in mourners' garb. State street was crowded to excess as the long procession moved to the Presbyterian church where the service was performed by Rev. Mr. Foster. The singing was most exceedingly touching, Mrs. Vincent being the organist, Miss Hicks, S. N. Vincent, Benjamin Loder and Mr. Phillips the vocal part. The lofty tree that overlooks the city, under which the judge pitched his tent, received its full share of crape. It was here where the bears and wolves howled around him in the wilderness, and he had no road to escape until the woodman's axe could make it. The judge has now gone to his last home, where he will be rewarded for the good he has done on earth."

JACKSON COUNTY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CITY OF JACKSON, MICH., BY MICHAEL SHOEMAKER.

The city of Jackson, the county seat of Jackson county, is situated on Grand river, and has now within its limits the southwest quarter of section 25, the south half of sections 26 and 27, the southeast quarter of section 28, the east half of section 33, all of sections 34 and 35, and the west half of section 36, in town two south of range one west, and the west half of section 1, all of sections 2 and 3, the east half of section 4, the northeast quarter of section 9, the north half of sections 10 and 11, and the northwest quarter of section 12, in town three south of range one west of the principal meridian.

These lands were bought from the United States, and the entry of the purchase registered at the land offices at Monroe and White Pigeon in parcels as follows:

SECTION 25, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

S. W. ¼ of S. W. ¼, and N. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼,	David F. Dwight.
N. W. ¼ of S. W. ¼,	Charles Ferry.
S. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼,	Thomas Blakely.

SECTION 26, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

S. W. ¼,	Samuel Hamlin.
E. ½ S. E. ¼,	Silas Titus.
W. ½ S. E. ¼,	E. M. Worthington.

SECTION 27, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

S. W. ¼,	Aaron Eames.
S. E. ¼,	Nathaniel Russ.

SECTION 28, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

S. E. ¼,	Jeremiah Marvin.

SECTION 33, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

W. ½ S. E. ¼ and W. ½ N. E. ¼,	John Daniels.
E. ½ S. E. ¼,	John Van Vrankin.
E. ½ N. E. ¼,	George B. Cooper and M. Flint.

SECTION 34, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

S. E. ¼,	Horace Blackman.
E. ½ S. W. ¼,	Chauncey C. Lewis.
W. ½ S. W. ¼,	Anson Newton.
E. ½ N. E. ¼,	Nathaniel Russ.
W. ½ N. E. ¼,	Ezekiel T. Kitchel.
N. W. ¼	Jesse Baird.

SECTION 35, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

W. ½ S. W. ¼,	Benjamin H. Packard.
E. ½ S. W. ¼,	Benjamin Davis.
W. ½ N. E. ¼ and E. ½ N. W. ¼	Lemuel Blackman.
S. E. ¼,	S. S. and Morgan Collins.
S. W. ¼ N. W. ¼,	Christopher C. Darling.
E. ½ N. E. ¼,	Constant McGuire.
N. W. ¼ N. W. ¼,	Anthony Teneyck.

SECTION 36, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.

W. ½ S. W. ¼,	Amasa B. Gibson.
N. W. ¼ and E. ½ S. W. ¼	Jeremiah and Augustus A. Bennett.

SECTION 1, T. 3 S., R. 1 W.

W. ½,	Geo. W. Little and Frederick House.

SECTION 2, T. 3 S., R. 1 W.

W. ½ S. E. ¼ and E. ½ S. W. ¼,	A. Rumney and G. Wilconan.
N. W. ¼,	Jeremiah Bennett.
W. ½ S. W. ¼,	Augustus A. Bennett.
N. ½ N E. ¼,	Elijah Case.
S. ½ N. E. ¼,	Elijah W. Morgan.
N. E. ¼ S. E. ¼,	John Durand.
S. E. ¼ S. E. ¼,	Lemuel S. House.

SECTION 3, T. 3 S., R. 1 W.

N. E. ¼,	Benjamin H. Packard.
N. W. ¼ and W. ½ S. W. ¼,	Elijah W. Morgan.
E. ½ S. E. ¼,	Augustus A. Bennett.
W. ½ S. E. ¼,	Samuel Stoddard.
N. E. ¼ S. W. ¼,	John N. Dwight.
S. E. ¼ S. W. ¼,	Samuel Hamlin.

SECTION 4, T. 3 S., R. 1 W.

W. ½ S. E. ¼ and N. ½ N. E. ¼,	John T. Durand.
S. ½ N. E. ¼,	Henry Looker.
E. ½ S. E. ¼,	Elijah W. Morgan.

SECTION 9, T. 3 S., R. 1 W.

S. W. ¼ N. E. ¼,	John T. Durand.
N. W. ¼ N. E. ¼ and E. ½ N. E. ¼,	William Lazalere.

SECTION 10, T. 3 S, R. 1 W.

N. W. ¼ and W. ½ N. E. ¼,	Orin Gregory.
E. ½ N. E. ¼,	Pirum Ripley.

SECTION 11, T. 3 S., R. 1 W.

N. E. ¼,	Augustus A. Bennett.
N. E. ¼ N. W. ¼,	John Riley.
W. ½ N. W. ¼,	Pirum Ripley.
S. E. ¼ N. W. ¼,	Jonathan Dun.

SECTION 12, T. 3 S., R. 1 W.

N. W. ¼,	W. & J. Kneeland.

SETTLEMENT.

The first settlement on the site of what is now the city of Jackson, by white people, was made in 1829. A portion of the ground had been occupied and cultivated by the Indians long anterior to the appearance of the white man. Corn, and probably other crops, had been raised on a clearing near where the Congregational church now stands.

The site of Jackson was a favorite camping ground for the Indians, and a central point for their trails, leading to all parts of the Indian territory, prophetic, as it were, of the future in store for it, in becoming one of the principal railroad centers in the state. Some nine or more of these trails diverged from this place, among them the great Washtenaw, the St. Joseph, and the Chicago trails, the marks of some of which are yet visible, and which, a few years since, could be distinctly traced for some distance both east and west of the city. On the west bank of the river, where it was crossed by the great St. Joseph's trail, was an Indian burying ground, but there was no Indian village located within what are now the bounds of the city.

A more forbidding site for a village or city than that chosen for Jackson could not in all probability have been found in the state of Michigan. The low ground was a swamp, the high land a succession of sand knolls or hills of a very uneven character, interspersed with springs and bog-holes. The river bottom was heavily timbered, very low and wet, and so difficult to improve that it was thirty years after the town was started before there was a good, well established street passing through it. In making improvements, such as laying water-pipe, or building sewers, we now find the old log causeways several feet below the surface of the ground, and this on ground as high as Main at First street. The sand hills were no more than were needed to fill the adjacent spring-like marshes, and properly fitting the ground either for streets or for building purposes. These were formidable obstacles to face, and to think of overcoming in a new and unsettled country; but here the great Washtenaw trail crossed Grand river; here was a concentration of Indian trails, showing that it was a point important to the native inhabitants of the territory, and therefore likely to become so when the country should become settled and cultivated. It was also directly west of Ann Arbor, the county seat of Washtenaw county, and might therefore hope some day in the not far distant future to aspire to become the county seat of a new county, which was also as yet a thing to be hoped for.

Here, then, on the third day of July, 1829, after a two days' journey "in spying out the land" from Ann Arbor, came Mr. Horace Blackman, a young man from Tioga county, New York, who was looking for a home in "the west" for his father's family and himself, Capt. Alexander Laverty, then a resident of Ann Arbor, and Pe-wi-tun, a Pottawattomie Indian. Mr. Blackman was one of the advance guard of the great army of emigrants who were in a few years to overrun the great west, and under whose thundering blows and unconquerable energy its gloomy forests and bleak prairies were to be subdued, and made the pleasant, happy homes of teeming millions of the most enterprising and prosperous people the world has ever known.

Horace Blackman was looking for a "location"—he was seeking a home, and when he had crossed Grand river he did not perhaps exclaim, "If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look around you," but he certainly made up his mind that on this spot he would cast his fortune; and he pitched his tent on the southeast quarter of section thirty-four, town two south, of range one west. The judgment of Mr. Blackman has been justified by time, for this land is now in the heart of the city of Jackson, its south line being the line of Main street from near Grand river, and running thence west half a mile, being not only of the most valuable grounds, but also having upon it some of the most substantial, valuable and ornamental buildings in the city.

Capt. Alexander Laverty did not locate any lands within what are now the city limits. He appears at this time to have acted rather in the capacity of pioneer and woodman, for which, by experience and habit, he was eminently qualified. The Indian Pe-wi-tun was their guide, knowing the direction of the trails, and able to show them the country on either side, then return to the trail, and continue the exploration until the desired location should be found and determined upon.

After deciding upon the land he should purchase, Mr. Blackman and his party returned to Ann Arbor. From thence he went to the United States land office at Monroe, and made entry of his quarter section, being the first government land bought within what are now the limits of the city. Mr. Blackman and his brother Russell, who had now joined him, taking with them some men to help them, went in the fall of this year from Ann Arbor and put up a log cabin on his land, preparatory to his occupation of it in the spring. This was the first house built in what is now the city of Jackson, and probably the first in the county built by a white man. This house was built on the lot on Trail street, where Mr.

John T. Durand lived for many years, and known as the Durand place. This lot has ever since been in possession of the Blackman family, Mr. Durand having married Miss Silence D. Blackman in 1833. They were the first to celebrate that interesting ceremony in the village of Jacksonburgh, and were probably the first couple married in the county.

The legislative council of the territory of Michigan, by an act "approved October 29th, 1829," created a new tier of counties west of Washtenaw, consisting of Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph and Berrien.

Mr. Blackman's "location" was at the geographical center of Jackson county, and was the point where the territorial road crossed Grand river, which was the only thoroughfare running east and west north of the Chicago road. This gave the location unusual importance, and on the 14th of January, 1830, the commissioners who were locating the road, with some citizens of Ann Arbor, among whom were Isaiah W. Bennett, Capt. A. Laverty, Edwin Clark, Zenas Nash, Jr., Samuel VanFossen, William Hunt Russell and Henry Rumsey, who had accompanied them from that place, volunteering to go as far as the crossing of Grand River, arrived here and made their headquarters in the log house of Mr. Blackman, then unoccupied, and without doors and windows. They remained here two days and nights, and before their separation, those from Ann Arbor to return home, and the commissioners to pursue their labors towards Lake Michigan, they decided that so important a place, one in which they had enjoyed so jolly a time, should no longer be nameless and unknown.

After profound consideration they unanimously decided that the coming city should be called Jacksonburgh. As they were disposed to rejoice over so momentous an event as the giving a name to a future city, whose importance they doubtless foresaw, the commissioners on the one hand, and the citizens of Ann Arbor on the other, determined, in the joy of their hearts, to celebrate the christening, and they did so, "without thought for the morrow," the result of which was, they made such inroads on their stock of provisions and beverages that the Ann Arbor party had a quart of flour left to sustain them on a two days' tramp, and the commissioners were obliged to quit the field of their labors at Kalamazoo, as they had exhausted their stock of provisions, and had suffered great hardship from having had nothing stronger than water to drink since leaving Jackson.

The volunteers from Ann Arbor had a sorry time on their return trip. In the morning they wet up their flour with water, baked it in a frying pan, and divided it into eight pieces, that being their number, and started with the knowledge that they must travel thirty miles before they could find food or shelter. It was in the heart of winter, the snow was a foot deep, and the yoke of cattle, which constituted their team, had subsisted on browse for several days, could with difficulty haul their wagon through the frozen streams. They, after great fatigue and suffering, finally reached "Clements" and "McCarty's" late at night, so wet and cold that they were near perishing. Here they were made comfortable, and reached home the next day, where they told a moving tale of the sufferings they had endured.

This may be considered the initial point in the history of the city of Jackson, and what is it? a name, and nothing more; no cultivation of the ground, no house, no inhabitant, but yet sufficient confidence in this location, in this concentration of trails, to decide that its future would be such as to justify their action in giving it a name.

This friendly act of the citizens of Ann Arbor, in accompanying the commissioners as far as Grand river, had other and more important results upon the interests of the new village than the mere giving of it a name.

Of this party was Isaiah W. Bennett, who, believing that the place from its location must become one of some importance, determined to make it the home of his family, and to trust his fortunes to its future.

Mr. Bennett, in company with Mr. John Daniels, had been over the ground in the fall of 1829. He now located and entered at the land office for himself and his brothers, Augustus A. Bennett and Jeremiah Bennett, seven hundred and twenty-one acres of land, all of which is now within the limits of the city of Jackson, and among the most valuable portions of it. It was principally through the influence of Mr. Bennett that other lands were located by Dr. Benjamin H. Packard, Chauncey C. Lewis, Lemuel S. House, and William R. Thompson, who were then known as the Ann Arbor party.

The first actual settlement was made in the spring of 1830, by Isaiah W. Bennett, William R. Thompson, Benjamin H. Packard, Elijah W. Morgan, Chauncey C. Lewis, and others, of the Ann Arbor party.

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Thompson, who had bought the quarter section on Grand river, immediately above the land of Mr. Blackman, determined to establish a right to the water-power before the return of Mr. Horace Blackman, who they knew would soon arrive from the east with his family and friends, and who would claim it for his location. They accordingly made arrangements at once for help, which they brought from Ann Arbor, and proceeded to build a dam, race and saw-mill on their lands on the river, next above the land of Mr. Blackman. The dam was some distance above the present one, the race was on the west side of the river, and the saw-mill was near the present site of the water works.

The second house in the village was a large double log house, on Main street, on the lot on which is now the marble front block of stores built by Wiley R. Reynolds and M. B. Breitenback. This house was built by Isaiah W. Bennett and William R. Thompson on their lands, to accommodate the workmen who came here for the purpose of building their saw-mill and making other improvements. This large and commodious building was for several years occupied as a tavern, and was for most of that time the most notable place of resort in the growing village.

Linus Gillett and wife, and Josephus Case and his wife, were of those who came with the party who were engaged to build the mill, Mr. Case being a blacksmith, and Mr. and Mrs. Gillett were to board the workmen when a house should be provided in which they could live. Until the second house was inclosed they all occupied the house of Mr. Blackman. Mrs. Gillett and Mrs. Case were the first white women who settled in

Jackson county. Mr. Gillett placed his anvil on a stump, cut off proper height, and faced down for that purpose. This was without cover. At the same time came John Wickham, mill-wright; Hiram Thompson, brother of William R. Thompson; Jason Barlow, George Mayo, Stephen Town, and James Caniff, all of whom were in the employ of Messrs. Bennett and Thompson, working on the saw-mill, mill-dam and boarding house.

Mr. Horace Blackman returned to his new made home in May, 1830, bringing with him his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Blackman, his brothers Russell, Levi, George and Francis, his three sisters, his brother-in-law, Elizur B. Chapman, and William R. DeLand, his wife and two children. All of this little colony lived in the house built the fall before by Horace Blackman, until they could build houses of their own, which was soon accomplished by these hardy pioneers.

Mr. John Durand, his son John T. Durand, his daughter and nephew, arrived here on the first day of June, 1830. Both of the Durands bought government lands and settled within the present limits of the city. Mr. John Durand built a log house on the northeast corner of the northeast quarter of section four. The site on which this house stood is now in Main street, in front of the west end school-house. The Durands went to work industriously on their land, chopping and clearing, so as to prepare it as soon as possible for the much needed crop. To them belongs the honor of being the first to sow winter wheat in the county of Jackson; to scatter broadcast the seed for that crop which has always since been the great staple, not only of the county, but of all Michigan.

Mr. John Durand was a consistent and earnest member of the Methodist church, and his labors and prayers did much to build up and keep together the little society, in the early days of that church in Jackson. He continued to reside on his place, an industrious and useful member of society until his death in June, 1852.

In September, 1830, Dr. Samson Stoddard came, with others, to Jacksonburg, and he was the first physician to locate in the county. Dr. Stoddard was the first county clerk and county treasurer in and for the county of Jackson. He held both offices from the organization of the county until 1836. After remaining in Jackson several years, Dr. Stoddard removed to Spring Arbor, where he lived honored and respected, until a few years before his death, when he went to live with a son at Albion, where he died in 1877.

Dr. Oliver Russ made Jacksonburgh his place of residence in November, 1830. He built a log house on the northwest corner of Van Buren and Jackson streets. He immediately commenced the practice of his profession, soon gained the entire confidence of the community, and continued a successful practitioner up to the time of his death.

MERCHANDISE.

The first stock of goods offered for sale was brought in from Ohio by Mr. Jesse Baird early in 1830, and to him belongs the honor of having been the first merchant in Jackson, and of having the sagacity to choose for his enterprise one of the great centres of trade in the state. Mr.

Baird was also a contractor of some notoriety, and to him was given the contract for building the race on the west side of the river, for the saw-mill which was being built for Messrs. Bennett and Thompson.

Mr. George B. Cooper, who came here some time in June, was interested with Mr. Baird, and while engaged about the pond and race received more than he had contracted for, the unusual labor and exposure bringing on him an attack of fever and ague, and to him belongs the unenviable distinction of having been the first to acquire that disease which a few years after became so common as to be in the care and keeping of almost every family in the community. Mr. Cooper had also, following the ague, a severe attack of bilious fever, which came near closing a career which was afterwards, for so many years, so closely and so usefully identified with the growth and prosperity of Jackson.

Mr. Hiram Thompson had also an attack of fever and ague, and these were the only two cases of sickness with which our infant settlement was afflicted in 1830.

Another store, with a miscellaneous assortment of goods, such as are usually found in a country store, and supposed to contain any and every article a customer might call for, was opened by Mr. Hogan in the house of William R. DeLand, on the corner of Blackstone and Pearl streets, soon after that of Mr. Baird. The next year, in 1831, Mr. Hogan built and occupied as a store, a frame building on the northeast corner of the public square, fronting on Jackson street. This was the first frame building erected in Jacksonburgh.

Mrs. John Wellman, who was of the colony of 1830, was the main reliance of the neighborhood for the cutting and making of the clothes of men and boys, where that could not be done in their own families. Her work gave such satisfaction that there was no opposition for three years, and she successfully plied the needle in Jackson for over thirty-five years.

The first carpenter to settle in Jacksonburgh was John Wickham, who came to work on the saw-mill of Bennett & Thompson, and then made it his home. A tannery was established here in 1830 by Major D. Mills and Christian Prusia, on the site where Gavin's brewery was afterwards built, between Pearl and Clinton streets, near the old gas works and ashery. This enterprise was in advance of the wants of the settlement, and did not prove a success remuneratively. It was abandoned after a desperate struggle of two years or more, worthy of a better fate.

VILLAGE PLATTED.

Some time in the spring or summer of 1830 Horace Blackman, Russell Blackman, William R. Thompson, Isaiah W. Bennett and Benjamin H. Packard surveyed, laid out and platted "A plan of the village of Jacksonburgh, by Jonathan F. Stratton, surveyor," and caused the same to be left for record at Ann Arbor, in the office of the register of deeds for Washtenaw county, to which this county was attached for judicial and other purposes—Jackson county not having yet been organized.

This original plat was lost, and no record made of it in that office.

In 1842 a copy, verified by the oath of Dr. B. H. Packard, was filed for record in the office of the register of deeds for Jackson county. This document can be found on page 600 of liber 10 of deeds.

This plat includes part of the northeast quarter of section three, town three south of range one west, and part of the southeast quarter of section thirty-four, town two south of range one west. That part of the city on this ground is built on lots as described by this plat, except that the public square at the junction of Main and Jackson streets has all been vacated except the northwest quarter, (in front of the Congregational church), and is now occupied by some of the most valuable blocks of buildings in the city. Three blocks of stores, (the best in the city), now stand on the front of three-fourths of what was the public square of the village of Jacksonburgh.

COUNTY SEAT.

Oliver Whitmore, Bethuel Farrand and Jonathan F. Stratton were appointed commissioners "to designate the county seat of the county of Jackson." In their report, made on the 30th of March, 1830, they say: "A territorial road, called the St. Joseph's road, was last winter laid directly through the heart of the peninsula. Where this road crosses the Grand river, about seventy miles west of Detroit, a flourishing village is commenced, and the proprietors are erecting mills. The road was opened last winter as far west as Grand river, by a company of citizens of Ann Arbor, who, together with the commissioners, gave the village the name of Jacksonburgh. We speak confidently when we say, the state capital will be at Jacksonburgh. So sanguine were we, that we required the proprietors to appropriate ten acres of land for the state house square. Upon a commanding eminence near the upper part of this village, at a point sixty-two degrees six chains from the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of section thirty-four, town two south of range one west, we have stuck the stake for the county seat. The proprietors have given a court-house square, a public square, four meeting-house squares, and one college square."

This report is addressed to "Lewis Cass, governor of the territory of Michigan," and signed by the commissioners. Gen. Cass approved their finding, and issued his proclamation declaring the village of Jacksonburgh to be the county seat of Jackson county.

TOWNSHIP OF JACKSONOPOLIS.

On the 30th of July, 1830, an "act to incorporate the township of Jacksonopolis," passed by the legislative council of the territory was approved by the governor. By a subsequent act, approved February 18th 1831, the name was changed to Jacksonburgh. This township, in the language of the act, embraced "all that part of the country being within the limits of the county of Jackson." The township and county were one in extent until 1833, when the county was divided into four townships—Jacksonburgh, Spring Arbor, Napoleon and Grass Lake.

Section 2, of the act of July 30, 1830, provides "that the first township meeting to be held in said township shall be held at the dwelling house of I. W. Bennett, in said township, on the third Tuesday of August, 1830."

Section 3 provides that the officers elected "at said special township meeting shall not hold their offices longer than the first Monday in April, 1831."

William R. DeLand was the first justice of the peace, he having been selected for that office at a public meeting held in October, 1830, his commission bearing date the 8th of February, 1831, signed by Lewis Cass as governor, and attested by John S. Mason as secretary of the territory. Horace Blackman was the first constable, he having been specially appointed by Justice DeLand. They were officers for Washtenaw county, as Jackson county was not yet organized.

IMMIGRATION.

The tide of immigration had now fairly set in, and settlements were this year made in most of the present townships in the county, all of which had a most favorable influence on the future of our little hamlet, which was the centre from which supplies were distributed to all parts of the surrounding country.

This question of supplies was one of the most important to all the new settlers, as all articles of clothing and of food, except game, had to be hauled in from Washtenaw and Wayne counties; and it was the usual thing for these hardy pioneers to be on short rations for a goodly portion of the time. Not only food, but seed as well for the expected crop, had all to be procured under the most disadvantageous circumstances.

The roads were of the worst description; in fact there were none, except as they were made by the tracks of the immigrants' wagons as they were coming into the country, and in going to and fro after their arrival in search of a proper location, or in hauling their families to it, after it was found. The oak-openings were free to all to come and go where they pleased; but the streams and marshes were sources of great trouble and delay to the pioneer, and sometimes of danger to his worn-out and exhausted teams. It was a fortunate circumstance if the venturesome immigrant found the trees blazed to guide him to his destination.

In the fall of 1830 a postoffice was established, called Jacksonopolis, by a decision of the postoffice department.

POSTOFFICE AND MAILS.

Isaiah W. Bennett was the first postmaster. The mails came from Detroit once a week. On their arrival those for Jacksonopolis were sorted out and placed by Mr. Bennett in a basket, there to remain until called for by the happy recipient. Letters in those days from friends and relatives at the east were regarded as a great boon, and happy were the families who were so fortunate as to be the favored ones. Consequently they were not allowed long to remain in charge of Mr. Bennett; for when a letter arrived the news was at once spread through the settlements that so and so had on such a day a letter from *home*, and its contents soon became public property. It was so at least to all who came from the same neighborhood.

The postoffice was first kept in the log-house of Mr. Bennett, which stood on the south side of Main street and on the east side of the public square. In 1834 Mr. Daniel Coleman succeeded Mr. Bennett as postmaster, and held the office until his death in 1836, when Geo. B. Cooper was appointed. Mr. Cooper continued to hold the office until his resignation in 1846.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Our little community did not have the religious advantages derived from the preaching of the gospel during the summer; but in October, 1830, the Rev. John D. Pierce, a Congregational minister, preached in a barn—the most convenient place which the settlement at that time afforded—the first sermon ever delivered in Jacksonburgh. Mr. Pierce was one of the first white men who settled in Calhoun county. On his way to his destination he had stopped on Saturday night at the house of Mr. Lemuel Blackman, and on Mrs. Blackman's learning that he was a minister, a most cordial invitation was extended to him to preach, which he accepted. The joyful news spread rapidly that the *barn* had been prepared, and that religious services would be held there by a regular minister of the gospel.

On Monday Mr. Pierce proceeded to his destination. He became one of the most distinguished citizens of Calhoun county and of the state. Few men were more widely or more favorably known than he, and his labors in the cause of religion and education for a period of over forty years have left their stamp upon the institutions of this state, and will cause his name to be held in reverence by all who shall become acquainted with the history of those who laid the foundation of our religious and educational institutions. Mr. Pierce held many places of honor and trust, among them that of superintendent of public instruction.

Later in the fall of 1830 the Rev. Elijah H. Pilcher and the Rev. Mr. Colclazer—both young men—were appointed circuit preachers by the Methodist conference, and preached in Jacksonburgh once in two weeks for a year, during which time they held their services at the house of Wm. R. Thompson. Mr. Pilcher's first sermon in this place was on the evening of January 27th, 1831. There is perhaps no man in Michigan who has preached longer or been more identified with the growth and prosperity of the Methodist church in this state than Elder Pilcher, and to his ministry the society in Jackson is particularly indebted, as his labors here in building up both the society and its church have been of the most zealous kind on his part, and attended always with a marked degree of success. Mr. Pilcher labored zealously in the Methodist church in Michigan for over thirty-seven years, during which time he was several times located at Jackson, and was for a long time presiding elder of the circuit in which he lived. Mr. Pilcher's standing with the community at large, as well as in his church, was always such as to reflect the highest degree of credit upon his labors.

The Methodist society of Jacksonburgh was organized in July, 1831, by Rev. Henry Colclazer, and consisted of twelve members, and was the Pioneer Religious Society, none other being formed until some years after.

SARAH CHAPMAN.

The first white child native of Jacksonburgh was Sarah Chapman, born November 3d, 1830, daughter of Mr. Elizur B. Chapman, and granddaughter of that Mr. Lemuel Blackman who had evinced his confidence in the judgment of Horace Blackman, his son, by moving with his entire family, consisting of himself, his wife, five sons, three daughters and one son-in-law, on to the location made by Horace, which he himself had never seen.

The event justified the confidence Mr. Blackman placed in the judgment of his son, and some of the most valuable of the city property on the Blackman location is now held by Mr. John T. Durand, who married Silence, the daughter of Lemuel Blackman. Mr. and Mrs. Durand are among the most worthy and respected of the citizens of Jackson, and in their declining years are enjoying the well earned fruits of the toils and privations of their younger days.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman still live in Jackson, and have the esteem and respect of all who know them. They are truly regarded as land marks in the lapse of time in reckoning up the early history of the city of Jackson. Miss Sarah Chapman, now Mrs. Albert T. Putnam, still lives, honored and respected, as well for her own worth as for having been the first child born in Jackson. She is a worthy member of the Jackson County Pioneer Society, and is entitled to that place, not only as being one of the earliest who breasted the comforts and discomforts of pioneer life, but as having been the pioneer child, the first of that long train of arrivals which have done and are doing so much to increase the population and importance of our city.

HIGHWAYS.

The necessities of our settlers in having to go to Dexter, Plymouth or Detroit for supplies, and their interest in smoothing the path of the tide of immigration setting in from the east, induced our pioneers to pay some attention to the roads in that direction; accordingly, in the fall of 1830 and the followtng winter, volunteer parties started out at different times and bridged some of the streams on the territorial road leading to Ann Arbor. They also built a bridge across Grand river at Trail street; this was a very temporary affair, and was covered with poles, but was a great improvement to the ford, which, with the low ground approaching it, was in the fall and winter nearly impassable, and at times quite so. During the winter there was also a log bridge built across Grand river at Main street. This was the pioneer road-work, street-work, and bridge-building in Jackson city and county. As for the roads and streets, they were not in existence except in name and blaze. The trees had not been cut down, or if they had, the stumps and brush were still there, so that the way-farer was fortunate if he found a well defined path from house to house, and the traveler was guided on his wearisome way, not by any well defined road or track, but by the blazes in the trees, which he had come well to understand, and which he kept under his observation while pursuing his travels.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1830.

There was one occurrence of the year 1830 which cannot be allowed to sink in the waters of oblivion, and that is the celebration of the fourth of July, for this proves at how early a day the fires of patriotism were kindled in the breasts of the citizens of this place, which have always glowed so fervently since.

In this first effort Ann Arbor kindly came to our assistance. Mr. Isaiah W. Bennett had invited several of his friends living at Ann Arbor to visit him at his new location on Grand river, and judge for themselves of its importance. They determined to do so on the fourth of July, and our enterprising settlers determined to make their visit memorable by uniting to celebrate their visit and our nation's birthday at the same time. Having timely notice, a committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of Mr. William R. DeLand, Hiram Thompson and Anson Brown. About thirty of the citizens of Ann Arbor arrived on the evening of July 3d, and were hospitably received. They came in with flying banners, marshaled by Mr. Anson Brown of the "Committee of Arrangements." Among those in his train were Dr. Benjamin H. Packard, George Corsilius, Colonel Jewett, Messrs. Ramsdell, Maynard, Allen, Clark, Dix, Wilcoxson, Cyrus Lovell, Messrs. Dix and Track, of Dixboro, and two young ladies, who came the entire distance, five miles east of Ann Arbor, on horseback, and others whose names are now lost, and thereby dropped from the roll of fame.

A national salute was fired at sunrise. The ordnance used for that purpose was the anvil of Josephus Case, accompanied by all the rifles and muskets on the ground, and these were as many as there were men and boys capable of handling fire-arms; for at that day all had arms of some kind, and knew how to use them. Captain A. Laverty was master of ordnance, and made it lively for the boys. What with the anvil, shooting at a mark, and miscellaneous firing, there was kept up during the day a lively fusilade.

The order of proceedings was regular. The president of the day was Isaiah W. Bennett, Esq., assisted by Hiram Thompson, who discharged their duties in a manner satisfactory to all.

Mr. George Mayo read the Declaration of Independence, and all agreed that it was well done.

An able and interesting oration, appropriate to the time and place, was delivered by Gideon Wilcoxson, Esq., of Ann Arbor.

Mr. John Durand was chaplain of the day; though not a minister of the gospel, Mr. Durand was a strict and conscientious member of the Methodist church, and was known to be strong in prayer. He opened the services on the hill, before the delivery of the oration, with prayer, and his fervent manner and evident sincerity caused his words, which were fitly spoken, to be very impressive.

Mr. Horace Blackman was marshal of the day, and Lieutenant Edward Clark, of Ann Arbor, was assistant marshal. The manner in which the exercises were conducted, under their masterly ordering, excited the admiration of every Pottawattomie who was so fortunate as to witness the procession, which, forming on the public square, marched to the brow of the hill near the south end of Jackson street, where the oration was delivered.

The festivities of the day closed with a dinner, prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Terrey, who then kept the Bennett tavern, and was served in a bower built for that purpose south of the tavern. Tradition has failed to hand down to us the "bill of fare" of the good things with which the table was loaded on that occasion; neither have the toasts given, nor the responses made thereto, been handed down to us, but we are assured that a happier set of people, or a "jollier lot of fellows" never met at the festive board. Over eighty persons, all that could at one time be accommodated, sat down at the first table, and there was in attendance at this celebration every white person at that time within the limits of the county, and a large proportion of the Indians. The latter joined most heartily in the celebration, although they did not understand exactly why they did so, or what it was for.

IRPROVEMENTS, CROPS, SUPPLIES.

From twenty to thirty buildings were erected in the summer and fall of 1830, and settlements were made in the vicinity in several directions. Farms were beginning to be opened up and cultivated. Some corn and other crops were raised, so that in the winter of 1830–31 the pioneers had not to depend entirely upon having the means of livelihood brought from abroad.

The first land cultivated in the county was by the Blackmans, on their purchase on the old Indian corn-field lying between Blackman creek and Ganson street. In the fall there were several fields sown to winter wheat.

Our hardy settlers were industriously working to provide for their future wants, and particularly to save themselves from the long and fatiguing trips they were now obliged to make to Washtenaw county for their seed and bread. The little colonies in Jackson county could get no seed wheat or other grain at a less distance than Mill Creek, and no wheat or other grain ground nearer than the mills on the same stream at what is now Dexter.

The crops raised this year. and the wheat harvested from this fall's sowing—the yield from which was very gratifying—were of great benefit to the little settlement. For hay they found a ready, abundant and excellent supply in the grasses on the marshes, which were on the borders of all the streams and lakes in the county. This was a most favorable circumstance for the pioneer, as it enabled him to feed his teams and winter his stock, if he was so fortunate as to have any, at an expense much less than he otherwise could have done. Mr. Blackman and his associates cut and secured over eighty tons of this hay the first summer they spent in their new homes.

The settlements after the first summer became in a great measure self-supplying, so far as they depended upon agricultural products, but for long years were under the necessity of taking those tedious and unprofitable trips to the grist-mill at Dexter, which took up so much of their valuable time and was so exhausting to their scant stock of ready money.

FARMS AND FARMING.

The most of the teams owned by the pioneers were composed of oxen, as they were much the most serviceable in the clearing of the land necessary for improvements of any kind, and particularly in logging, in plowing among and removing the stumps, and in building the log and brush heaps preparatory to burning after the timber had been cut down. They were also much better adapted than any other teams to the state of the roads, or rather to the entire want of any other road than the tracks made by those who had "gone before" on the same route, with no bridges across the streams, and no causeways across the marshes, with no more certain guide from point to point than the blazes made on the trees to designate the route. With these teams our patient, frugal and industrious pioneers were obliged to go from twenty to thirty miles for most of their provisions the first year, and for six years to get ground their little grists of wheat, corn or buckwheat. Mr. John T. Durand informs me that it always took him three days with his ox team to make the trip to the mills at Dexter.

The first orchard set out in the county was planted by Mr. A. W. Daniels, on his farm adjoining the now city of Jackson. Mr. Daniels, in September, 1830, came in and built a log house on this farm, on which he is now living. He brought with him a yoke of cattle and a wagon loaded with provisions and farming implements. The trees for this orchard were sent him by his father, Mr. John Daniels, who had been here in 1829.

When returning with his ox team from Detroit with his load of trees, his wagon got stuck in the low wet ground at the ford at the crossing of Grand river at this place, and he was obliged to leave it until the next day, when he procured sufficient assistance to enable him to get it out of the quagmire.

SUPPLIES, FOOD.

The first winter—that of 1830–31—was the most trying of any our little settlement of Jacksonburgh had to endure. Food was scarce and prices high. There was but little money to spend among our settlers after they had paid for their lands, bought their teams and stock, built their log houses and made such improvements as the scant time left after this was accomplished would allow. It was here that great benefit was derived from our red brethren. Notwithstanding the fact that the white man was dispossessing them of their houses, their inheritance and their country, and that they were being exterminated by their Christian brethren, they in the innocence of their hearts acted toward the suffering white settlers the part of the good Samaritan. The supplies of venison, game, maple sugar, berries and fish furnished by "Poor Lo" were of the last importance to our pioneers during the long winter and the first of spring. No more welcome sight was looked for than to see a string of Indians approaching single file with a lot of venison or wild turkeys hanging across their ponies, for this not only insured a replenishment of the stock of provisions, but also that it was to be done on very favorable terms, for of all classes of men the Indian has the least and poorest ideas of values, and our sharp, shrewd first settlers from New York and New England were not very scrupulous in their dealings with those upon whose good will they were so dependent. All kinds of provisions had become exceedingly scarce, and prices correspondingly high. Potatoes sold for twenty-five cents each.

Some hogs brought into the neighborhood had got into the woods and ran wild. They were not pleasant objects to meet if without firearms, and were really more dangerous than the wolves, bears, or any other of the wild beasts of our forests. They, however, at this juncture, served a good turn, as in the vicinity of Jacksonburgh, always since skilled for her sharpshooters, they were systematically hunted, and salted down when there was enough of the pork to justify that process. There was plenty of shack in the woods, the hogs were not very plenty, so that they were generally in very good condition for the pot, to which they were as welcome as flowers in May.

No pork or potatoes could be bought nearer than Plymouth, in Wayne county, where those who were obliged to buy had to go, the trip taking up the better part of, if not an entire week.

What with the Indians, wild hogs, and such other scant resources as they could command, our little community passed safely, if not comfortably, through the winter, and though they were subjected to many trials and suffered many hardships, yet they did not despond, but hailed the advent of spring as bringing with it not only a release from the cold and discomforts of winter, but also the genial warmth of the spring-time, which enabled them to prepare the ground for the seed-time, and gave them the hope of a harvest which would, in a great measure, render them independent of other sources of supply.

During the winter the hardy and industrious axe men had chopped, logged, piled and burnt the brush on such fields as they intended to cultivate for spring crops. Frequently the brush-heap was the work of the women and children, so ready were all to help to get the homestead improved, and to aid in preparing for the expected crop.

HARDSHIPS.

Indians, fleas, wolves and bears were all so numerous as to be somewhat troublesome. The Indians and sand-hills were equally covered, if not filled, with fleas, and the latter added not a little to the annoyance and discomfort of our first settlers.

The bears and wolves were also the cause of much annoyance. They would prowl around the dwellings in the night time, and most of the housewives of those days insisted that they had seen them at their windows peering in with ferocious looks, as if they were desirous of gratifying their appetite at the expense of some of the smaller or weaker members of the family. We have no record that any such deplorable event occurred, though many hair-breadth escapes are related of women and children in passing after dark from house to house.

We have now passed the year 1830, the first year of our infant settlement, and shall proceed more rapidly, as did the growth of the village. The first year is essentially the year of the pioneer, and deserves to be treated more particularly and more at length than any other. No incident is too trivial or too unimportant to narrate, if it in any manner illustrates the ways, manners or mode of living of those who first made their homes in the wilderness, for such at that time was almost the entire of the interior of Michigan.

The first quarterly meeting held in Jacksonburgh by the Episcopal Methodist church was on the 14th and 15th of April, 1832, and met in the new log house of Bennett and Thompson, the second house built in the place. At this pioneer meeting there was made a pioneer convert who made a confession of faith and was received into the bosom of the church.

Soon after the conference adjourned the Rev. Joseph H. Smith, of the same church, came here from Canada and established a Sabbath school and Bible class, but in 1832 both were discontinued, owing, as some said, to the Black Hawk war, and others to the sickness in the settlement.

DR. OLIVER RUSS.

In the spring of 1831 Dr. Oliver Russ built a log house on the east side of the river and on the north side of Ganson street, for his brother, Mr. Nathan Russ, who came here with his family that year.

As illustrating the state of the streets, or rather the want of them, and also the energy and determination of Dr. Russ, the fact may be stated that the boards for the doors and casings of this house were carried by the doctor on his back from Bennett's saw-mill, over a mile in distance, crossing the river on the log bridge at Main street. The memory of Dr. Oliver Russ is highly treasured by all the old citizens of Jackson. No man has left behind him more pleasing recollections, for he was one of that original type of men who invested the veriest trifles with interest by his manner of treating them. He was brusque but very kind-hearted, and but few men lived in Jackson who would put themselves to as much trouble and inconvenience to perform an act of real charity. Of this he gave a remarkable proof by going to, and returning from, Marshall on foot in 1832, where there were several cases of cholera. His professional services being necessary, he, without hesitation, set out on foot to traverse the then thinly settled country, alive only to the sense of duty, and without thought of anything but to do it. The question of compensation was never allowed to interfere with his actions in the practice of his profession.

FIRST TOWNSHIP MEETING.

The county of Jackson and township of Jacksonburgh were attached to Washtenaw county for judicial purposes. The first township meeting for the election of officers was appointed to be held at the house of Wm. R. Thompson on the 4th of April, 1831. Each officer was to be voted for by ballot until a choice was made, and then the next in rotation, until all were in this manner elected.

Under the territorial laws, the meeting was called to order on the morning of the 4th day of April, by Wm. R. DeLand, Esq., acting in his capacity of justice of the peace, and then proceeded to elect Alexander Laverty moderator, and Hiram Thompson clerk, who, having taken and subscribed the necessary oath of office, constituted the necessary board of election.

Proclamation was then made that notice of said election had been duly given, and that the polls of the election were then open for the reception of ballots.

The office of supervisor was that first in order, and there were thirty-one votes cast.

Here we have in township and county, which in extent are one, thirty-one votes cast at an election which was likely to call out every voter.

After the election there were adopted by the meeting some municipal by-laws, which had been prepared, for paying bounty on wolf scalps, and for the regulation of cattle running at large, after which the meeting adjourned, well satisfied with now having a local government of their own.

The common council of the city of Jackson are not in such fear of wolves as to cause them to offer rewards for their scalps, but with them there is no more troublesome question than that of restraining cattle from running at large in the streets, and when the average alderman votes on the question, he is inclined to vote for the largest liberty; having in his mind the otherwise indignant voter who at the next election would most likely go for his political scalp, if he did not even value it sufficiently to offer a reward for it, as did our worthy pioneers for that of the wolf.

Of the township officers the most onerous duties fell upon the road commissioners, as the territorial road was the only laid out and surveyed road in the township. All the work heretofore done had been voluntary and generally only such as to prevent the worst places from becoming impassable.

Mr. John T. Durand surveyed a road which was laid out leading from Jackson to Spring Arbor, and this was the first road established by the township authorities. The services of Mr. Durand, who was a practical surveyor, were now in frequent requisition, and under his supervision the following roads were laid out and established: Blackman's, Russ, Durand, Austin, Woodworth, Vallentine's, Washtenaw, and ten miles 52.40 chains of the Jacksonburgh and Clinton road.

In 1831 W. R. Thompson and I. W. Bennett divided their real estate, Bennett taking the east and Thompson part of the village property. This gave Bennett the saw-mill and water power, one-half of which he sold to Jeremiah Marvin in February, 1832, and soon after the other half was sold to Rodney House.

Mr. Marvin came to Jacksonburgh in the fall of 1831 with two yoke of cattle, wagon, bed and cross-cut saw. He came from Monroe, and had to cut a road for his wagon through the Saline woods. His trip from the "mouth of the Raisen" to Jacksonburgh was a most tedious and laborious one. Mr. Marvin commenced running the saw-mill soon after his arrival here, and "Jerry Marvin's mill" being the only one west of Mill creek in Washtenaw county became widely and favorably known in all the adjacent settlements.

In the summer of 1832 Mr. Marvin bought of Mr. House his interest in the property, and continued sole owner and manager until 1835, when he sold his mill and water power to William and Jerry Ford. Since this time Mr. Marvin has been engaged in farming. A portion of his farm is within the city limits, and he is now living on it, working with the same energy and untiring industry as forty-seven years ago when turning out lumber for the first settlers in the county to make themselves homes.

There was also a saw-mill built by Mr. Ketchum in 1832, on the east side of the river, nearly opposite Marvin's mill.

SCHOOLS, ETC.

The first school taught in Jackson was a private one, kept in the house of Lemuel Blackman, taught in the summer of 1831 by his daughter, Miss Silence D. Blackman, principally for the instruction of her brothers, but open, as a matter of course, after the generous fashion of those days, to all the children in the settlement.

Besides her brothers Levi, Francis and George Blackman, there were Harvey and Emma Thompson, children of William R. Thompson, Sarah Thompson, daughter of Hiram Thompson, Mary Ann Samantha DeLand, daughter of Wm. R. DeLand, and a son of Josephus Case.

The teaching of Miss Blackman gave universal satisfaction, and it was a source of much congratulation that the infant settlement should so soon have a good school. Miss Blackman was persuaded to continue her school the next year, when she had an additional number of scholars, the school being kept in the house of Mr. E. B. Chapman, and afterwards in a building that had been occupied as a store. There were about thirty scholars in attendance at the close of the third term of her school.

This was the pioneer school for Jackson city and county.

Lemuel Woolsey, a chair-maker and turner, settled here in 1831, established himself in that business, and about the same time Samuel Kline made a welcome addition to the business of the settlement by opening a cabinet shop. This business was afterward conducted by John Penson, who had become a resident, but was more permanently established by Myron Collamer in 1834, who extended the business quite largely, and continued in it for over thirty-five years.

A wagon and general repairing shop was opened by Mr. Hiram Godfrey in 1831.

A boot and shoe store was established here in 1831 by William D. Thompson.

In the spring of 1831 Wm. D. Thomson, a lad of twelve years of age, son of Wm. R. Thompson, was killed by being struck with a limb of a tree which was chopped down on the grounds near the Blackman house. This was the first death, and that fact, coupled with the manner of it, and the narrow escape of several others who were standing near him, caused it to cast a more than ordinary gloom over the little settlement.

There being then no minister of the Gospel in the county, the funeral services were conducted by Mr. Samuel Roberts, an exhorter and a member of the Methodist church, living in Sandstone, some four miles west of Jackson.

PIONEERS.

James Valentine was one of the earliest settlers in Jacksonburgh. He was chosen a school inspector at an election held April 4th, 1831, and was the first judge of probate elected in the county, serving from 1833 to 1836.

Wm. D. Thompson came to Jackson in 1831. In the fall of 1831 he opened a boot and shoe store, the first of the kind in Jacksonburg. In 1834 he built and occupied a store on the south side of Main street, just east of the public square. In 1838 he sold his stock in trade to Walter Fish, and entered into partnership with George B. Cooper, who was doing a general mercantile business. He was elected county clerk, and served for the years 1836–7. He was one of the school board in 1837.

In 1841, upon the completion of the Michigan Central Railroad to Jackson, Mr. Thompson was appointed freight agent, and continued on the road for a period of ten years.

In 1851 he became a partner of Geo. B. Cooper in the banking business, and as a member of the firm of Cooper & Thompson and Cooper, Thompson & Co., and as president of the Jackson City Bank, he has, up to the present time, been the leading banker in Jackson. Mr. Thompson is now understood to be the sole proprietor of the Jackson City Bank. He is also treasurer of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad, and has acted in that capacity since the organization of the company.

In 1831 Amasa B. Gibson, Esq., settled in that part of the township of Jacksonburgh now in Spring Arbor. In 1834 Mr. Gibson removed with his family to the village of Jacksonburgh, and associated himself with Daniel Coleman and George B. Cooper in the mercantile business, which in that time meant a general stock of goods comprising groceries, dry-goods, hardware, crockery, all kinds of country produce, and every other conceivable article which an Indian or inhabitant of either village or county would be expected to call for. There was at this time but one other store in the village, that of the Messrs. Dwight, which was of the same general character.

From this time to the day of his death Mr. Gibson was one of the most active and most highly esteemed citizens of Jackson, filling many offices of public trust, and always with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. He was sheriff of the county from 1835 to 1838, and in 1837 was also superintendent, having charge of the building of the court-house and clerk's office, the construction of which was commenced this year. In 1838 Mr. Gibson was cashier of the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Bank, which was located on the east side of the river. After Jackson had attained sufficient importance to have a city organization Mr. Gibson was three times elected mayor, and is the only person who has been so honored in our twenty years' existence as a city.

MAILS.

In 1831 a government contract was let for carrying the mails for three years, west from Jackson to Marshall, Gull Prairie, Prairie Ronde and White Pigeon, there to connect with the western mail on what was then known as the Chicago road. This mail was to be carried once a week, on foot or on horseback, as the state of the streams and the want of roads made it most convenient for the contractor. The size of the mail at first was not such as to prevent him from carrying it in his hat or pockets, and it was usual for the mail-carrier to deliver letters to settlers on the route when they were at a distance from the postoffice, without subjecting them to the delay and loss of time which would have followed had they been passed through that intermediary.

Our hardy pioneers were more wedded to the substance than the form, and made even the laws, rules and regulations of the postoffice department, (ordinarily so inexorable), lose somewhat of their inflexibility for their necessities.

This mail was carried by a Mr. Darling, who lived on Neal's prairie, in Calhoun county.

In 1832 this route had attained sufficient importance to require that the mail should be carried in a covered wagon. Mr. Darling was succeeded by Mr. Lewis Barnes, of Gull Prairie, and the route was made to include Kalamazoo, where a postoffice was established on the 14th of July, 1832. This was the first conveyance for passengers from Jackson west, and was a very primitive affair. Strength being an element of much greater importance than beauty, to the passenger as well as to the contractor, the state of the roads, or rather the want of roads, and particularly of bridges, and the sparseness of settlements being such as to make it of the last importance that there should be no *break-down*—for such was the distance in many places from house to house that had any such unlucky accident have happened the chances were that the unhappy traveler would have to walk some miles before he could find a house to shelter him, if he did not have to pass a night under a tree, or the more comfortable shelter of his wagon-bed.

ASSESSMENT ROLL, VILLAGE OF JACKSONBURGH.

There was not a large amount of wealth in Jackson in 1832, if the following "Assessment Roll" is a correct representation of values:

Names.	Real Estate.	Personal.	Total.
William R. Thompson,	$400	$370	$770
Frederick House,	100	00	100
Daniel Dwight,	320	500	820

Names.	Real Estate.	Personal.	Total.
Peras Sturtevant,	$30	$00	$30
William D. Thompson,	30	00	30
Daniel D. T. Warner,	170	40	210
Hiram Thompson,	120	55	175
A. and L. Eames,	70	00	70
Samuel Cline,	35	00	35
David Riley,	35	170	205
Joab Page,	35	00	35
Horace Blackman,	170	15	185
Elijah Case,	70	15	85
Josephus Case,	80	70	150
Major D. Mills,	110	30	140
Christian Prusia,	10	00	10
Beard and Cooper,	130	00	130
Elizen B. Chapman,	40	00	40
Hiram Godfrey,	50	00	50
Oliver Russ,	50	00	50
H. M. Rider,	20	15	35

The first public school was located in the fall of 1832, on lot eleven, B. one south, range one east, on Main street.

The township authorities contracted at this time for the building of a school-house, but the contractor left for parts unknown without complying with his contract, after collecting all the taxes.

EARLY SETTLERS.

In 1832 Mr. Hogan sold out his stock of goods to Daniel Dwight & Co., who the next year moved into a new store which had been built on the south side of the public square, east of Jackson street. Mr. Daniel Dwight sold his stock to his brother, Mr. John N. Dwight, who soon after formed a partnership with Mr. David Dwight. The interests of both these gentlemen became completely identified with that of Jackson, and remained so with the former until his death.

Mr. David F. Dwight, though no longer a resident of Jackson, still retains a large real estate interest, and gives much of his time and attention to such enterprises as have a tendency to advance the interest of the city.

Mr. Hiram Thompson opened an office in 1832 as agent for the sale of real estate and general conveyancer. In 1833 Mr. Thompson became register of deeds, the first for the county, and held the office until 1836. He also acted as clerk of the board of supervisors in 1833 and 1834. He was again register from 1842 to 1846.

William E. Perrine settled in Jacksonburgh in 1832, and engaged in the mercantile business, on the west side of lot twelve. He so identified himself with the interest of the village, that his name was as familiar as a household word to all the early settlers in the village or county. Mr. Perrine died in 1839, but his name is still frequently heard on the streets of Jackson.

The medical profession was reinforced this year by having added to its numbers Dr. Thomas D. Fitch and Dr. George W. Gorham. The former did not long remain in Jackson, but Dr. Gorham spent the remainder of his life in the community, among which he at this early day cast his lot, and acquired an eminence in his profession such as it is the fortune of few to attain. Dr. Gorham occupied a front rank as a citizen as well as a physician. His large, warm heart and genial habits made him a universal favorite with all ages and all classes of the community. He was also prominent as a hunter, and there was nothing he enjoyed more than to go out with his hounds and spend several days with them in the woods on a hunting excursion. He continued to give a portion of his time every year to a hunt, up to the time of his death, though game had become so scarce during the latter years that it did not give the same satisfaction as when the country was new and game of all kinds plentiful.

William E. Bothwell came to Jacksonburgh in 1832, and was for many years quite prominent as a business man. He was for several years engaged in the mercantile business, and was most favorably known as a landlord. His reputation as "mine host" extended to all parts of the state. He was a man of very genial manners, as well as of excellent business ability.

CHURCHES.

The only religious society holding services in the village in 1832 was the Methodist, whose circuit preachers filled appointments at stated times during the year. These meetings were held in the dwelling-houses of the citizens as was most convenient at the time being, and were usually attended by the entire community, though tradition does point to some errant and erring ones who would hunt and fish, claiming that it was a work of necessity; that they were obliged to do it to procure food for their families.

BLACK HAWK WAR.

The year 1832 was not one of marked success for the village; but few buildings were erected. Of those, however, who had faith in its future was Mr. Daniel T. Warner, who built a store and placed in it a stock of drugs and medicines, the first of its kind west of Ann Arbor, while the necessity for such an establisment was becoming every day more apparent, as this was called a sickly season. There was much fever and ague, the prevalence of which was ascribed by some to the low stage of water in the mill-pond, and the consequent exposure to the summer heat of lands which had been covered with water during the fall, winter and spring. The prevalence of cholera in the east, and the fact that there were some cases in Marshall, also had a depressing effect on the growth of the village; but what perhaps most discouraged immigration to Michigan and the west was the Black Hawk war, which prevented many from moving at all, and caused many families that intended to make Michigan their home to settle in Ohio.

It was the "rumors of war" and not the war itself which proved so disastrous, for of actual war in Michigan there was none. Aside from the check to immigration, the whole of the southern and western portion of the territory was for months kept in a continual state of suspense and alarm by the actual state of hostilities in Illinois, and the fears of a rising of the Indians. The slaughter of the women and children, the burning of the homestead, these were the dreaded scenes which such a war would witness, and it is not wonderful that the small and scattered settlements should feel the greatest alarm. Everywhere preparations were made for the emergency. Farmers were obliged to abandon their spring work, and instead of plowing and planting were summoned to meet with such arms as they could command, at some rendezvous, and then prepare by organization and drilling for the expected emergency. Men were called at a distance from home and kept for days, leaving, meanwhile, their families to suffer from the suspense and fright which the circumstances called forth. Fortunately this, and the loss arising from taking men from their business, was all the pioneers of Michigan were called upon to suffer, as the Indians continued peaceful, and gave them no cause for complaint, except the excessive fright which was caused by apprehension of what would follow if they should draw the tomahawk.

JACKSON COUNTY ORGANIZED.

The legislative council of the territory, on the 26th of January, 1832, passed a law organizing the county of Jackson, with the usual provisions relative to suits, taxes and records, and providing that the act should take effect and be in force from and after the first day of August, 1832. There was a session of the circuit court held in September of this year, but no record of proceedings can be found. The evidence proving that such a term was held is in the allowance by the board of supervisors of the bill of David Keys, sheriff, in September, 1832, "for summoning jury for county court, two days attendance and room $10.00," and also in the filing by "S. Stoddard, clerk," in October, 1832, of the certificate of election for "a state government." Hiram Thompson was appointed associate judge of the circuit court of the county of Jackson, April 23d, 1833, by George B. Porter, governor of the territory.

The following journal entry gives the date of the holding of the first circuit court of the county of Jackson, which was made a matter of record:

At a session of the circuit court of the territory of Michigan, held in and for the county of Jackson, on Monday, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1833, pursuant to law, at the court-house in said county, were present Hon. William A. Fletcher, presiding judge, and William R. DeLand, assistant judge.

The court was duly opened by the proclamation of the sheriff, David Keyes, when the commissions of the judges were read in open court, bearing date April 23, 1833.

Olney Hawkins, of Ann Arbor, was appointed district attorney for the term, by which it would appear that up to this time the people of Jacksonburgh had been so peaceable and quiet as not to offer any inducements to any limb of the law to settle among them.

Dr. Samson Stoddard was the first county clerk, and served in that capacity until 1836. David Keyes was the first sheriff, appointed in 1832, and acting until 1834.

The first grand jury, June, 1833, was composed of the following persons: Solomon Brill, now of Leoni; Lemuel Blackman, Russell Blackman, Jacksonburgh; William H. Pease, now of Grass Lake; Wesley W. Laverty, Elizur B. Chapman, Ezekiel T. Critchet, John Laverty, Jacksonburgh; Zenas Fuller; Jotham Wood, now of Sandstone; William T. Worden; Charles Henington; William D. Thompson, Jacksonburgh; Samuel Wing: Hiram Austin; Nathan Russ, Jacksonburgh; Abel Benett; Wm. Pool; Nathan Z. Lattimore; Caleb Chapel; Ira Kellogg; Timothy Williams; James Jacobs. Solomon Brill was appointed foreman and authorized by the court to administer oaths to such witnesses as might appear before the grand jury.

The following persons composed the petit jury: Nathaniel Boyn, Moses Boyn, George Woodworth, Edward Morrell, Aaron Evans, John Daniels, Josephus Case, Alexander Laverty, Isaac Carrier, Joseph Sutton, John Eames, Ethan Allen, James Fifield, Jeremiah Marvin, David Riley, Orrin Gregory, Leander M. Cain, Sanford Marsh, William Worth, Stephen Rowan, Martin Flint, Major D. Mills.

There were four cases on the docket, and the court was in session two days. William Savacool was convicted of larceny, and sentenced to three months in Washtenaw jail.

Second session of the court, November 11th, 1833, the grand jury had no presentments to make, and were discharged. Fletcher and Thompson, judges.

The names of Oliver Hawkins, E. W. Morgan and George W. Jewit appear as attorneys, but they were all residents of Ann Arbor.

In 1833 Mr. Champion opened a tailor shop in Jacksonburgh, and was the first of his trade to establish himself here.

Village lots advertised for taxes for the year 1833, in the names of the following persons: John L. Moore, Hopkins, John Mickam, Joab Page. In 1834 the following in addition: Christian Prusia, Elijah Caniff.

TOLEDO WAR.

The excitement caused by the dispute between Michigan and Ohio relative to the boundary line, which caused the celebrated Toledo war, reached Jackson, and a company of thirty men was organized. Osgood H. Fifield was elected captain. The services of this company were never required on the field of action, and their most arduous duties were in acting as a home guard.

Daniel Coleman was appointed sheriff of the county, and served in 1834–5. This gentleman, who promised to become one of the most useful citizens of Jackson, was killed in the spring of 1836, soon after his marriage, by being thrown from a buggy while riding with his wife in

Livonia, Livingstone county, New York. He was an active business man, and his loss was one severely felt by the little village in which he had been so useful a member. Mr. Coleman was appointed, in 1834, postmaster, and held the office at the time of his death.

In 1834 the first improvement on the east side of the river commenced, and consisted of two log houses near the east end of the dam, built for the accommodation of the workmen.

WILLIAM J. MOODY.

At the June term of the circuit court in 1834, we find the names o James T. Cleland as attorney, and in December the names of Olney Hawkins, prosecuting attorney; James Kingsley, John Allen, as attorneys, and that of Edmund Mundy and William J. Moody as admitted to practice.

The Hon. Wm. J. Moody was the first resident attorney admitted to practice in the courts of Jackson county. Judge Moody was a member of the first senate in 1835, on the organization of the state government; also of that of 1844, and during his residence in Jackson was always noted for his active participation in every enterprise calculated to increase its importance. He was elected justice of the peace in 1839. He was also judge of the much abused county court during the brief life of that judicial tribunal. At the June term (1835), Joseph C. Watkins and Edward M. Barnes were indicted for selling liquor to Indians. Wm. J. Moody acted as prosecuting attorney during 1835. Phineas Farrand was admitted to the practice of the law at the December term, 1835. In 1835 there were three hotels—Thompson's, the Blackman House, and Bascomb's log tavern.

LEMUEL BLACKMAN.

Mr. Lemuel Blackman, one of the original proprietors, and one of the first, if not the first, of the actual settlers, died this year much regretted by the entire community. Mr. Blackman had brought a large family with him, and with them had labored early and late to build up the village. In a number of instances he gave away lots to induce men of a desirable character to build on them and locate here, and in many other ways laboring for the common interest of the settlement. Mr. Blackman kept the tavern which went by his name from the time it was built until his death, and was highly esteemed as a landlord. After his death the house was kept by his son, Horace Blackman, until it was burned in the winter of 1837–8.

GEORGE B. COOPER.

Mr. George B. Cooper, after his recovery in 1830 from the severe fit of sickness which came so near having a fatal termination, removed to Ann Arbor and engaged in the mercantile business.

In 1835 Mr. Cooper bought the stock of goods of Mr. Wm. E. Perrine, and came back to Jackson, bringing with him his mercantile establishment from Ann Arbor, and adding it to the purchase made of Mr. Perrine. In 1835 Mr. Daniel Coleman, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Amasa B. Gibson entered in co-partnership in the mercantile business under the name of Coleman, Cooper & Co., and occupied a store on the south side of the public square. This company was dissolved in 1836 by the death of Mr. Coleman. The business was continued by Mr. Cooper until 1838, when Wm. D. Thompson associated with him in the business under the name of Geo. B. Cooper & Co. Later they sold their stock of goods to W. H. Munroe and Nelson Munroe, and the Monroes sold out to Mr. Gibson.

Mr. Cooper was elected state treasurer in 1854, was re-elected in 1856, and was one of the most efficient and popular officers who ever filled that important place. Previous to this time in 1836 Mr. Cooper was elected to the state senate, and served the sessions of 1837–8.

In 1858 Mr. Cooper was elected representative to congress from the district composed of Wayne, Washtenaw and Jackson. In 1836 Mr. Cooper was appointed postmaster after the death of Mr. Coleman, and held that office until he resigned in 1846.

In 1835 Mr. Richardson owned a store on lot eleven on Main street, in which he kept a general assortment of goods, such as is usually kept in a country store.

Mr. James A. Dyer came here in 1835 and went into the store of Mr. William Richardson as clerk, and remained with him about three years. Mr. Dyer was county clerk from 1846 to 1848, sheriff from 1838 to 1840, justice of the peace for twelve years, and postmaster four years, from 1849.

In 1839 Mr. Dyer and Mr. Charles Derby entered into partnership and bought the stock of Mr. Richardson, which they removed to a store on the north side of Main street, nearly opposite Richardson's store.

COURT-HOUSE.

In 1836 the legislature of the now state of Michigan passed an act authorizing the county to borrow $10,000 for the purpose of erecting a court-house and county clerk's office. The court-house was on the public square on the south side of Main street, and on the west side of Jackson street; the clerk's office was on the north side of Main street, and opposite the court-house. Both buildings were of stone, and were supposed to be erected for all time. Mr. A. B. Gibson, the then sheriff, was superintendent, having charge of the work. David Porter had the contract for doing the mason work, and Lemuel House for the carpenter work. Both were built in the year 1837.

WILLIAM AND JERRY FORD.

In April, 1835, the northeast quarter of section three, town three south, of range one west, which was located by Dr. Benjamin H. Packard, was sold to William Ford, Jerry Ford and William Ford, Jr., who also bought the mill, water power and twenty acres of land of Jeremiah Marvin. These gentlemen and their relatives and friends for many years after their settlement here were among the most active, energetic and enterprising of the business men, not only of the village but of the state. The impetus they gave to the business of Jackson has had a very important bearing on its growth and prosperity.

In the winter of 1836 an act of the state legislature provided "that Daniel Coleman, George B. Cooper and Jerry Ford, their heirs and assigns, be and are hereby authorized and empowered to build a dam across Grand river, on section three, town three south, of range one west. Said dam shall not exceed seven feet in height above common low water mark, and shall contain a lock not less than 75 feet in length and 16 feet in width for the passage of boats, rafts and other water craft."

In the spring the Messrs. Ford commenced the building of the dam and of the mill on the east side of Grand river, then and long after known as "Ford's flouring mill." The building of this mill was driven with remarkable rapidity, considering its size and the obstacles to be overcome in the then new state of the country, and the difficulties attending the transportation of the materials. The mill was completed and running the same fall, and at once made Jackson the centre of business for the county.

The Fords manifested their faith in the growth of Jacksonburgh, and gave a further evidence of their enterprise by surveying and platting "Ford's extension," the plat of which was recorded February 5th, 1836. They still further extended the area of the ground laid out in village lots, and placed upon the market by laying out "Ford's western addition," the plat of which was filed for record March 13, 1836. The action of the Fords in building the mill, laying out the town lots and commencing to build thereon, caused the east side of the river at once to assume an importance which had not hitherto attached to it, and notwithstanding the unfavorable nature of the ground, which was low, swampy and heavily timbered, with a very thick undergrowth, buildings and improvements soon changed the face of that portion of the village.

EAST SIDE.

In 1836 Messrs. Ganson, Clark and Munroe built the furnace and machine shop between the race and the river, and commenced the manufacture of plows, and the making of such other castings as the business of the country required. This building is still standing and occupied for like purposes.

The first frame building erected on the east side of the river was the store built by Mr. William Ford, in which a stock of goods was placed by Ford & Budington. Two other frame buildings, both of which are still standing, were built on Main street on the east side in 1836. The Grand River House, on the corner of Main and Milwaukee streets, was also built this year by Mr. Andrew Shaver, who had just decided to make this place his home, and who joined Mr. Fifield in building this house for the accommodation of boarders, they being principally those employed by the Messrs. Ford in building the flouring mill, the store, and in making other improvements. This house was opened as a hotel in

1838, is still standing, and though not as prominent as of yore, has up to this time always been kept as a public house.

The east side was making such rapid and satisfactory progress in 1836 that the denizens of that locality determined to celebrate the 4th of July in that part of the village, and proceeded to erect a "liberty pole," in front of the Grand River House. They carelessly placed the butt of their pole in a hollow stump. After the pole was raised the halyards became fast at the top; Daniel Chapin climbed the pole to adjust the halyards, when the stump, which proved to be rotten, gave way, and precipitated the pole to the ground. Mr. Chapin was in the act of adjusting the rope when the pole fell, and was so seriously injured that he soon after died. This sad accident turned into a day of grief and mourning what had promised to be one of enjoyment, and cast a deep gloom over the village, but particularly over the energetic little settlement on the east side of the river.

PIONEERS.

Thomas McGee came into Michigan in 1832, settled in Concord, was always a prominent citizen of the county and was elected Judge of Probate, serving from 1856 to 1860. With him came his son Melville, who became a resident of Jackson as a student at law in 1851.

He has since continued the practice of his profession, and has been elected judge of probate for three successive terms, serving from 1864 to 1876.

Cornelius Lammons settled in the township of Jacksonburgh, now Blackman, in 1832. His son, Jacob F. Lammons, who came with him, is now a resident of the city, actively engaged in business. He has served four years as justice of the peace.

James McKee came to Michigan in 1832, settled in Jacksonburgh, and is now a resident of the city.

John McConnell became a resident of the township of Jacksonburgh in 1833. His son, Oscar H. McConnell, came with him. He has for many years been engaged in the hardware business in the city, and is highly respected as an active, industrious and honest man.

John N. Dwight came to Jackson in 1833. His brother, Daniel Dwight, had bought of Mr. Hogan his small stock of goods and kept store on the north side of the public square. Mr. John N. Dwight bought out his brother and soon after associated himself with his cousin, David F. Dwight. Mr. Dwight was in the mercantile business in company with his cousin, without a partner, and as one of the firm of Loomis & Dwight, for a period covering nearly twenty years. While in company with Mr. Loomis they purchased the Kennedy steam flouring mills. Mr. Dwight subsequently sold his interest to Mr. Loomis.

Mr. Dwight was elected justice of the peace in April, 1836. He was candidate for register of deeds in November, 1836, and was elected county treasurer in 1839, and re-elected in 1840.

Mr. Dwight continued to reside in Jackson to the time of his death.

There was among the pioneers of Jackson no more pleasant, genial gentleman than John N. Dwight.

Daniel B. Hibbard came to Jackson in 1835. He became interested almost immediately in the stage lines and mail routes diverging from Jackson, and was for many years the principal mail contractor and stage proprietor for the Grand River Valley. In 1838 Mr. Hibbard and Paul B. Ring were proprietors of a line of stages running from Jackson to Adrian. After the capitol was located at Lansing, "Hibbard's stage line" was the main reliance for getting to that point from all places in the two southern tiers of counties, including Detroit, until the completion of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad in 1866. Mr. Hibbard has always been, as he still is, one of the most active business men of Jackson. There are but few enterprises of importance in or to the city that have been carried to success in which he has not been interested. He was one of the first to engage in the building of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad, and was for several years one of its directors. He was one of the projectors of the Jackson foundry and machine shops on Mechanic street, and has always been largely interested in them, and is now one of the principal proprietors. He was also largely interested in the Jackson rolling mills, which is one of the very few enterprises in which he has engaged which did not prove remunerative.

The "Hibbard House," which was for many years the leading hotel in the city, and still ranks among the first in the state, was built by Mr. Hibbard, and owned by him until sold to H. A. Hayden in 1877. It stands an enduring monument of his enterprise and public spirit. Mr. Hibbard has always manifested great interest in the improvement of the stock of horses in central Michigan, and has been the owner of some of the best stock and carriage horses in the state. He has always dealt largely in horses, and during the war was perhaps the largest contractor in the state for supplying horses to the government. Mr. Hibbard is a member of the Horse-breeders' Association, one of the most successful, if not the only successful, association for trotting horses in the state. He was elected mayor of the city in 1865. He was one of the principal stockholders in the organization of the People's National Bank, was vice-president, and still retains his interest. Mr. Hibbard has been very successful in the accumulation of property, and is one of the largest holders of real estate in the city.

Joshua Palmer came to Jacksonburgh in 1835, and engaged in business as a blacksmith. He was a very skillful workman. He worked many years at his trade, and acquired a competence by his industry and frugality. Mr. Palmer has always stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens as an honest and upright man. In 1837 his brother, Dan R. Palmer, became his partner. His son William H. Palmer is now a practicing physician in the city.

David Markham and Frank Standish settled in Jacksonburgh in 1835, and are still active in their several callings.

Henry H. Vandercook came in the same year, and was for many years proprietor and manager of the "Jackson furnace," near Ford's mill. He also built the flouring mill south of Jackson, still known as Vandercook's mill.

Erastus Champlain, John Rodger and Wesley Jenkins became residents of Jacksonburgh in 1836, and worked in and on the Ford mills.

Hiram H. Smith settled in Jackson county in 1835, but removed to Ingham county, and resided at Mason and Lansing until 1864, when he removed to the city of Jackson, where he has since resided. While in Ingham county he was elected treasurer, county clerk, member of the legislature, and mayor of Lansing. Mr. Smith was engaged in the mercantile business both in Mason and Lansing.

At Lansing he built the first flouring mill, and carried on successfully both the milling and mercantile business. He built, in 1851 and 1852, the plank road from Lansing to Howell. In 1863 Mr. Smith engaged in railroad enterprises, and was successively connected with the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw, the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw, the Detroit, Lansing and Lake Michigan, and the Detroit and Bay City railroads. In the construction of all of these roads he rendered the most efficient and valuable aid. Mr. Smith was vice-president and managing director of the first, and president of the second and third named roads. The last named he built in 1872. Mr. Smith is a man of great energy of character, and highly respected by all with whom he associates, either in business or socially.

Paul B. Ring came to Jackson in 1835, kept hotel in 1836, was president of the Jackson County Bank in 1837, and for many years a prominent stage proprietor and mail contractor.

Joseph C. Bailey became a resident of Jackson in 1835. In 1836 he was elected register of deeds for Jackson county. He was also elected justice of the peace and continued for several years an active and useful member of community.

Lewis Bascomb came here in 1835, built and kept for many years "Bascomb's hotel." Mr. Bascomb always occupied a high place in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He served for three years as one of the inspectors of the state prison, and died in 1869.

In 1831 Lewis D. Welling and S. S. Welling settled in Tecumseh. In 1837 they removed to, and are still living in Jackson. L. D. Welling was elected sheriff in 1846 and 1848, and has served for many years as justice of the peace.

Marvin Dorrill, David Markham and Frank Standish came to Michigan in 1835, and are still among our most active and useful citizens.

IRA C. BACKUS.

Dr. Backus came to Jackson in September, 1836. He at once decided to make it his home, brought his family and commenced the practice of his profession. Dr. Backus brought with him a high reputation as an allopathic physician, he continued in practice up to his final sickness, and it is not too much to say that he stood in the front rank of his profession, not only in Jackson but also in the state. The standing of Dr. Backus as a citizen was equal to his reputation as a physician, and of this he received many proofs. He was a member and officer of St. Paul's (Episcopal) church from the date of its organization to the day of his death. He served for three years as an inspector of the state prison, and one term (1859) in the senate of the state. Dr. Backus died in 1865.

B. F. Eggleston came to Jacksonburg July 7, 1836, and at once commenced working at his trade as a tailor. In 1849 he formed a copartnership with Wm. Aldrich and opened a merchant tailoring establishment. He has continued in that business to the present time. In 1854 he purchased the store in which he then was and now occupies. Mr. Eggleston has always maintained an honorable position as a business man, and has uniformly been one of the most active of our citizens in all works of charity or benevolence, as well as in all meaures tending to forward the growth of the town.

Silas W. Stowell was another acquisition to the business men of Jackson in 1836, he at that time moving here with his family and opening a grocery store on the south side of the public square. In 1837 he was one of the firm of Stowell & Collier, in the same branch of business. In 1838 he took the contract to build the west wing of the state prison and the keepers' house. In order to be nearer his work Mr. Stowell built a store in the then entirely new part of the town, near the prison, into which he moved his stock of groceries. For the first two years after convicts were received their rations were furnished under contracts by Mr. Stowell.

In company with Stephen Monroe, in 1840, Mr. Stowell built a furnace and machine shop on the south side side of Main street, on the lot next east from the Methodist church, where they continued in business for two years, when they sold the property to Alonzo Bennett and Geo. B. Cooper. From this time for several years he was actively employed in the interests of the Jackson County Mutual Insurance Company, then doing a large and successful business in Illinois and Michigan. Mr. Stowell was engaged in the mercantile business from 1854 to 1863. He has always been an active, energetic business man, and has done all in his power to promote the prosperity of Jackson. He has built quite extensively in all parts of the town, both stores and houses. Mr. Stowell, though some years past the three score years and ten allotted to man, is still as hale and hearty and active as most men when they have attained to half a century. His genial and pleasant countenance is seen daily upon our streets.

Chester Yale came to Jackson in 1836 and commenced business by opening a tin-shop, the first in the place. Mr. Yale continued the business for several years, and was a man highly respected for his upright character and habits of industry.

Mr. Alonzo Bennett came to Jackson in 1836. In 1837 he formed a copartnership with his brother, Allen Bennett, who came here that year, and they commenced business as merchants, having bought out Geo. B. Cooper & Co. They continued in business for two years.

In 1840 Mr. Bennett and Mr. Geo. B. Cooper entered into copartnership and built an iron foundry. On the completion of the Central railroad in 1842 Mr. Bennett, in company with Mr. Sacket, commenced the storage and warehouse business in a building which Mr. Bennett had erected on the side-track near the depot. He bought the furnace of Monroe & Stowell, and was very successful in business in company with Mr. Oliver C. Mosher, until the latter was killed by being caught in the machinery, after which the business was conducted by Mr. Bennett until disposed of by him to his son. Mr. Bennett has always been one of the active business men of Jackson, and has at various times built both stores and houses in different parts of the city. He is quite a large holder of real estate, and is now president of the First National Bank.

Allen Bennett, Sr., came to Jackson in 1837, and engaged in the mercantile business, but soon sold out to his sons Alonzo and Allen. Mr. Bennett continued to reside in Jackson until his death.

Mr. Allen Bennet came to Jackson in May, 1837, and engaged with his brother in the mercantile business until 1839, when they dissolved, Allen taking the stock and moving to a store on the north side of Main street, afterwards so long occupied by Patton Morrison's grocery, and yet known as his place. In 1842 John Sumner bought an interest in his business, and they removed to the stone block built by Joseph G. R. Blackwell in 1839 on the north side of the public square, where they continued until 1851, when Mr. Sumner died. Mr. Bennett then moved into what is now known as the Bennett block, which he had purchased that year of M. B. and J. W. Medbury, by whom it was built, and here Mr. Bennett continued the mercantile business until 1859. In 1857 Mr. Bennett engaged with Mr. Hubbell in the cabinet business in a shop built by him on Luther street. In 1860 he took the business into his own hands, but soon after sold out to Mr. Henry Gilbert, of Kalamazoo, who had taken a contract at the state prison for the manufacture of furniture. Mr. Bennett now commenced the manufacture of doors, blinds and sash in connection with a lumber yard, and built a large factory on the northeast corner of Jackson and Van Buren streets. The sash factory was operated by Mr. Silas Hyser until 1857, and since then has been in the hands of Mr. Bennett's son Charles. The lumber yard has been conducted by Mr. Dewitt Woods, a partner of Mr. Bennett, and the business is still continued. Mr. Bennett is one of the firm of Bennett, Knickerbocker & Co., the proprietors of the "city steam flouring mills," one of the best arranged and most extensive mills in the state, built in 1866. He, with the same company, own and operate the stone mills at Albion. He is also engaged in manufacturing extensively the "Robbins' cultivator," in which business he has associated with him his son George. Mr. Bennett has been one of the most active and successful business men in Jackson. He has been for several years engaged in banking, and is now vice president of the First National Bank, and owns some of the most valuable real estate in the city.

Albert Foster came to Jackson in 1837, and went to work as a blacksmith and machinist, at which he has continued to labor industriously to the present time, except that the last few years he has given most of his attention to the sale of agricultural implements, particularly mowing machines and buggy rakes.

Myrick C. Hough commenced the practice of the law in Jackson in 1837. Jesse Williams was then working at his trade—a carpenter.

William H. Munroe came to Jackson in January, 1837. His nephew, Nelson Munroe, came with him. They soon after bought the stock in trade of Geo. B. Cooper & Co., and subsequently sold out to Mr. Gilbert. W. H. Munroe was one of the proprietors of the Jackson furnace. In 1838 he bought the "Jackson Exchange" hotel of Paul B. Ring, and kept it as a public house for many years.

Dr. John McLean was a practicing physician in Jackson in 1837, and his familiar form is still seen upon our streets.

DAVID JOHNSON.

At the April term of the circuit court in 1838 David Johnson was admitted to the practice of the law, the committee to examine him being George Miles, Peter Morey and Phineas Farrand. Judge Johnson had now made Jackson his place of residence, and entered at once upon the practice of his profession, and soon attained a reputation which placed him on a level with the ablest lawyers in the state. He was elected school inspector in 1839, was candidate for senator in 1839, was prosecuting attorney from 1843 to 1845, was member of the house in the legislature of Michigan in 1845, and again in 1847; was elected circuit judge under the old constitution in 1851, and served six years, being also one of the judges of the supreme court, which was composed of the circuit judges. He was the democratic candidate for judge of the supreme court in 1857. Judge Johnson, on retiring from the bench, entered again upon the practice of the law, in which he is still actively engaged, being now the senior member at the bar in Jackson.

Edward Higby was admitted to practice law at the October term of the circuit court in 1838, the examining committee being David Johnson, A. Wright Gordon, and A. L. Millard.

WARREN N. BUCK.

Mr. Buck made Jackson his home in 1839. He was for many years engaged in the mercantile business on the east side of the river, first with Wm. Ford, Jr., and subsequently with Henry Vandercook. Mr. Buck was elected mayor in 1867, and again in 1868. He is now an aacting justice of the peace, having been four times elected. He has also been for many years supervisor or town clerk, and has for most of the time for thirty years been a member of the school board in the district in which he lives. Mr. Buck has, in all the relations of life, maintained a character above reproach.

Walter Budington came to Michigan and settled in Jackson in 1836. He engaged in 1838 in the mercantile business with B. W. Rockwell. He was cashier of the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Bank. Mr. Budington was one of the most public spirited of the pioneers of Jackson, and was for many years of his life connected with its interests by holding offices of more usefulness than profit. He was for many years a member of the school board in district No. 17. He was also several times elected supervisor, also town clerk; was county clerk from 1848 to 1852, and city treasurer in 1863–4–5.

Henry A. Hayden came to Michigan in 1837 and made Jackson his home in 1838. He was in the employ of the Michigan Central railroad as civil engineer, superintendent of repairs and paymaster until 1842. He bought the Vandercook mills soon after leaving the road, and engaged in the manufacture of flour. In 1851 he and Wiley R. Reynolds bought the old Ford mills and water power. In 1853 they also bought of P. B. Loomis the steam flouring mill east of Mechanic street. Messrs. Hayden & Reynolds are still operating these mills, which can make one hundred thousand barrels of flour per year. Mr. Hayden has been a member of the vestry of St. Paul's church since its organization, and is now one of the wardens. He was chief engineer of the fire department in 1861–2. He was elected member of the house of representatives, Michigan legislature, in 1862, and was mayor of the city in 1874–5.

Samuel Higby became a resident of Jackson in 1839, and the same year was admitted to the practice of his profession in the courts of this state. Mr. Higby at once took a high stand among the citizens of Jackson, not only as a lawyer, but in all the relations of life. A consistent member of the Episcopal church, he stood forth to the day of his death a bright example to the church and to the world of the life of a Christian gentleman. The practice of Mr. Higby was not that of an advocate, but as counsel and in chancery practice it is no disparagement to the bar of Jackson to say that he stood at its head. As a counselor he was sought, not only in intricate legal cases, but in many others of great importance, and all parties interested were perfectly certain that his decision would be the impartial conclusion of his judgment.

In 1843 Mr. Higby was elected recorder of the village, and in 1856 he was elected its president, being the last to hold that office. Mr. Higby in 1869 was elected judge of the fourth judicial circuit, but resigned after serving three years and resumed the practice of his profession, in which he was actively engaged when he was struck with the hand of death on the 12th of May, 1876, while in the office of the county clerk in the performance of his duty. Mr. Higby was a member of the vestry of St. Paul's church from the time of its organization to the close of his life, and for many years was one of its wardens. Of Judge Higby it could most truly be said that he was an honest man, the noblest work of God.

Benjamin M. Rockwell and William Hudson came here in 1837, and after forty-one years of industry are both living in the enjoyment of that respect and esteem to which they are entitled by lives of usefulness.

Fidus Livermore came to Jackson in May, 1839, and was admitted to the practice of the law the same year. He at once took a stand among the leading members of the bar, and has to the present time continued in the practice of his profession. In that, as in all other relations of life, Mr. Livermore has always been regarded as one of the leading citizens of Jackson.

Mr. Livermore was elected township treasurer in 1840, to the house of representatives of the legislature of Michigan in 1842 and again in 1843; was appointed prosecuting attorney in 1846 by Gov. Felch, and in 1848 by Gov. Ransom. He was elected prosecuting attorney in 1854, and was democratic candidate for judge of probate in 1858. Mr. Livermore was nominated for representative to congress in 1874, and again in 1876, and though unsuccessful, as the democratic party was largely in the minority, yet he always run ahead of his ticket in Jackson county, thus proving the high estimation in which he was held by those who had longest and best known him.

Phineas Farrand became a citizen of Jackson in 1836. He was a lawyer and continued a resident of Jackson in the active practice of his profession until his death. In 1836 he was candidate for representative in the legislature at both the special and general elections, and was prosecuting attorney for the county from 1843 to 1845. In 1838 he became a member of the firm of Farrand, Johnson & Higby.

Fairchild Farrand practiced law in Jackson from his admission to the bar of the county to his death in 1877. He came to Jackson in 1837. Mr. Farrand was county clerk from 1840 to 1842, and president of the village in 1855.

Levi P. Gregg settled in Jackson in 1838, and immediately commenced work at his trade as a tailor. He soon formed a partnership with B. F. Eggleston and opened a tailoring establishment. He followed his trade until 1851, when he was elected register of deeds and was re-elected in 1853. Mr. Gregg invested largely in boring for salt in the first and deepest artesian well ever sunk in Jackson. He was also much more largely interested in boring for petroleum oil at Petrolia, Canada. Both of these investments were unremunerative, and by the latter Mr. Gregg was a heavy loser. He has for many years been engaged in the baking business, and has had an eating-house as well as bakery. Mr. Gregg is still as active as when he came to Jackson, more than forty years ago.

Benjamin Porter came to Jackson, and was one of the commissioners to superintend the building of the state prison in 1838. The work on the west wing and keeper's house was under the immediate supervision of Mr. Porter. In 1847 he built the state capitol at Lansing, in which the "State Pioneer Society" is now assembled. Mr. Porter was actively engaged in contracting and other business to the time of his death, which occurred ——————.

His son, Benjamin Porter, is one of the proprietors of the Porter Coal Company, and owns the land on which their works are situated.

Benjamin G. Mosher came to Jackson in ———. He was by trade a mason and plasterer, and was always largely engaged in that business as a contractor until his death in ———.

Mr. Mosher was elected mayor in 1872, and re-elected in 1873. There was no man in the community stood higher than "Uncle Ben," as he was of late years familiarly called.

We have it on the authority of William H. Monroe that when he came to Jacksonburgh in January, 1837, there were but twenty-six buildings, all told, in it, including four stores. During the year 1837 W.

Budington, D. M. Owen, Geo. B. Cooper & Co., W. H. & N. Monroe, Wolfley & Rockwell, and Shears & Collier, were merchants. Wm. Ford & Son were running the "Jackson mills." The Jackson Exchange was kept by Paul B. Ring, Lewis Bascomb was keeping the Bascomb's Hotel, Leander Chapman, Phineas Farrand and W. J. Moody were practicing attorneys; Ira C. Backus, John McLean and Oliver Russ were practicing physicians. Wm. R. Thompson ran a stage to Ann Arbor, and Mr. Montgomery had a tri-weekly lumber wagon line to Marshall.

On the 6th of March, 1838, the legislature changed the name of Jacksonburgh to Jackson.

In 1838 Moody and Johnson were partners as attorneys. D. Parkhurst, Myrick C. Hough, Leander Chapman, Phineas Farrand and E. Higby were also practicing attorneys. M. B. & J. W. Medbury, W. Baker & Co., Green & Jessup, L. Blackwell & Co., Ford & Buck, and Wm. H. & N. Monroe were merchants. Amos Bigelow, hardware merchant; J. M. Gilbert, saddlery; L. Graves, tailor; W. Chittock, tailoring establishment; J. B. Cobb and Smith M. Brown, carriage painters. Russell Blackman was keeping public house, and the "Grand River House" was kept by H. P. Maybee; George W. Gorham was a practicing physician; L. S. House, hat store; J. W. Gledden, watch and clock repairing; Jackson academy, by Mr. Dudley; D. B. Hibbard, livery stable; Charles Derby, auctioneer; Joseph Ganson and Stephen Monroe, proprietors of Jackson iron foundry; Samuel Higby, Alonzo Bennett and Jason W. Packard, school inspectors; Lewis D. Welling, John Gillespie and John Kane, constables; Fidus Livermore, township treasurer; Oliver Russ and Wm. P. Worden, directors of the poor; Norman Allen, agent for sale of Rowland's tonic mixture; David F. Dwight and David Porter, in lime business, and Bunnell & Fish, shingles; Ring & Hibbard ran a daily line of stages to Adrian. In 1839 D. G. McClure and J. M. Terry were practicing physicians; E. D. Merriman became a resident; Childs, Houssel and Brown were carriage painters, paper hangers and dealers in cabinet ware, and Benjamin Hazleton was running an ashery.

There was in Jackson in 1839 two banks, two printing offices (the "Jackson Sentinel" and "Michigan Democrat"), two semi-monthly publications (the "American Freeman" and "Michigan Temperance Herald"), two drug stores, ten dry goods stores. Five religious denominations held services weekly (the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Close Communion Baptist and Free Will Baptist). The population of the village was, by the newspapers at that time, claimed to be one thousand, and the number of dwellings two hundred, with eighty additional in the course of completion.

ELECTIONS.

TOWNSHIP MEETING, 1831.

At the first annual township meeting held in and for the town of Jacksonburgh, at the house of William R. Thompson, Alexander Laverty was chosen moderator, Samson Stoddard, clerk, who, with William R. DeLand, justice of the peace, formed the board of election, and proceeded to ballot first for supervisor, when, on canvassing the votes, there were seventeen for Ralph Updike, thirteen for Wm. R. Thompson, and one for Alexander Laverty, whereupon Ralph Updike was declared duly elected. They then proceeded to ballot for township clerk, and on canvassing the same there were fifteen for Christian Prusia, thirteen for David Striker, and one for Hiram Thompson, whereupon Christian Prusia was declared duly elected.

For Assessors—Horace Blackman, 15 votes; Isaac Sterling, 15 votes; Ezekiel T. Critchett, 15 votes.

For Constable—Horace Blackman, 18 votes; Ezekiel T. Critchett, 4 votes.

For Commissioners of Highway—Alexander Laverty, 36 votes, (elected); Isaac Sterling, 30 votes, (elected); Isaiah W. Bennett, 21 votes; Russell Blackman, 14 votes.

For Overseer of Poor—Lemuel Blackman, 19 votes, (elected).

For School Commissioners—Samson Stoddard, Wm. R. DeLand, and Oliver Russ, chosen by uplifted hand.

For School Inspectors—Osgood H. Fifield, Hiram Thompson, Daniel Walker, Isaac N. Swain and James Valentine.

For Fence Viewers—John Durand, Martin Flint, Samuel Roberts and Timothy Williams.

For Overseers of Highway—Chester Wall, Horace Blackman, Ralph Updike and Wm. C. Pease.

Poundmaster—Martin Flint.

TOWN MEETING CATALOGUE, 1831.

Russell Blackman, William Shipman, Isaiah W. Bennett, Daniel Hogan, Merville Freeman, Wm. R. Thompson, Orgil Cummins, George C. Pease, Oliver Russ, John Durand, James Fifield, John Wickham, William C. Pease, William Curtiss, Abel Daniels, Josephus Case, Lyman Pease, Hiram Thompson, Elias Keyes, Christian Prusia, John Fifield, Silas Loomis, E. S. Billings, Timothy Williams, Jeremiah Thompson, Osgood H. Fifield, Isaac Sterling, Samuel Wing, John Wellman, Lemuel Blackman, David Striker, Chester Wall, Martin Flint, Elemis Gillett, Horace Blackman, Ezekiel T. Critchett, John Richie, Jesse Beard—38.

At an election held at the public house of Wm. R. Thompson on the 11th day of July, A. D. 1831, for the purpose of electing one delegate to congress and two members of the legislative council, votes were cast as follows, viz:

For Delegate to Congress—Austin E. Wing had 6 votes; Samuel W. Daxter, 21 votes.

For Members of the Legislative Council—James Kingsley had 27 votes; George Renwick, 22 votes; Elias M. Skinner, 5 votes.

(Signed) RALPH UPDIKE,
CHRISTIAN PRUSIA,
EZEKIEL T. CRITCHETT,
ISAAC STERLING,
HORACE BRACKMAN,
Inspectors of Election.

1832.

At a meeting of the electors of the township of Jacksonburgh held at the house of Wm. R. Thompson on the first Tuesday of October, 1832, pursuant to, and by authority of, an act of the legislative council of said territory entitled "An act concerning a state government, approved June 29th, 1832." Upon canvassing the votes given at said meeting, the result was as follows, viz: Forty-two votes were given for "yea;" one vote was given for "nay."

We certify the above to be true.

WM. R. DERAND, *Moderator.*
JOHN T. DURAND, *Town Clerk.*
H. THOMPSON, *Asst. Clerk.*

ANNUAL TOWNSHIP MEETING—FIRST MONDAY IN APRIL, 1832.

For Supervisor—John Durand, 25 votes; Isaac N. Swain, 22 votes.

For Township Clerk—John T. Durand, 56 votes; Isaiah W. Bennett, 20 votes.

For Constable—Horace Blackman, 24 votes.

1833.

At an election held at the house of David Keyes on the second Monday of July, 1833:

For Delegate to Congress—William Woodbridge had 20 votes; Lucius Lyon, 26 votes.

For members of the legislative council—George Renwick had 27 votes; Abel Millington, 24 votes; Henry Rumsey, 26 votes; Munnis Kenney, 22 votes.

(Signed), E. T. CRITCHET, WM. D. THOMPSON, } *Clerks of Election.*

1835.

At a special election at the house of Wm. Bothwell, on the 25th of May, 1835, for the purpose of electing one delegate to represent Jackson county in convention "now assembled" to form a state constitution, Rosevelt Davis had 50 votes, and Roswell B. Rexford 46 votes.

(Signed),
OLIVER RUSS,
SAMUEL WOODWORTH,
WM. R. DELAND, *Town Clerk.*

At an election held the 5th and 6th of October, 1835, for governor Stevens T. Mason had 51 votes; John Norvell, 1 vote; William E. Perrine, 1 vote.

Lieutenant Governor—Edward Mundy had 51 votes; Ross Wilkins, 1 vote; William R. Deland, 1 vote.

Representative to Congress—Isaac E. Crary had 59 votes.

Representative to the State Legislature—Townsend E. Gidley had 58 votes; Abram F. Bolton, 30 votes; James Franklin, 6 votes.

Senators, Fifth district—David Page had 62 votes; Abel Millington, 62 votes; Benjamin T. Mather, 57 votes; Henry Rumsey, 31 votes; Silas Finch, 30 votes; William J. Moody, 31 votes.

Adoption of the state constitution, Yes, 27 votes; No, 5 votes.

(Signed), SAMUEL HAMLIN,
OLIVER RUSS,
JOTHAM WOOD,
Inspectors of Election.

At an election held April 4th, 1835, to elect two delegates to represent Jackson county in convention to form a state constitution, Townsend E. Gidley had 60 votes; Rosevelt Davis, 58 votes; Roswell B. Redford, 56 votes; Thomas McGee, 51 votes.

(Signed), JOTHAM WOOD,
JOHN DANIELS,
CURTIS WHEELOCK,
Inspectors of Election for the Town of Jacksonburgh.

1836.

At the township meeting, 4th of April, 1836, at the house of Paul B. Ring, for register of deeds Joseph C. Bailey had 81 votes; William R. DeLand, 63 votes.

For Supervisor—Jotham Wood had 65 votes; Daniel Coleman, 63 votes; J. Wood, 2 votes.

For Township Clerk—Wm. D. Thompson had 66 votes; Wm. R. DeLand, 55 votes.

For Justices of the Peace—J. W. Dwight had 103 votes; Joseph C. Bailey, 70 votes; James Fifield, 65 votes; Hiram H. Smith, 63 votes; William R. DeLand, 63 votes; David Keyes, 61 votes; J. W. Dwight, 16 votes.

William R. DeLand and Hiram H. Smith had each received an even number of votes, and declared a tie between them. And then the electors again proceeded to vote for one justice of the peace, and William R. DeLand had 48 votes; Hiram H. Smith, 48 votes.

Whereupon it was declared a tie. The sun being then down, it was declared that no more votes could be polled upon that day.

Phineas French was appointed poundmaster.

(Signed), DAVID KEYES, J. P.,
J. C. BAILEY, J. P.,
OLIVER RUSS, *Moderator.*
Township Board.

William R. DeLand was elected justice by "lot," on the 16th of April for one year, deciding the tie vote between H. H. Smith and himself. At a special election May 2, 1836, William R. DeLand had 38 votes for justice of the peace; Hiram H. Smith 34 votes for justice of the peace, thus finally deciding the contest in favor of DeLand.

At a special election at the house of Paul B. Ring, on the 11th and 12th of March, 1836, for representative to the state legislature in place of Townsend E. Gidley, resigned, Phineas Farrand had 80 votes; Abram F. Bolton, 37 votes; John N. Dwight, 1 vote.

At a special election on May 3d, 1836, for representative to the state legislature, Abram F. Bolton had 41 votes; Phineas Farrand, 1 vote; Oliver Russ, 3 votes; Josephus Case, 1 vote; D. F. Dwight, 1 vote.

At an election held on the 12th of September, 1836, for a delegate to the state convention, Jerry G. Cornell had 52 votes; Ethan Allen, 53 votes.

At the election on the 7th and 8th of November, 1836, for presidential electors, William H. Welch, Woolcott Lawrence and William Draper had 105 votes; David McKinstry, Daniel LeRoy and William H. Hoeg, 80 votes.

For Senators, Fifth District—Geo. B. Cooper had 109 votes, (elected(; William Moon, 110 votes, (elected); Marcus Land, 90 votes; Abram F. Bolton, 86 votes.

Representative in State Legislature—Jerry G. Cornell had 88 votes, (elected); Phineas Farrand, 109 votes..

For Sheriff—Amasa B. Gibson had 128 votes, (elected); George W. Gorham, 75 votes.

County Clerk—William R. DeLand, 108 votes; William D. Thompson, 101 votes, (elected).

County Clerk, (to fill vacancy)—William D. Thompson had 96 votes, (elected).

Judge of Probate—Leander Chapman had 82 votes, (elected).; Benjamin Copeland, 97 votes.

Judge of Probate, (to fill vacancy)—Leander Chapman had 87 votes, (elected).

Associate Judges—David Adams had 123 votes, (elected); Ethan Allen, 107 votes, (elected); Joab Page, 37 votes; John Hall, 38 votes.

County Treasurer—Oliver Russ had 82 votes, (elected); Samuel Hamlin, 128 votes,

County Surveyor—John T. Durand had 142 votes, (elected); Anson H. Delamater, 49 votes.

Register of Deeds—John N. Dwight had 132 votes; Joseph C. Bailey, 87 votes, (elected).

1837.

At the November election on the 6th and 7th November, 1837:

For Governor—Stevens T. Mason had 168 votes; Charles C. Trowbridge, 186 votes.

For Lieutenant Governor—Edward Mundy had 165 votes; Daniel S. Bacon, 185 votes.

For Senator—James Kingsley had 164 votes; Dwight Kellogg 171 votes, (elected).

For Representative—Jerry G. Cornell had 160 votes; Townsend E. Gidley, 181 votes, (elected).

For County Loan—Yea, 70; No, 2.

(Signed), JAMES GANSON,
AARON SWAIN,
OLIVER RUSS,
JAMES FIFIELD,
W. D. THOMPSON,
Inspectors of Election.

1838.

At the township meeting April 2, 1838:

For Supervisor—Jotham Wood had 16 votes; James Ganson, 99 votes.

For Town Clerk—Norman Allen had 130 votes; William D. Thompson, 99 votes.

For Justice of the Peace—John N. Dwight had 128 votes; John C. Burnell, 107 votes; James Fifield, 88 votes; Lewis Collamer, 99 votes.

For Treasurer—William D. Thompson had 105 votes.

1839.

At the township meeting, April 1st, 1839:

For Supervisor—James Ganson had 230 votes; David F. Dwight, 194 votes.

For Township Clerk—Joseph C. Bailey had 275 votes; Fairchild Farrand, 114 votes; Norman Allen, 46 votes.

For Justice of the Peace—William J. Moody had 230 votes; John C. Burnell, 104 votes; DeWitt C. Chapin, 64 votes.

For Township Treasurer—Edward Higby had 208 votes; Fairchild Farrand, 116 votes.

For Collector—Lewis D. Willing had 320 votes; John P. Sawyer, 94 votes.

At a special election for justice of the peace in place of John N. Dwight resigned, on the 7th of January, 1839, Benjamin J. Mather had 117 votes; William J. Moody, 110 votes.

At the election November 5th and 6th, 1838:

For Representative in Congress—Hezekiah G. Wells had 217 votes; Isaac E. Crary, 198 votes.

For State Senators—Townsend E. Gidley had 191 votes; Olney Hawkins, 209 votes; Thomas J. Rice, 190 votes.

For State Representatives—Benjamin Copeland had 227 votes; Harvey Austin, 207 votes; Henry Acker, 192 votes; Merrick C. Hough, 182 votes.

For Sheriff—James A. Dyer had 223 votes; Moses Benedict, 166 votes.

For County Clerk—William R. DeLand had 181 votes; Joseph C. Bailey, 201 votes.

For County Treasurer—Norman Allen had 197 votes; Wm. D. Thompson, 194 votes.

For County Register—Peter C. Lawrence had 182 votes; William E. Perrine, 208 votes.

For Coroners—James Valentine had 204 votes; Caleb Calva, 206 votes; Joab Page, 189 votes; Isaac Kirby, 190 votes.

For County Commissioners—Nicholas Townley had 205 votes; Drusus Hodges, Jr., 200 votes; Alvin Clark, 195 votes; Ira C. Backus, 199 votes; Thomas McGee, 185 votes; William H. Pease, 197 votes.

For County Surveyor—John T. Durand had 210 votes; Franklin Pierce, 187 votes.

At the general election, 4th and 5th of November, 1839:

For Governor—William Woodbridge had 312 votes; Elon Farnsworth, 248 votes.

For Lieutenant Governor—James Wright Gordon had 311 votes; Thomas Fitzgerald, 238 votes.

For State Senator—James M. Edmunds had 307 votes; Russell Briggs, 237 votes.

For State Representatives—Henry B. Lathrop had 345 votes; Henry Acker, 308 votes; Charles DeLong, 222 votes; David Johnson, 220 votes.

For County Commissioners—Alvin Clark had 272 votes; Harvey Austin, 230 votes.

For County Treasurer—John N. Dwight had 257 votes; Joseph C. Bailey, 235 votes.

At the township meeting, April 6th, 1840:

For Supervisor—James Ganson had 261 votes; Martin B. Medbury, 211 votes; John McConnell, 118 votes.

For Justice of the Peace—Leander Chapman had 233 votes; Zephaniah Platt, 295 votes; Berthier M. Sheldon, 23 votes.

For Township Clerk—Joseph C. Bailey had 264 votes; Fairchild Farrand, 205 votes; Albert Foster, 77 votes.

For Township Collector—David Gould had 208 votes; David Fuller, 280 votes; Lewis D. Welling, 100 votes.

For Township Treasurer—Fidus Livermore had 251 votes; Berthier M. Sheldon, 243 votes; Lemuel S. House, 91 votes.

1840.

At the general election, November 2d and 3d, 1840:

For Presidential Electors—Augustus L. Portia had 21 votes; Jabez S. Fitch, 21 votes; Thomas McGee, 21 votes; Thomas L. Drake, 341 votes; John VanFossen, 341 votes; Hezekiah G. Wells, 341 votes; Charles Moran, 255 votes; Kingsley S. Bingham, 255 votes; Charles E. Stewart, 255 votes.

For Representative in Congress—Jacob M. Howard had 335 votes; Alpheus Felch, 262 votes.

For State Senator—George B. Cooper had 292 votes; Norton B. Ramsdell, 281 votes; Edward L. Fuller, 318 votes; Townsend E. Gidley, 304 votes; Valorius Meeker, 11 votes; Theodore Foster, 11 votes.

For State Representative—Augustus D. Hawley had 319 votes; Benjamin Copeland, 327 votes; Leander Chapman, 281 votes; Jerry G. Cornell, 268 votes; Horace Fowler, 12 votes; John M. Reed, 13 votes.

For Sheriff—Jonathan L. Videto had 332 votes; John L. Butterfield, 270 votes; Israel S. Love, 15 votes.

For County Clerk—Fairchild Farrand had 303 votes; Fidus Livermore, 292 votes; Henry H. Gilbert, 13 votes.

For Treasurer—John N. Dwight had 332 votes; Benjamin H. Packard, 264 votes; James D. Cowden, 16 votes.

For Register—George Byrne had 317 votes; Merrick C. Hough, 253 votes; Seymour B. Treadwell, 14 votes; William E. Perrine, 28 votes.

For Judge of Probate—William R. DeLand had 327 votes; Giles Bloomfield, 272 votes.

For Commissioner—John Belden had 330 votes; Franklin Pierce, 271 votes; Horace Dean, 15 votes.

For Assoctate Judges—Henry A. Francisco had 330 votes; Samuel Shelden, 331 votes; Daniel Porter, 268 votes; Guy C. Chatfield, 268 votes; Thomas McGee, 15 votes; George L. Densmore, 14 votes.

For County Surveyor—John T. Durand had 329 votes; Anson H. Delamater, 261 votes; George L. Densmore, 15 votes.

1841.

Township meeting, April 5th, 1841.

For Supervisor—James Ganson had 243 votes; Jotham Wood, 236 votes; Berthier M. Shelden, 63 votes.

For Justice of the Peace—Merrick C. Hough had 350 votes; George Munroe, 135 votes; Seymour B. Treadwell, 17 votes.

For Township Clerk—Jason B. Packard had 261 votes; Albert Foster, 238 votes; John McLean, 24 votes.

For Township Treasurer—John W. Sachett had 266 votes; Edward Higby, 240 votes; James D. Cowden, 20 votes.

1842.

Township meeting, April 4th, 1842:

For Supervisor—William J. Moody had 272 votes; Benjamin G. Mosher, 179 votes; Berthier M. Shelden, 53 votes.

For Justice of the Peace—John Garrow had 255 votes; Lott C. Steele, 208 votes; Seymour B. Treadwell, 45 votes.

For Township Clerk—Edward Higby had 224 votes; Albert Foster, 219 votes; James T. Burchard, 51 votes.

For Township Treasurer—Levi P. Gregg had 232 votes; Lyman Case, 191 votes; John T. Wilson, 44 votes.

1843.

Township meeting, April 3d, 1843:

For Supervisor—Marcus Wakeman had 317 votes; Jotham Wood, 169 votes; Cyrenus Smith, 49 votes.

For Justice of the Peace—Lott C. Steele had 289 votes; James A. Dyer, 193 votes; Seymour B. Treadwell, 51 votes.

For Township Clerk—Warren N. Buck had 304 votes; Albert Foster, 181 votes; Cyrus H. Thompson, 54 votes.

For Township Treasurer—Berthier M. Shelden had 247 votes; Levi P. Gregg, 238 votes; Benjamin Hazleton, 50 votes.

WILLIAM J. MOODY,
WARREN N. BUCK, *Clerk.*

1844.

Township meeting:

For Supervisor—Marcus Wakeman had 300 votes; John T. Durand, 189 votes; Horace Wheelock, 123 votes.

For Justice of the Peace—Berthier M. Shelden had 258 votes; Fidus Livermore, 241 votes; Seymour B. Treadwell, 110 votes.

For Township Clerk—Warren N. Buck had 295 votes; Milton J. Holbrook, 177 votes; Norman Allen, 128 votes.

For Township Treasurer—Ichabod Cole had 260 votes; James Munroe, 218 votes; Frederick Johnson, 129 votes.

VILLAGE ORGANIZED UNDER CHARTER, MARCH 7, 1843.

PRESIDENTS.

1843. Abram V. Berry.
1844. Abram V. Berry.
1845. Abram V. Berry.
1846. Jerome B. Eaton.
1847. John Sumner.
1848. Alva Gould.
1849. Orson W. Bennett.
1850. John Sumner.
1851. John Sumner.
1852. G. Thompson Gridley.
1853. G. Thompson Gridley.
1854. John W. Hulin.
1855. Fairchild Farrand.
1856. Samuel Higby.

CITY ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 14, 1857.

	Mayors.	No. of votes cast.
1857.	James B. Wood,	915
1858.	Peter B. Loomis,	955
1859.	William Jackson,	933
1860.	Amos Root,	——
1861.	Amasa B. Gibson,	1,027
1862.	Amasa B. Gibson,	940
1863.	Amasa B. Gibson,	1,059
1864.	Delos Fisher,	1,098
1865.	Daniel B. Hibbard,	1,106
1866.	Moses A. McNaughton,	1,370
1867.	Warren N. Buck,	1,529
1868.	Warren N. Buck,	1,625
1869.	William M. Bennett,	1,875
1870.	William M. Bennett,	2,155
1871.	Jasper H. Noyes,	2,275
1872.	Benjamin H. Mosher,	2,417
1873.	Benjamin H. Mosher,	2,077
1874.	Henry A. Hayden,	2,699
1875.	Henry A. Hayden,	2,425
1876.	James O'Donnell,	2,685
1877.	James O'Donnell,	3,029

1850.	Census of village,	2,363	
1854.	" "	3,336	Voters, 1,003; houses, 782.
1860.	Census of city,	4,799	
1864.	" "	5,544	
1870.	" "	11,447	Voters owning property, 1,365 " without " 1,432
1874.	" "	13,859	

Number of houses in 1870, 2,007; families, 2,066.

Votes cast November, 1876, 3,625; registered, 3,842; estimated population, 18,000.

RAILROADS.

The Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad was chartered by the legislature of the territory of Michigan in 1833, was completed and commenced running in October 1836 from Toledo to Adrian—thirty-three miles, and from this time until 1842, when the Central road was completed to Jackson, most of the freight to and from the east was brought to Jackson over that road and hauled by teams from Adrian or Clinton.

In 1835 banking privileges were granted to this company, and the bills of the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad Company for several years formed a goodly share of the circulating medium in this community in common with the whole of what was then the northwest.

The Palmyra and Jacksonburgh Railroad was chartered in 1836, and twelve miles—from Palmyra, on the Erie and Kalamazoo Road, to Clinton—was finished in 1837. This road was forfeited to the state, the iron (flat bar) taken up and the road abandoned. The line is that on which the Jackson branch of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern was afterwards built.

JACKSON RAILROADS.

The Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad, the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad, the Grand River Valley Railroad, and the Michigan Air Line Railroad may well be called "Jackson railroads," as they were all projected by the citizens of Jackson, and built by their energy, enterprise and capital. They were all aided by subscriptions of stock or subsidies made by the city of Jackson, in conformity in every case with the will of a majority of the electors of the city, as expressed at special elections held for that purpose, and it is probable that in every instance this timely aid rendered by the city secured the building of each of the roads. The business men of Jackson also subscribed largely to the capital stock of these roads, and to them and the electors at large then is the city most indebted for these important lines of trade and travel which have proved so beneficial to its interests, and have added so largely to its wealth, its importance and its general standing.

The officers of these companies have always been citizens of Jackson, and this city has always been the headquarters from which their business has been done. All of these roads, except the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad, have been under leases to the Michigan Central since their completion or before, and are run and managed exclusively by that company.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY RAILROAD.

This company was incorporated in 1846. The first meeting of the stockholders was held June 23, 1853, and Joseph E. Beber, of Jackson, elected president. The road was completed from Jackson to Onondaga in 1867, to Eaton Rapids July 4, 1868, to Charlotte the autumn of 1868, Hastings spring of 1869, and Grand Rapids spring of 1870. The city of Jackson voted a loan of $50,000 to this company, without interest, except such per cent. as might be declared as a dividend on the stock, and the business men of Jackson also subscribed largely to the capital stock. The officers are Amos Root, of Jackson, president; E. W. Barber, of Charlotte, secretary; and Edward S. Lacey, of Charlotte, treasurer.

AIR LINE RAILROAD.

The intention of those interested in the organization of this road was to secure another through route from Chicago by the Grand Trunk at Ridgeway, or the St. Clair branch of the Great Western of Canada, and with that in view right of way was procured and grading done east of Jackson; but the road from Jackson to Niles was leased to the Michigan Central company, and finished between those points in February, 1871, and is now operated by the Central company. The city voted to this company a loan of $46,500, and Jackson county voted a loan of $150,000, but the decision of the supreme court prevented the payment of either of these sums. A large proportion of the stock was subscribed by the citizens of Jackson. The officers of the road are Jerome B. Eaton, president; E. Bancker, secretary; and Moses A. McNaughton, treasurer; all of Jackson.

THE JACKSON, LANSING AND SAGINAW RAILROAD.

The Jackson and Lansing Railroad was organized February 23, 1864, with H. A. Hayden for president and W. D. Thompson for treasurer, which offices these gentlemen still continue to fill. The name was changed to Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad February 24, 1865. This road was completed to Mason in 1865, to Lansing in 1866, and to Wenona, on Saginaw bay, December 6, 1867.

In 1866 this company purchased the franchises and land grant of the Amboy, Lansing and Traverse Bay Railroad Company, including the road already built from Owosso to Lansing, and in July, 1873, finished the road to Gaylord, 236 miles north from Jackson, and will undoubtedly, at no distant day, extend their line to the straits of Mackinac.

The city of Jackson, by a vote of its electors, subscribed $50,000 to the capital stock of this company, and without this action on their part the road could not probably have been built at this time, if at all. Large subscriptions to the stock were also made by the citizens of Jackson.

THE JACKSON, FORT WAYNE AND CINCINNATI RAILROAD.

The Jackson, Fort Wayne and Cincinnati Railroad Company was organized in September, 1868, in Michigan, and in October the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad Company was organized in Indiana, and the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad Company, as now existing, was organized February 23, 1869, by the consolidation of the companies in accordance with the laws of Michigan and Indiana. Authorized by a vote of the electors, the city of Jackson made a loan to this company of $23,500 on the same terms as that made to the Grand River Valley Railroad.

The first officers were H. H. Smith, president; P. B. Loomis, treasurer; and E. Pringle, secretary. The road was completed and running from Jackson to Reading, Michigan, November 22, 1869, to Angola, Indiana, January 17, 1870, and to Fort Wayne, Indiana, December 25, 1870. The first report after completion was made in February, 1871, by P. B. Loomis, president. In it he says:

"I cannot close, however, without referring, with regret, to the resignation of Mr. Hiram H. Smith, who has served in the capacity of president from the organization of the company until recently. And while success has been secured only by the full, hearty, cordial and united efforts of the people residing along the entire line, we may here, in parting with him, as our chief executive officer, justly and gracefully say, that to his untiring efforts, more than to any other *one* individual we are indebted for success."

Mr. Loomis has since continued to act as president, and is also general manager. B. S. Chapin was elected treasurer in 1871, and is still acting. Mr. Pringle is still secretary, having acted in that capacity since the organization of the company.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

The Michigan Central Railroad was completed to Jackson on the 29th of December, 1841, and, as it was nearly three years from that date before it was completed to Albion, in this interval of time in which Jackson was the terminus of the road, and commanded the business of the country north and west, undoubtedly was laid the foundation, not only of the future prosperity of the city, but also of that of most of our active, successful business men.

The prosperous citizens of Jackson in 1878, are those who in 1842-3-4 were then commencing their business career, most of them with but a limited capital, but with unbounded confidence and determination to succeed. The interests of the Central Road subsequently became, in a great measure, identified with that of Jackson, in consequence of the leasing to that company of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw, the Grand River Valley, and the Air Line Railroads. This concentration of roads terminating at Jackson made it necessary for the Central Company to provide for the repair and building of the equipment of roads, and led to the establishment of the shops here for the building and repair of locomotives, and made Jackson the head-quarters of the assistant general superintendent, and most of the officers connected with the working department of the road. This action of the company has made Jackson the residence of over 1,000 of the employes of the Central Road and its branches, and has undoubtedly already caused an addition of over 5,000 to the population of the city.

BANKS.

On the 15th of March, 1837, the legislature of Michigan passed an "act to organize and regulate banking associations," and on the 10th of October the books were opened for subscriptions to the capital stock of the Jackson County Bank, which was organized by the election of Paul B. Ring as president and P. G. Hughes as cashier. On the 13th of October the books of subscription were closed with over $300,000 subscribed, and $34,000 in specie being reported as actually paid in, being $10,000 more than the amount required by law.

On the 3d of April, 1838, Alpheus Felch and Kintzing Prichette, bank commissioners, made a report to the legislature of the State of Michigan, of which the following is an extract:

"On the 22d day of February last the undersigned, together with their associate, Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq., visited the Jackson County Bank, located at Jackson. The president and cashier were absent—the bank was in charge of Charles VanDorn, who had been appointed teller temporarily. The teller presented to the commissioners a letter from Paul B. Ring, the president, addressed to two of the directors, which expressed the hope that the commissioners would not insist on an examination at present, for the reason that in the absence of the writer, satisfactory information of the state of the bank would not be afforded them. The commissioners, however, having expressed their intention to proceed immediately to the examination, the teller expressed his willingness to exhibit the books and papers, and afforded such information as was in his possession. Search being made for the stock book, it could not be found; the teller presumed it to be in the trunk of the cashier, to which he had not access.

"On examination of the books of the bank the following circumstances were exhibited: the names of all persons and corporations with whom accounts had been opened were written in pencil, the entries in ink. In a few minutes, therefore, the whole face of the business transactions of the bank could have at any time been entirely changed. On the 5th of November, 1837, there appeared to have been an entry of a specie deposit of $20,000 in the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Detroit. This entry had been erased with a knife, but on careful examination the original entry was legible. There was also an entry of a specie certificate from H. H. Brown & Co., Detroit, for $10,000. The date of this entry had been also the 5th November. This date had been erased and a new date substituted. The language of the entry had also been altered, but being written over the original words could not be traced. This certificate of deposit was not to be found, and was presumed to be in the hands of the absent cashier. The teller and Mr. Fitch, one of the stock-holders, who was present during the examination, were of the opinion that this certificate was the first installment of specie paid in.

The commissioners proceeded to an examination of the specie in the bank. Gold coin was exhibited loose in a drawer, which, being counted, amounted to the sum of $1,037.78; about $150 in loose silver was also counted. Beneath the counter of the bank nine boxes were pointed out by the teller as containing $1,000 each. The teller selected one of these boxes and opened it. This was examined and appeared to be a full box of American half-dollars. One of the commissioners then selected a box, which he opened and found to contain a superficies only of silver, while the remaining portion consisted of lead and ten-penny nails. The commissioners then proceeded to open the remaining seven boxes. They presented the same contents precisely, with a single exception, in which the substratum was window-glass broken in small pieces. The teller, as well as A. F. Fitch, the stockholder above mentioned, disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction. How, when, or by whom this fraud had been perpetrated they could not tell. The teller stated that the boxes had been in the bank for some time past, but whether the contents or any part of the same had been there within the last twenty-four hours they did not know and could not swear.

Immediately on the discovery of this fraud the teller and Mr. Fitch went into an adjoining apartment, and after a little consultation produced from under a bedstead two boxes, one without a lid and apparently full of coin, the other with half a lid and about half full. These they stated to be the property of the said Bank of Jackson. The commissioners counted the coin in the several boxes above mentioned, and found the contents to be as follows:

Box 1st contained	$205 43
Box 2d "	137 50
Box 3d "	261 00
Box 4th "	242 25
Box 5th "	294 00
Box 6th "	243 00
Box 7th "	279 50
Box 8th "	248 50
Box 9th "	603 00
Box 10th "	671 50
Box 11th "	723 50
	$3,909 18

The coin not in boxes, as above mentioned, amounted to	$ 153 00	in silver.
" " " "	1,037 18	in gold.
" in boxes, as above,	3,909 18	
Total amount of coin in bank,	$5,099 36	

On reference to the statement of the bank, dated February 19th, 1838, the third day previous to their examination, which is appended to the report marked No. 1, it will appear that in that day the "bank claimed, under the signatures of three of its directors, to be possessed of the sum of $20,000 in specie, independent of the certificate of deposit of $10,000. This statement was copied from the statement book of the bank, and is certified by the teller as a correct copy of the same. So disgusting an exhibition of dishonesty and falsehood is unworthy of a single comment. The condition of this institution at the time of the examination, as drawn from the exhibit made at that time by the teller, would appear to be as follows, viz:

RESOURCES.

Discounted notes and other loans,	$37,694 42
Due from other banks,	4,341 00
Bills of other banks,	3,189 00
Specie,	5,099 96
Certificate of deposit,	10,000 00
Expense account,	939 32
	$61,263 70

LIABILITIES.

Capital,	$30,000 00
Circulation,	44,940 00
Deposits,	586 49
Profit and loss,	439 00
Total liabilities,	$75,965 49
Total resources,	61,263 70
Showing a deficit of resources to meet its liabilities of	$14,701 79
If to this be added the certificate of deposit of	10,000 00
which could not be found, and which it is probable is not a real asset of the bank, and also bills of the bank put in circulation and not entered upon any book which was accessible to the commissioners, and which subsequent information has shown to be	20,000 00
There will appear to be a real deficiency of assets to meet the liabilities of this bank of	$44,701 00

Such is the character and condition of the Jackson County Bank.

The result of this report was that the "Jackson County Bank" was closed and its assets placed in the hands of a receiver. On the 21st of August, 1838, Amasa B. Gibson, as receiver, gives notice "that on October 1st every demand that day due the bank will be put in suit."

In 1838 the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Bank was organized and commenced operations on the east side of the river, with William Ford as president and Amasa B. Gibson as cashier. This bank continued doing business for some three years, when the supreme court of the state declared the law of March, 1837, unconstitutional, and all the banks organized under it were closed.

After the collapse of the wild-cat banks, Jackson was without banking facilities until George B. Cooper engaged in the banking business in 1848. In 1851 William D. Thompson became associated with him. This institution has from its foundation been the principal banking establishment of Jackson, and is now incorporated under the name of the Jackson City Bank. William D. Thompson is president and Benjamin C. Newkirk is cashier.

In March, 1856, Peter B. Loomis and Samuel Whitwell commenced the banking business under the name of Loomis & Whitwell. In 1865, on his removal from Jackson, Mr. Whitwell withdrew, and the business was continued very successfully by Mr. Loomis, who is now president of the same institution, which is one of the principal banking houses in the city, under the name of P. B. Loomis & Co.

The "Interest and Deposit Bank" was established February 3d, 1869, by Douglass Gibson and Thomas Westren, and is one of the successful banking institutions, Mr. Gibson being president, and Mr. Westren cashier.

The First National Bank was authorized to commence business on the 20th February, 1865, with Alonzo Bennett as president, and John C. Bonnell as cashier. In January, 1878, Mr. Frank C. Bennett succeeded Mr. Bonnell as cashier.

The People's National Bank was established June 6th, 1865, with Henry A. Hayden as president, and John M. Root as cashier. In 1871 Mr. Root was elected president and Willard C. Lewis cashier, and these gentlemen are now acting.

The Jackson County Bank commenced business May 1st, 1872. The present officers are Horace C. Ismon, president, and H. B. Perrin, cashier.

NEWSPAPERS.

On Saturday, the 25th day of March, 1837, the first number of the first newspaper printed in Jackson was issued. It was called the "Jacksonburgh Sentinel;" was published weekly by Nicholas Sullivan, at the office on the northeast corner of the public square, having for its motto, "Reason is man's distinguishing attribute—freedom of speech his inalienable birthright—the liberty of the press his impregnable safeguard." In politics the Sentinel was professedly neutral, but from the first decidedly favored the whig party, of which it soon became the organ, and in 1840 supported Gen. Harrison for the presidency.

MICHIGAN DEMOCRAT.

On the 8th of March, 1838, Mr. George W. Raney commenced the publication of the "Michigan Democrat," a weekly paper of which they they say, "This paper will be a firm supporter of democratic principles and democratic measures." In August the "Democrat" was owned and edited by Mr. George W. Raney. In November, 1839, the Democrat was published by Raney and Cheney, editors. In 1839, besides the Sentinel and Democrat, there were two semi-monthly publications in Jackson—the "American Freeman" and "Michigan Temperance Herald."

JACKSON PATRIOT.

Mr. Reuben S. Cheney bought out the Michigan Democrat in 1845, and commenced the publication of the Jackson Patriot. He soon after associated with himself Mr. Wilbur F. Storey. On the 18th of January, 1848, they commenced the publication of the "Jackson Daily Patriot," but this was discontinued when it was demonstrated that as yet a daily paper would not pay in Jackson. The Patriot of May 2d, 1849, claimed to be the only paper published in the county.

In 1851 Mr. Cheney sold the Patriot to Joseph F. Titus, who was editor and proprietor for several years. He was succeeded in 1854 by Mr. Cheney, and he, in 1857, by Mr. Thomas Boughton, and Boughton and Brothers who, in 1863, sold out to Chapin and Higgs. They were succeeded by Mr. W. W. VanAntwerp. In 1866 the "Eagle," which was owned by B. D. Carlton, and had been published for four years, was merged with the Patriot, which has since been owned and edited by its proprietors, Carlton and VanAntwerp. The first publication of the Patriot as a daily paper by Carlton and VanAntwerp was on the 20th of August, 1870, when the "Jackson Daily Patriot" was issued, since which time its publication has been continuous.

MICHIGAN STATE GAZETTE.

On the 13th of August, 1840, was issued the first number of the "State Gazette," a weekly paper published by M. Spencer Moore and William Hitchcock, editors and proprietors, they having bought out on the 21st of July the entire printing establishment of the "Sentinel," which was no longer published. The "Gazette" was ardent in its support of General Harrison for the presidency, and in its general advocacy of the principles of the whig party. Mr. H. H. Heath was for a time editor of this paper, and he was succeeded by Mr. A. A. Dorrance, in the spring of 1848, the paper then being owned by Hitchcock & Allen. On the nomination of Martin VanBuren the "Gazette" deserted the whig party and came out for Mr. VanBuren and free soil, whereupon Mr. Dorrance left the paper and established the "Michigan State Journal," the first number of which was issued September 27, 1848. This paper was published until some time after the election of Taylor and Fillmore, and was then sold to Munger & Pattison, state printers, and removed to Lansing. Mr. Dorrance purchased the "Gazette" and changed the name to the "Citizen," on the 15th of August, 1849. Mr. Dorrance subsequently sold the "Citizen" to C. V. DeLand, who published it for a number of years, and then sold it to Dr. W. C. Smith, and from him it passed in April, 1864, into the hands of Mr. Jas. O'Donnell, by whom it has been since published. The publication of the "Daily Citizen" was commenced by Mr. O'Donnell March 27, 1865, and was the first successful effort to publish a daily paper in Jackson.

MICHIGAN FARMER.

The "Farmer" was established and published in Jackson as a monthly, by D. D. T. Moore, and sold to Mr. Hurlburt in 1844, by whom it was edited for two years, and then by Hurlbut and Williams, by whom it was sold to Warren Isham. In the latter part of 1846, or early in 1847, the "Farmer" was removed to Detroit, when, in 1853 it passed into the hands of R. F. Johnstone, under whose control it has since remained, having been published weekly since 1858.

There has been several other papers published in Jackson, but their existence has been so brief that they have left no history to write, unless it would be the date of the first and last issue, and the disappointment of the publishers.

The publication of the "Volksfreund," a weekly paper in the German language, was commenced in January, 1872, at Fort Wayne, Ind. In 1876 this paper was removed to Jackson, and the seventh volume is now being published by Rudolph Worch, under the name of "Michigan Volksfreund," and receives, as it deserves, a cordial support from all familiar with the language of the fatherland.

In December, 1877, the first number of the "Michigan Sun," a paper devoted to the principles of the National Greenback Party, was issued.

CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

St. Paul's Church, Jackson, (Protestant Episcopal), organized September 9th, 1839. Rev. Charles Fox, clergyman, presiding; Ira C. Backus and Samuel Higby elected wardens; Charles Derby, Lemuel S. House, Henry Tisdale, Joseph C. Bailey, Leander Chapman and Giles Bloomfield, Luther Graves and Samuel H. Kimball, elected vestrymen.

First Congregational Church, organized March 22d, 1841; Daniel Parkhurst, Gordon Case, Amasa B. Gibson, Chester Bennett, Silas W. Stowell, Berthier M. Shelden, were elected trustees.

First Methodist Episcopal Church, organized March 19th, 1840. Rev. Elijah H. Pilcher, presiding elder of the Marshall district, appointed William Tyler, Nicholas Sullivan, Reuben O. Hollister, Osgood H. Fifield and John Lyon, trustees.

First Free Will Baptist Society, organized February 27th, 1843; Rosevelt Davis, Nathaniel Norvill, William P. Fifield, Chester Herrington, Ralph Stiles and Samuel P. Lewis, trustees.

Free Will Baptist Church, organized February 28, 1839.

First Baptist Church and Society, organized January 2, 1858.

New Church, organized September 8, 1858.

First Wesleyan Methodist Church, organized December 8, 1858.

Hebrew Synagogue, organized April 21, 1862.

German Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church, organized May 24, 1864.

African Methodist Episcopal Church, organized October 20, 1865.

Christian Church and Society, organized February 28, 1866.

First Universalist Church, organized April 22, 1866.

Jackson Society of Spiratulists, organized March 28, 1868.

Second Baptist Church and Congregation, organized October 1, 1868.

Evangelical Society, organized January 19, 1875.

First Free Methodist Church, organized May 13, 1875.

First Unitarian Society, organized December 1, 1875.

Apostles' Church of Jackson, organized April 23, 1877.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.

St. John's lodge, No. 8, (F. and A. M.) was established in Jackson, June 5, 1845, by removal from Brooklyn, but the charter was surrendered soon after.

Jackson lodge, No. 17 (F. and A. M.) was established under dispensation. It has since continued a successful and useful existence.

Michigan lodge, No. 50, (F. and A. M.) was instituted on the 3d of February, 1852, and has proved an able and useful assistant to the older lodge from which it is an off-shoot.

Jackson chapter, No. 3, (R. A. M.) was constituted by dispensation from G. R. A. C. of U. S. A., on the 31st day of May, 1847, and has so well performed its mission that no desire has ever been expressed for another.

Jackson commandery, No. 9, was chartered February 15, 1860, and is now one of the best organized in the state.

Jackson council of R. and S. M. was instituted September, 1870.

ODD FELLOWS.

Jackson lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F. was instituted August 19, 1845, and has now on its roll of membership 653 names, of which 100 are known to be dead. In 1870 this lodge built a brick block on Cortland street, at a cost of $20,000; the upper story of which they now occupy. The present membership is 125.

Central City lodge, No. 162, I. O. O. F. was instituted May 18, 1871. Present membership 60.

Wildey encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F. was instituted February 4th, 1847. Present membership 80.

Martha lodge, No. 2, Daughters of Rebecca, instituted February 23, 1869. Present membership 70. This lodge owns property valued at $500.

Each of the above bodies of Odd Fellows are incorporated under the statute.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The first fire company in Jackson was organized in 1843, with Peter E. DeMill as foreman. The first engine, "Protection No. 1," was a goose neck. The fire department was reorganized in 1856, the old engine sold to the state for the use of the prison, and two new engines purchased—"Protection No. 1," J. B. Tomlinson, foreman; and "Neptune No. 2," L. A. Pennoyer, foreman. In 1858 the third engine was bought—"Liberty, '76," Calvin T. Beebe, foreman. This engine was sold in 1865 to the city of Marshall. In 1866 the name of "Neptune" was changed to Germania. Three hose companies were formed—"Protection No. 1," Charles Beebe, foreman; "Germania No. 2," George Fleisher, foreman; and "Liberty '76," Edwin Hague, foreman. Peter B. Loomis was first chief engineer in 1857. He served two years, and was succeeded by Henry A. Hayden, who served in 1860–1. In 1861 T. E. Hayes was elected chief engineer. He performed his duty in a manner so satisfactory that he was re-elected annually to the time of his death. He was succeeded by Thomas Budington.

Thomas E. Lusk was chief engineer from 1864 to 1876. George Lake was chief engineer from 1876 to 1877. Thomas E. Lusk is now chief engineer.

J. W. Hewitt was connected with the fire department from its organization until two years since.

The fire department of Jackson, in all the days of hand-engines, was one of the best organized and decidedly the most efficient of any in the state. In the several contests and tournaments with companies from the other cities and villages of the state, their success reflected great credit upon Jackson. When the chief engineer of the Jackson fire department called upon his forces to "man the brakes," whether at a fire or in a friendly contest, it was understood that work was to be done such as any company might well be proud of. In every contest Jackson fire companies were victors. They carried off the prizes at seven tournaments. Each chief engineer can boast of his silver trumpet, and Jackson won and held the champion banner against all competitors.

In 1865 the city bought a rotary steam fire engine, called Phil Sheridan, afterwards changed to Gen. Sherman. From this time the hand-engines fell into disuse, but the efficiency of the fire department of Jackson has been in no way impaired by the change, and its members feel the same pride in the discharge of their duty as when their predecessors stood by the brakes.

In 1870 the city constructed water works on the Holly plan, and they have been the main reliance for the extinction of fires, although the steamer has been retained as a measure of protection for the districts not reached by the Holly works.

The Holly system has been severely tested several times, and has, so far, proved an entire success. It has always prevented the spread of the flames, and there has usually been more damage from the flood of water than from the fire.

The force now employed consists of one chief engineer, Thomas E. Lusk; one first assistant engineer, John Cudihee; two hook and ladder men; two foremen—one for each hose-cart; two drivers—one for each hose-cart; eight pipe-men—sixteen in all. Sixteen men, one hook and ladder truck, two hose-carts, and three horses.

STATE PRISON.

In 1838 the "State Penitentiary" was located at Jackson. Benjamin Porter and Amasa B. Gibson were, on the 3d of April, 1838, appointed commissioners to superintend the building of the State Penitentiary, under the act of March 22d, 1838.

The first work in construction was done under a contract with S. W. Stowell, Benjamin Porter acted as agent in supervising the work.

The system of letting the labor of the convicts to work for contractors has been the policy pursued by the state, though large numbers have always been employed on the never-to-be-completed prison walls and building.

The number of convicts was less than 100 until 1854, increased to 272 in 1860, and during the war ran down to 104 in 1863 and 105 in 1864.

From the report of the inspectors and warden it would appear that the earnings of the prison for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1877, were $112,542 35; expenses, $107,007.92; expended for repairs, new buildings and improvements, $11,403.26; received from contractors, $106,118.81; broom shop, $22,315.26; cigars, $16,942.52; visitors, $3,401,30; total receipts including miscellaneous items, $156,693.22. Of this amount $148,-558.97 was expended, and $14,866.67 paid into the state treasury, and $13,965.00 drawn from the state treasury on appropriations for building shops, cells, etc; average per diem contract price for prison labor ,September 30, 1877, $59.50; average per diem earnings per contract, September 30, 1877, $51.55; number of convicts in prison September 30, 1877, 802; number of convicts let to contractors September 30, 1877, 300.

The prison grounds were first inclosed with tamarack logs sharpened and set deeply into the ground so close together as to form a continuous and comparative substitute for a wall. The buildings and shops first erected were of the same temporary character. For several years the prison was known all over the state as the "Tamaracks."

The State of Michigan did not, like many others, proceed at once upon a settled plan, and finish the prison buildings, the shops and the walls. The course pursued by the state has been the direct reverse of this, and a small appropriation year after year has resulted in a hideous piece of patch-work still unfinished, known as the "Michigan State Prison." The walls as originally built were too low, and did not include sufficient space; they have been *topped-out* and the area increased. First, the west wing was built with a few cells, these were built on tier after tier until the highest tier was finished. The central building has been built and rebuilt until it has assumed shape and proportion in defiance of all style of architecture. The east wing was built much after the same fashion as the west, and the year of grace, 1878, finds more cells being built and more wall being raised, forty years after the passage of the "act to locate the State Penitentiary."

To describe the long drawn out manner in which the shops for the contractors, and for working the convicts, would only be to repeat the history of the prison building itself; suffice it to say, that so far from being finished one was built in the year 1877.

The notice of pioneer citizens who made Jackson their home after 1850 will necessarily be brief, as the object of this sketch is rather to gather such information of the times previous as will preserve the record of those early days, rather than to write a history to the present time.

Hon. Austin Blair came to Jackson in 1840, and was a member of the house of representatives of the legislature of Michigan in 1846, and of the senate in 1855. He was elected prosecuting attorney for the county in 1853; was the war governor of the state, serving 1861–2–3–4, and was elected to congress from the third district of Michigan in 1867, being re-elected in 1869 and 71. Governor Blair, in the full maturity of his powers, is now in the practice of law in Jackson. He was whig, with abolitionist tendencies until the formation of the republican party, with whom he acted until 1872, when he supported Horace Greeley, and has since been liberal in politics.

Amos Root came to Jackson in 1841, and has since been one of the active business men of the city. Mr. Root has been member of the village council and was alderman under the city organization. He was elected mayor in 1860 and appointed postmaster in 1861, serving for four years. Mr. Root was inspector of the state prison nine years, and six years a member of the board of public works of Jackson, of which he acted two years as president. Mr. Root has a large farm on Portage, and gives it a considerable share of his attention. Mr. Root was a whig, but in 1872 joined the "liberal movement" and supported Horace Greeley.

Peter B. Loomis entered into partnership with John N. Dwight in 1843, and established himself in Jackson as a merchant. In 1850 he bought the Kennedy steam mills, and was for four years engaged in the milling business. In 1856 he became a member of the banking firm of Loomis & Whitwell, which, as P. B. Loomis and P. B. Loomis & Co., has continued to be one of the principal banking houses of the present time, and of which Mr. Loomis is now president. In 1857 he became president of the Jackson City Gas Company, and now holds that office. Mr. Loomis was very active in procuring the construction of the Fort Wayne, Jackson & Saginaw Railroad, of which he has been president since its completion. Mr. Loomis is a republican. He was mayor of the city in 1858, and of the house of representatives, legislature of Michigan 1859.

John D. Conely settled in Jackson in 1854. He was admitted to the bar in 1858, and at once commenced the practice of his profession, which he has since followed very zealously and industriously, and with a marked degree of success. His first practice was in company with G. T. Gridley. In 1861 he entered into partnership with Gov. Blair and William K. Gibson, and was in company with them for two years. He is now alone in practice, and has a large and lucrative business.

Mr. Conely has been for several years a member of the school board in the district in which he lives. He is a democrat but has taken very little interest in politics since the election in 1860, when he was a candidate for Congress on the Breckenbridge ticket.

Wiley R. Reynolds came to Jackson in 1840. He engaged in the grocery business six months after his arrival, in company with George T. Gardner. In 1842 Reynolds and Gardner sold their stock to Henry H. Gilbert.

Mr. Reynolds soon after started again in the same business. In 1844 he added dry goods to his stock in trade. In 1851 he formed a copartnership with his brother, Wm. B. Reynolds. In 1856 he sold his interest to another brother, Sheldon C. Reynolds. In 1857 Mr. Reynolds bought the interest of Wm. B. Reynolds, and the firm, W. R. & S. C. Reynolds, confined their business exclusively to dry goods, in which they transacted a very large business until the year ——, when they sold their stock to L. W. Field.

In 1851 Mr. Reynolds became interested with Mr. H. A. Hayden in the purchase of the "Ætna Flouring Mills," as the mill built by the Fords was called, and engaged in the manufacture of flour. Messrs. Hayden and Reynolds also purchased the Kennedy steam mills in 1854, and have been large buyers of wheat to the present time. Their mills have a capacity to make 500 barrels of flour daily. Mr. Reynolds is a democrat, but has taken but little interest in politics.

Leander Chapman came to Jackson in 1835 and commenced the practice of law. He was judge of probate from 1836 to 1840, and prosecuting attorney for a portion of the same period. He was candidate as representative to the legislature in 1840. Mr. Chapman was county treasurer from 1842 to 1846, and member and speaker of the house of representatives, Michigan legislature, in 1848. Judge Chapman resided in Jackson over a quarter of a century, and always maintained a high standing among the best men in the county as a lawyer and as a citizen. He was in politics a democrat.

James C. Wood settled in Jackson and commenced the practice of law in 1844. In 1847 he became a member of the law firm of Livermore & Wood, which existed for over twenty years. Mr. Wood was elected county treasurer in 1847, and re-elected in 1849. He was elected first mayor of the city in 185–, and served as member of the lower house in 1875–7. Mr. Wood is now practicing law in company with his son, Charles B. Wood. Mr. Wood in his principle is a democrat, and has always been active in advocating the principles of his party.

Samuel O. Knapp came to Jackson in 1844 and took charge of the manufacturing of woolen goods in the state prison. In 1848 he went to Lake Superior and took charge of the valuable "Minnesota mine," in which he was largely interested, and from which he derived a competence. Mr. Knapp was for four years a member of the board of public works and president of the school board of district No. 1 for several years. He has given much attention to horticulture, and is an active and valuable member of the State Pomological society. He is in politics a republican, and is one of the pillars of the Methodist church in Jackson, of which denomination he has been a member for forty-six years.

Rev. Daniel T. Grinnell, D. D., came to Jackson in 1847, and took charge of St. Paul's Episcopal church, of which he remained the active, faithful and successful rector for twenty-one years, and until he was removed by death in 1868. He found the society and parish poor and feeble; he left it zealous and prosperous. When Dr. Grinnell took charge of the parish the Sunday school was little other than such in name. Under his care it soon became one of the most interesting and instructive, and was attended largely by children not belonging to the parish, as well as by those belonging to it. When its real founder and painstaking teacher was taken away from it, the Sunday school of St. Paul's church was the largest in the city. The charity of Dr. Grinnell was so broad and its exercise so unlimited, that he was as much loved by those outside of his parish as in it.

Joseph Tunnecliff, Jr., is a native of the state of Michigan. He was educated as a physician and surgeon, and has practiced his profession in Jackson for over thirty five years, with the exception of a short residence at Sacramento in California in 1852, and while serving as surgeon of the Fourth and First Michigan volunteer infantry during two years, and as assistant state military agent until the close of the war. He was surgeon for the Michigan Central Railroad Company at Jackson from 1865 for ten years. In 1867 he was appointed United States examining surgeon for pensions, and served until 1873. Dr. Tunnecliff has acquired much celebrity as a successful operator in surgery, and stands with the first in Jackson in his profession. He is an allopathist. Dr. Tunnecliff was a republican until 1872, when he supported Horace Greeley, and is now a "liberal" in politics.

James O'Donnell came to Jackson in 1848, was clerk for William Jackson, entered the Citizen office in 1854 to learn the trade of printer, and also worked in the Patriot office. In 1864 he purchased the Citizen office, then a weekly paper. The publication of the Daily Citizen was commenced in 1865 by D. W. Ray and Mr. O'Donnell. Mr. Ray died in 1866, and since then Mr. O'Donnell has been sole editor and proprietor of the Citizen, both daily and weekly. The Citizen has been and is the organ of the republican party. Mr. O'Donnell was elected city recorder in ——, and mayor in 1876–7.

Eugene Pringle became a member of the law firm of Kimball & Pringle in 1850, immediately after making his home in Jackson. In 1852 he was circuit court commissioner, and was recorder of the village in 185–. In 1856 he was elected prosecuting attorney, and was re-elected in 1858, and was city attorney in 1858–9, In 1860 he was elected to the house of representatives, and in 1866 to the senate of the Michigan legislature. In 1867 he was a member of the state constitutional convention, and in 1871 he was appointed a register in bankruptcy, and is still active as such. Mr. Pringle was a member of the board of public works from 1871 to 1875. He has been active in all the railroad enterprises in which Jackson has been interested, and is now secretary of the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad, which office he has held since the organization of the company.

James L. Mitchell settled in Jackson in 1850 and commenced the practice of his profession as a physician and surgeon, and is still active in the discharge of his duties. Dr. Mitchell has held the office of town clerk, supervisor and alderman. He was for twelve years a member of the school board for district No. 1, and for ten of these years he was the director. Dr. Mitchell has always been a democrat. He joined the masonic fraternity in 1852, and has always been a very active member of all the orders of the fraternity. He has presided in all the subordinate and most of the grand bodies of which he has been a member.

Frederick M. Foster has been a resident of Jackson for over thirty years. He has filled many offices of trust and responsibility, and always with credit to himself. He was city treasurer in 1867–8. Mr. Foster has, since he first came to Jackson, been prominently connected with the I. O. of Odd Fellows, and has presided in the grand lodge and grand encampment, as well as in the subordinate societies. He was grand treasurer of the grand lodge of I. O. of Odd Fellows for several years, and was master of Michigan Lodge No. 50 in 1858.

Charles W. Penny came to Detroit in 1831, a young man not yet of age. Mr. Penny resided in Detroit ten years. He was one of the originators and first members of the "Young Men's Association," and of the military organization known as the "Brady Guards" of that city. In 1841 Mr. Penny removed to Jackson, which has since been his home. He was for many years engaged in the mercantile business, and was one of the principal business men of this place. He early interested himself in the formation of the "Young Men's Association," has been its president, and has always taken a lively interest in its affairs. He has also been an active odd fellow, and has presided in the lodge and encampment. Mr. Penny has, during his entire residence in Jackson, been a prominent member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for over thirty years a member of the vestry of the parish of St. Paul. He is now one of the wardens, and is one of the most vigorous and active men of his age in the city.

George D. Brown is a native of Tompkins County, New York. He is one of four brothers who, at an early day, made their home in Michigan.

Lewis, Amos and William were among the first settlers in the township of Parma, in the western part of Jackson county, where they engaged in farming.

They have always been of the most intelligent and respected, as of the most industrious and successful farmers in the communities in which they lived.

Hon. William G. Brown was a member of the Michigan House of Representitives in 1866.

Mr. George D. Brown in 1848, then a youth of twenty years, commenced business in Jackson in the book and stationary trade, which he has successfully continued to the present time.

Mr. Brown, from small beginings, has built up by his perseverance and business ability, the largest trade, perhaps, in the state outside of Detroit. He has for the most of the time had the entire monopoly of the retail business in Jackson, and his urbanity and tact have enabled him to acquire and retain the custom of all who have once come within the influence of his genial ways. The most accommodating spirit, accompanied with the determination not to be undersold, has made it possible for Mr. Brown to overcome all opposition.

For many years Mr. Brown has had a wholesale department connected with the business, and while the retail book and stationary trade is large, it is but a small item of the business of the present firm of Brown & Pilcher compared with the tranctions in the wholesale.

Mr. John B. Carter was at one time, and for several years, a partner of Mr. Brown, and the business was much increased by the former through his intimate knowledge of the wants of the trade, and more still perhaps by his ability as a salesman.

Mr. Henry J. Pilcher has for a number of years last past been associated with Mr. Brown, and the firm of Brown & Pilcher have now a well established reputation which ensures to them a large and increasing business.

Mr. Pilcher is the son of Rev. Elijah Pilcher, who was the first Methodist minister in Jackson. He organized a class in 1830, from which has sprung the present First Methodist Church of this city, and his was the first church organization in Jackson county.

The Rev. Mr. Pilcher has lived many years in Jackson, officiating both as local preacher and as presiding elder. He is still living, with his usefullness unimpaired. Henry J. Pilcher is a native of Jackson. He has for many years been the superintendent of the Sabbath school of the first Methodist church of Jackson, and to him more than to any other is due its efficiency and great success. Mr. Pilcher is known as one of the most pains-taking and estimable of the business men of Jackson.

William M. Bennett came to Jackson in 1847, and entered the store of S. W. Whitwell as a clerk, and from that time to the present Mr. Bennett has been with little intermission connected with the dry-goods trade in Jackson. In 1855 he bought out Mr. Whitwell. The amount of goods sold by Mr. Bennett since the business came into his hands has been as large as that of any house in the interior of Michigan. Mr. Bennett was elected mayor of the city in 1869 and re-elected in 1870. He was for four years a member of the board of public works at Jackson.

William Knickerbocker settled in Pulaski in 1837, removed to Hillsdale county in 1838, and in 1846 came with his family to Jackson, where he is still living in the enjoyment of a competence in his ripe old age, surrounded by his children and his children's children. His son, Charles K. Knickerbocker, was from 1846 for several years engaged in the livery business. In 1858 he formed a copartnership with Col. J. B. Eaton in the wholesale grocery business, and for eight years they transacted business as large as any in that line in the state. They then sold out to Hall & Dodge. Mr. Knickerbocker joined with Allen Bennett and William D. Thompson in building the "City mill," one of the largest steam flouring mills in the state, and has since then devoted himself to the flouring business. The same firm bought the "Stone mills" at Albion, and Mr. Knickerbocker has been general manager of the business, which has always been very large, and in which he has shown business ability of the first order. The firm are also largely interested in the patents for "purifiers," by which the flour known as "patent flour" is manufactured. These purifiers are made at Jackson, and have become a necessity in all first-class mills. The capital of the "Purifier Company" is $1,000,000, and their business corresponds in extent to the amount of their capital.

1837.

In the year 1837 N. Munroe was dealing in dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, drugs, dyestuffs, window sash, etc. In the spring of 1837 J. N. & D. F. Dwight sold their stock of goods to N. Munroe. In

the summer Arza Richardson sold his stock to Derrick W. Owens, who kept a general assortment of goods, as did W. Budington and Wolfley & Rockwell.

Spears & Collier were succeeded by Stowell & Collier. They sold out to S. W. Stowell, who entered into copartnership with A. A. Welling, forming the firm of Stowell & Welling. Welling in the spring had been one of the firm of Clark & Welling. All these were dealers in groceries, liquors, paints, oils, etc. Moses Bean, David Porter and S. W. Stowell were selling lime. The Jackson furnace and iron foundry, on the east side of Grand river, near the Ford mills, was owned and managed by Samuel P. Clark, Stephen Munroe and Joseph Ganson. Paul B. Ring kept the Exchange Hotel and run a line of stages to Tecumseh. M. L. Sutton kept a select school. Phineas Farrand, Leander Chapman, Merrick C. Hough, Fairchild Farrand and William J. Moody were practicing attorneys. John N. Dwight was justice of the peace.

1838.

In 1838 the merchants of Jackson were W. Budington & Co., S. Blackwell & Co., Wolfley & Rockwell, succeeded by B. W. Rockwell, Dyer & Derby, and H. H. & J. M. Gilbert.

Grocery and provision stores were kept by Stowell & Willing, succeeded by A. A. Welling, Myron Collamer, P. C. Vreeland & Co., S. W. Stowell and Norman Allen.

C. E. Silsbee kept a furniture establishment. John Phelps had an ashery. N. M. & J. M. Gilbert were saddle and harness makers. Wright Chittock and L. Graves, tailors. Ring & Hibbard kept livery stable and run a line of stages to Adrian. In the fall D. B. Hibbard kept a livery stable. Ganson & Munroe were running the furnace and iron foundry and selling blocks. A. P. Maybee kept the Grand River House, and Munroe & Carpenter the Exchange. Johnson & Higby, Moody & Johnson, L. Chapman, D. Parkhurst, M. C. Hough, Edward Higby, Phineas Farrand and Fairchild Farrand were practicing attorneys. Dr. John McLean kept a drug store and practiced his profession. Dr. Ira C. Backus and Dr. Oliver Russ were also practicing physicians. J. W. Glidden repaired clocks and watches. Cobb & Smith were painters and glaziers. G. W. Logan & Co. made and sold boots and shoes.

1839.

In 1839 S. Blackwell & Co. kept the New York store, and W. Baker the Boston store. Burnell & Fish, A. Bennett, Dibble & Turnbull, and Green & Jessup were merchants keeping a general assorment of goods. Grocery stores were kept by Anderson & Rogers and Munson & Giles.

Horace Duryea, J. H. Rodgers, and Thomas Miller were makers and dealers in boots and shoes. Lorenzo Griswold, Wright Chittock, L. Graves, C. L. Mitchell and Gregg & Eggleston were tailors. J. D. Cowden made and sold furniture. He sold to C. E. Silsbee, and he to W. Collamer. H. A. Rider sold plastering hair. The Jackson Academy was kept by Mr. Dudley. Joel H. Rice kept livery stable. Terry & Mc-

Lean kept a drug store. Dr. E. D. Merriman was a practicing physician. The Exchange Hotel was kept by William A. Munroe. The firm of Farrand, Johnson & Higby was practicing law.

Norman Allen came to Michigan in 1833. He owned and kept the tavern three miles east of the city, afterwards known as the McArthur tavern stand. In 1835 he bought the stock in trade of Amos Temple, consisting of books and clothing. For many years Mr. Allen was actively engaged in business. He is now, and for some time has been, acting agent for fire insurance companies.

George Byrne settled in Jackson in 1838. He was elected register of deeds in 1840, and served two years. He also served very acceptably as justice of the peace for several years. His son, Gilbert R. Byrne, has been in the banking house of Cooper, Thompson & Co., and with the Jackson City Bank for many years. He is now assistant cashier of the last named institution.

Wright Chittock came to Jackson in 1836. He immediately commenced work at his trade as a tailor. He followed that occupation until he went to California in 1852. Mr. Chittock died in 1853, while returning from the Pacific coast. Dr. Gordon Chittock, son of Wright Chittock, came with his father to Jackson. He studied medicine, and at an early age commenced to practice as a physician. Dr. Chittock was soon recognized as one of the most succesful of the practitioners of the city, and took his stand among the leading members of his profession. Dr. Chittock is now active in his profession, in which he has a large practice.

Latham Kassick came to Jackson in the spring of 1838. In 1839 William P. Kassick made Jackson his home, and under the name of W. P. & L. Kassick they for many years transacted a general mercantile business. After the dissolution of the firm the business was continued by L. Kassick until 1867, when he retired from the trade. Mr. Kassick is a member of the First Congregational church, of which he has for a long time been one of the deacons.

Albert Howe settled in Tecumseh, Lenawee county, Michigan, in 1837. He removed to Adrian in 1840, and to Jackson in 1842. Mr. Howe kept a saddle and harness establishment during his business life in Jackson, and until within a few years. He has now retired from active business, but his familiar face may be seen almost daily on our streets. Although not one of the earliest pioneers, yet Mr. Howe is more fortunate than most of them, as he is represented in Jackson by the fourth generation.

Douglass Gibson came to Jackson in his early boyhood with his father A. B. Gibson, Esq., and has been for many years one of the prominent business men of the city. Mr. Gibson was for several years one of the largest dealers in iron, nails, stoves, tin-ware and hardware in general in the interior of the state, as a member of the firms of Rice, Pratt & Co. & Pratt & Gibson. In 1869 Mr. Gibson and Mr. Thomas Westren established the Interest and Deposit Bank, of which Mr. Gibson was president, which office, with an active participation in the management of the affairs of the bank, he has continued to hold to the present time.

Mr. Albert Howe Gibson, son of Douglass Gibson, succeeded the firm of Pratt & Gibson in the hardware business, in which he is still engaged, and is one of the most active and enterprising of the business men of Jackson of the third generation.

Dr. Reuben C. Gibson came to Jackson county in 1835, and commenced the practice of medicine at the then flourishing village of Sandstone, afterwards removing to Gidley's station, near the present village of Parma. Dr. Gibson was very successful as a physician, and was held in high esteem as a citizen. He closed a life of usefulness among those with whom he had for many years been active in the discharge of every duty.

William R. Gibson, son of Dr. Gibson, is now, as he has been for over twenty years, one of the most active members of the legal fraternity of Jackson. Mr. Gibson is one of the leaders of the bar in the county, a position which he has attained by industry and strict attention to business, and to which he is entitled by his legal attainments. He has held many offices of trust, those of city attorney and prosecuting attorney for the county, among others. He is now the attorney for the Michigan Central Railroad in Jackson. Mr. Gibson has for several years taken great interest in pomology and horticulture, and has come to be an authority on all questions connected with those interesting subjects. He is an active member of the State Pomological Society, and has devoted much time to the advancement of its interests.

Jerome B. Eaton immigrated to Michigan in 1834, settled in Adrian, where he remained until 1842, when he removed to Jackson, and at once engaged in active business as a merchant. In 1858 Col. Eaton formed a co-partnership with Charles K. Knickerbocker, and established the wholesale grocery house of Eaton & Knickerbocker. For eight years this firm was one of the largest dealers in their line of business in the state. Col. Eaton was president of the village in 1846, was supervisor for several years, member of the legislature in 1851, for four years member of the board of public works, and is now president of the Michigan Air Line Railroad Company, which office he has held since the organization of the company.

W. W. Langdon settled in Jackson in 1835, and has been a resident of the place to the present time, except one year that he lived in Napoleon.

Henry H. Bingham settled in Michigan in 1836. He came to Jackson county in 1838, and was for many years engaged in trade. In 1851 he made Jackson his home, and has since continued to reside in the city. He was for many years connected with the state prison, first as clerk, then as agent or warden.

Simon Holland settled in the township of Napoleon, Jackson county, in 1837. He removed to Jackson in 1856, and was for many years engaged in business, as a member, first of the firm of Holland & Lattimer, then of that of Holland & Son, dealing largely in drugs, paints, oils, medicines, etc. The business is still continued by his son, James M. Holland. Deacon Holland was always a leading and zealous member of the Baptist church, of which he was a deacon at the early age of twenty-one years.

J. B. Tomlinson came to Jackson in 1842, and established himself in business as a dealer in jewelry and repairer of clocks and watches, in which he is still engaged. Mr. Tomlinson has been, and still is, a very active member of the masonic fraternity, and has frequently been the presiding officer in the lodge and chapter. He has always been noted for his active benevolence, particularly for his attention to the care of the sick, and for paying the last sad tribute to the dead.

Moses A. McNaughton settled in Jackson in 1841, and entered at once upon the practice of his profession as a physician, which he followed successfully for several years. Dr. McNaughton at an early day became a large holder and dealer in real estate. He has always taken an active part in all questions of public improvement. He was one of the principal promoters of the organization which secured the building of the Grand River Valley Railroad. Dr. McNaughton was one of the first directors of the Michigan Air Line Railroad Company, and as a member of the business committee was continually engaged in forwarding the consturction of the road until it was completed from Jackson to Niles. He is one of the officers of the company at the present time. He was elected to the state senate in 1852, and mayor of the city in 1866.

Morris Knapp came to Michigan in 1840. In the winter of 1843–4 Mr. Knapp settled in Jackson. He soon after became interested in mail routes and stage lines, in connection with D. B. Hibbard. The firm of Knapp & Hibbard was for a long time the largest stage proprietors in the state, and running more miles of mail route than any other contractors. Mr. Knapp has for many years been proprietor of an extensive livery, sale and boarding stable. His pleasant address and accommodating disposition have made for him a host of friends. His son, Charles A. Knapp, is associated with H. G. Sutton in the hack and omnibus line of the city.

John Westren at an early day entered a large quantity of land in Jackson county. He made Jackson his home in 1841, and resided in the city until his death. He was always a large holder and dealer in real estate. He took great interest in the development of the iron mines of Lake Superior, and was a large stockholder in the Jackson Iron Company from the date of its organization. Mr. Westren was a man of sterling integrity and great force of character. He was universally respected and esteemed. His son, Thomas Westren, is a native of Jackson, and has always made it his home. He joined Mr. Douglass Gibson in the establishment of the "Jackson Interest and Deposit Bank," of which he is now, and always has been, the cashier.

Joseph Hanaw became a resident of Jackson in 1857. He was for many years engaged in trade, and has always been, as he is now, one of the most active business men of Jackson. Mr. Hanaw has accumulated a handsome property and has a family of eleven children, to share with him his days of prosperity. His time is now occupied in looking after the rental of his stores and houses, in the care of his numerous family, and as agent for a line of ocean steamers.

E. J. Connable joined A. H. Pinney in 1858 in a contract at the prison for the manufacture of farming tools. Mr. Connable removed from Ohio to Jackson and took charge of the business, which under his management was very successful. He withdrew from the business at the expiration of his contract in 1854, and has for several years been largely engaged in the manufacture of drain tile, sewer pipe, fire and paving brick, and other articles of stoneware. Mr. Connable is one of the most active and enterprising business men of the city. He opened and worked one of the coal mines. To him belongs the credit of establishing and building up the extensive works of the Jackson Fire Clay Company, of which he is president.

Silas Heyser came to Jackson in 1855, and engaged in business as a carpenter and joiner. He has for several years been largely engaged in the manufacture of sash, blinds and doors, and has now in connection with his sons, Winfield C. and Walter J. Heyser, one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the city, in connection with an extensive lumber yard.

Abram V. Berry came to Jackson in 1841, and as a member of the firm of Berry & Medbury was one of the leading merchants of Jackson. He was at one time one of the proprietors of the "Ford mills," and largely engaged in the purchase of wheat and manufacture of flour. Col. Berry has filled many offices of public trust, and always with credit to himself. He was president of the village in 1843–4–5, and city marshal in 1858, 1859–60. He has also been supervisor, alderman and held other offices of appointment. Col. Berry is of an ingenious turn of mind, and is the author of several inventions of great merit.

James L. Holmes came to Michigan with the family of his father in 1837. In 1838 he removed to Jackson, and has since resided in this city. Mr. Holmes has always been an active business man, and is one of the best known in the town. He is now engaged in the wholesale and retail wine and liquor trade. He is a most enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton, and has made his rod familiar with most of the waters in and around the state. To the lakes of Jackson county it is no unusual practice for him to go day after day, without regard to the weather, especially if it is such as is favorable to the piscatory sport. Mr. Holmes is a most efficient member of the board of public works of the city of Jackson, which position he has held for three years.

1877.

The concluding pages of this sketch will be devoted to giving such information relative to the most notable of the mining, manufacturing, mechanical, industrial and business interests of the city, (though necessarily imperfect), as will enable those unacquainted with its resources to understand why Jackson, the "Central City," is one of the most prosperous of the cities of this state.

COAL MINES.

The coal mines west of Jackson were worked as early as 1856, but the mines in the city were first worked by William Walker in 1861. There are now four mines worked within the city limits, employing 200 men, and there were sold in 1877 from these mines 67,685 tons of coal.

CHEMICAL WORKS AND PULP MILLS.

The chemical works are of the most extensive and costly in the United States. They employ fifteen men, and their gross product in 1877 was of the value of $62,000. The pulp mills are run in connection with the chemical works and employ twelve men. The pulp for the manumanufacture of paper is made of poplar-wood, of which there was used in 1877 1,500 cords. The value of the product of the pulp mills in 1877 was $65,000. The chemical works and pulp mills are owned by R. H. Emerson & Co., managed by Mr. Emerson and Mr. Charles D. Peppard.

CIGARS.

There are now in the city fourteen manufacturers and dealers in cigars. This has become an important branch of trade in Jackson. There was manufactured in the city, in 1877, five million five hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy-five (5,511,775) cigars, on which internal revenue duty was paid. Cigar boxes are also manufactured in Jackson.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The first line of telegraph was completed to Jackson in January, 1848, and the first message was sent and received on the 12th day of that month. The marvelous results following the introduction of telegraphy can only be realized by understanding the extent of its use in the transaction of all kinds of the business of the county, both public and private. The trains on all important railroads are run by telegraph. Its use enters into the transaction of all important sales between parties at a distance. Daily telegraphic reports are in all cities published of all important markets, of the weather and of the general news from all parts of the world. Business men have lines from their offices to their manufactories, from their houses to their places of business, to the police, hack-stands, fire department, messenger boys, and almost every other conceivable purpose of utility or convenience.

The number of messages sent from the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1877 was 20,000, the number received 18,000, the receipts of the office $8,550.00. This was exclusive of the messages sent by the lines connected with the railroad companies.

John M. Myers is the able, efficient and accommodating manager of the business of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Jackson.

Water works on the Holly plan were constructed during 1870, costing, with additions and extensions of piping to January 1, 1878, $159,834.71. Water supply obtained from Artesian wells two hundred feet deep. 207,301,539 gallons pumped in 1877, and distributed through eleven and two-fifths miles of water mains.

There are eighty-three public fire hydrants. George D. Walcott, superintendent, resigned July 1, 1872; H. A. Stetson, superintendent, resigned July, 1873; C. H. Fountain, superintendent, appointed July, 1874.

H. A. Stetson, engineer in charge of pumping works, appointed to the superintendency July, 1872: Wm. Avery appointed July, 1872, resigned July 1873; C. E. Hill appointed July, 1873, resigned July, 1875; Charles Christopher appointed July, 1875.

Board of public works organized May, 1871, consisting of Amos Root, Jerome B. Eaton, S. O. Knapp, Wm. M. Bennett and Eugene Pringle, succeeded as vacancies occurred by Amos Root (re-appointed), M. Shoemaker (now president of the board), James L. Holmes, Chester Warriner, N. B. Hall, and E. A. Webster, the last five constituting the present board.

WITHINGTON & COOLEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF GARDEN AND FARMING TOOLS.
JACKSON, Mich., February 6th, 1878.

MEMORANDUM.

Business organized in 1848 by A. H. Penney, Nathan Lamson and E. J. Connable, under firm name of Penney, Connable & Co. Mr. Connable retired between 1853 and 1855, and the other partners continued as Penney & Lamson. Lamson died in 1856, Penney in 1857, and in 1858 Withington, Cooley & Co. succeeded to the business.

Extent of Works—Six and a half acres of ground, 42,538 square feet of shop room, 36,932 square feet of warehouse shed, two steam engines, aggregating 200 horse-power, 17 trip hammers, and other machines in proportion. Employ 175 men, and sometimes up to 200.

Annual Product—25,000 dozen forks, 10,000 dozen hoes and rakes; 5,000 dozen snaths, 3000 other goods.

Markets—North America, Europe, Australia. Capital, $200,000.

Value of sales for the season of 1876–7:—Home markets, $176,500; export, $67,000. Total, $244,000.

W. H. WITHINGTON, *Treasurer.*

REPORT OF JACKSON GAS LIGHT COMPANY, FOR YEAR ENDING AUGUST 1st, 1877.

Gas manufactured (cubic feet),	10,536,000
Gas sent out (cubic feet),	10,542,044
Average sent out per diem (cubic feet),	28,868
Coal consumed (℔s.),	2,297,000
Average yield per ℔. (cubic feet),	4.58
Gas sold (cubic feet),	8,985,728
Gas lost (cubic feet),	1,556,316
Percentage of loss (per cent),	14 4-5
Average sale per ℔. of coal (cubic feet),	3.91
Amount of gas bills,	$28,820 10

P. B. LOOMIS, *President.*

The Jackson Gas Light Company was formed in 1857, and gas was first burned in the street lamps of the city in the fall of that year. Mr.

Peter B. Loomis was elected president on the organization of the company. He has held the office to the present time continuously and satisfactorily to the stockholders of the company.

The amount of gas manufactured in 1867 was 4,984,600 feet; the amount of gas manufactured in 1877 was 10,542,044.

FIRE CLAY.

Fire clay of a superior quality and in large quantities is found at the coal mines. The Jackson Fire Clay Company, of which E. J. Connable is the president, have very extensive and perfect works at which this clay is used in the manufacture of sewer pipe, catch basins, cellar, catch and stench traps, stone tanks of all sizes, stone chimneys, fire brick of all sizes and patterns, prepared fire clay, fire sand, and tile for land drainage of all sizes. The quantity of these articles manufactured is very great, and their sale forms an important branch of the trade of the city.

THE GEORGE T. SMITH MIDDLINGS PURIFIER COMPANY.

All the machines or "middlings purifiers" of this company are made at Jackson. This company has a capital of $1,000,000, and is sending its "purifiers" to all parts of the United States. William D. Thompson is president and Charles K. Knickerbocker general manager of the company. The so-called "patent flour" manufactured by mills using this process has become very popular with all housekeepers, and most mills of large capacity are now compelled to use "purifiers" in order to compete in the sale of flour in the markets with any degree of success. The demand for these machines is building up one of the most important manufacturing interests in the city.

FLOURING MILLS.

There are three flouring and one custom mill in the city. The flouring mills are of the first class, and can manufacture one thousand barrels of flour per day. They are usually run to the extent of their power, and the manufacture of flour is a very important item in the business of the city.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS.

There are in Jackson seventeen manufacturers and dealers in carriages and wagons. The "Austin Tomlinson & Webster Manufacturing Company" have a contract at the state's prison, and make lumber wagons and trucks. It is one of the largest establishments in the country. J. W. Hewitt & Son, Jno. Anderson and Goodrich & Sparks are manufacturers of carriages of all kinds. The patent side springs of J. W. Hewitt & Son are rapidly gaining favor wherever they are in use. The exclusive right which they possess to use these springs has caused the business of Hewitt & Son to assume large proportions.

CORSETS AND HOOP SKIRTS.

The "Bortree Manufacturing Company" is engaged in the manufacture of corsets and hoop skirts. It is one of the largest manufacturers of this class of goods in this country. Most of its work is after patents owned by Mr. Bortree or the company. Constant employment is given to some 200 girls, besides other employes. M. K. Bortree, general manager, and Charles W. Higby secretary, have charge of the business of the company.

FURNITURE.

Henry Gilbert & Sons, manufacturers and wholesale dealers in furniture, have removed their works from the prison yard and now employ only free labor. They have one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the state, and their goods sustain a high character for beauty of design and solidity of structure.

IRON WORKS.

The Jackson foundry and machine shops of Hibbard, Briggs & Smith are manufacturing steam engines and other work in their line very extensively and successfully. There are in Jackson four foundry and machine shops, two manufacturers of steam boilers, one of files, two of galvanized iron cornice, and five plumbers and steam and gas fitters.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

The "Robbins cultivator and broadcast seed sower" is manufactured by a company of which Allen Bennett is president and George S. Bennett is secretary and treasurer. One thousand of these cultivators were sold in 1877.

The Withington & Cooley Manufacturing Company, which has already been noticed, is one of the foremost in the country, both in the quantity and quality of its work. There are thirteen dealers and manufacturers of agricultural implements in the city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are thirty manufacturers of boots and shoes, dealing wholesale and retail, and goods of Jackson manufacture are found in all boot and shoe stores in the west. There are in the city four manufactories of brooms; two of artificial stone; two of bricks; two marble works; five of saddles and harnesses; four of pumps; three of mattresses; one of spring beds; two of trunks and traveling bags; two of gold and silver plating; five planing mills; four breweries; nine book and job printing establishments; nine bakers and confectioners, wholesale and retail; two wholesale and sixty-five retail grocers; eight hardware stores; twelve merchant tailors; eight livery, sale and boarding stables; three hack and omnibus lines; eleven hotels; forty-three restaurants; forty-four lawyers; forty-three physicians; and sixty-four fire, nine life and five accident insurance companies,with representatives in Jackson.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Monthly report of shipments, showing a classification of freight forwarded from Jackson station during the year 1877:

Articles.	Pounds.
Bituminous coal,	810,000
Iron and castings, including scrap iron,	950,000
Lumber, shingles and lath,	20,792,800
Other forest products,	5,600,000
Petroleum, crude or refined,	90,000
Live animals,	400,000
Flour,	
Grain,	8,383,490
Vegetables,	130,000
Other agricultural products and fruits,	1,970,000
Provisions,	382,500
Manufactures,	3,850,000
Merchandise,	720,000
Miscellaneous articles,	16,428,210
	60,507,000
Freight received, not classified,	90,686,000
	151,193,000

Number of passengers carried, 24,700.

P. S. BLODGETT,
Superintendent Detroit Division.
A. E. BILLINGS,
Freight Agent, Jackson,
A. C. FAY,
Ticket Agent, Jackson.

FORT WAYNE, JACKSON AND SAGINAW RAILROAD.

Statement of freight received at Jackson during the year 1877:

Months.	Pounds.
January,	3,621,852
February,	3,405,768
March,	2,920,113
April,	2,478,058
May,	2,999,998
June,	4,423,710
July,	5,855,343
August,	14,576,747
September,	19,820,124
October,	21,432,929
November,	16,390,795
December,	14,231,831
	112,177,257

5,609 car-loads, estimating ten tons per car.

Statement of freight forwarded from Jackson during the year 1877:

	Pounds.
January,	6,606,234
February,	9,732,187
March,	12,920,489
April,	10,418,855
May,	12,788,936
June,	11,656,030
July,	9,385,985
August,	10,301,883
September,	12,752,499
October,	13,360,836
November,	12,049,485
December,	9,147,404
	131,120,823

6,556 car loads, estimating ten tons per car.

Passengers leaving Jackson:	
Sales at Jackson office,	6,382
Sales by other roads,	1,679
Cash fares, (estimated)	2,460
	10,521
Arriving at Jackson:	
Sales at our stations,	12,413
Sales by other roads,	944
Cash fares (estimated),	1,704
	15,061
Leaving Jackson,	10,521
Arriving,	15,061
	25,582
Sales at Jackson station,	$11,679.40

PETER B. LOOMIS,
President and General Manager.
S. K. HOOPER,
General Ticket Agent.

The following is a summary in aggregate of the business of the Central Railroad Company at Jackson for 1877:

	No. of Men.	Amount paid in 1877.
Men employed in Jackson machine shops,	537	$236,404 80
Engineers and firemen,	220	196,713 72
Operating department, embracing men in train service and at Jackson station,	317	210,754 16
Road department,	110	39,215 95
Total,	1184	$683,088 63
Amount paid for coal,		97,270 92
		$780,359 55

		Michigan Central Railroad.
Local tickets sold,	48,446	$78,272 79
Through tickets sold,	3,800	42,216 30
	52,246	$120,489 09
		Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad.
Local tickets sold,	6,500	12,500 00
Total,	58,746	$132,989 09

New locomotives built, 14; old locomotives repaired, 116.

FREIGHT RECEIVED.

	Carloads.		Carloads.
Lumber,	1,513	Grain,	576
Staves, etc.,	125	Coal,	366
Wood,	262	Flour,	1
Handles,	12	Salt,	100
Soda-ash,	13	Iron,	16
Potatoes,	22	Cattle,	68
Broom-corn,	31	Ice,	7
Sash and doors,	5	Oil,	3
Stone and brick,	16	Machinery,	32
Lime,	9	Plaster,	7
Miscellaneous,	42		
	2,050		1,176
	1,176		

Total, ... 3,226 and about 10,000 tons of miscellaneous merchandise.

NUMBER OF TRAINS DAILY.

Michigan Central main line, passenger trains,	12
“ “ “ freight east,	36
“ “ “ freight west,	24
“ “ air line, passenger,	5
“ “ “ freight,	20
“ “ Grand Rapids, passenger,	6
“ “ “ freight,	4
“ “ Fort Wayne, passenger,	6
“ “ “ freight,	2
Michigan Southern, Jackson branch, passenger,	4
“ “ “ “ freight,	1
Total number of trains daily,	128

Passenger, 36; freight, 92.

FREIGHT FORWARDED.

	Carloads.		Carloads.
Furniture,	25	Lumber,	40
Coal,	764	Barrels,	75
Bran,	93	Lime,	10
Grain,	26	Wood pulp,	45
Flour,	622	(100 barrels per car).	
Salt,	1	Caustic soda,	92
Sewer pipe,	71	Machinery,	22
Fire brick,	5	Brooms,	8
Live stock,	11	Stoneware,	13
Butter,	15	Miscellaneous,	13
	1,633		318
	318		

Total, ... 1,951—5,271 bbls. oil, 2,091 lumber wagons, and about 7,500 tons of miscellaneous merchandise.

OFFICERS IN CHARGE.

E. C. Brown, assistant general superintendent; James R. Wood, assistant superintendent; C. C. Reed, superintendent of telegraph; A. G. Dailey, superintendent of track and bridges; S. W. Edgerly, general master mechanic; D. R. Taylor, train master; R. N. L'Hommedieu, assistant train master; R. A. Abbott, claim agent; Joseph Harvey, lost freight agent.

SECRET AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.

Jackson Lodge F. and A. M., No. 17; Michigan Lodge F. and A. M., No. 50; St. Nicholas Lodge F. and A. M., No. 8 (colored); Jackson Chapter, No. 3, R. A. M.; Jackson Council, No. 32, R. and S. M.; Jackson Commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar; Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, Lodge of Perfection; Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine and appendant orders; Council of Prince Jerusalem; Rose Croix Chapter; Consistory, S. P. R. S., 32; Egyptian Masonic Rite, of Memphis.

ODD FELLOWS.

Jackson Lodge, No. 4; Central City Lodge, No. 162; Wildey Encampment, No. 5; Martha Lodge, No. 2, Daughters of Rebecca.

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.

Cayuga Tribe, No. 6.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Rowena Lodge, No. 29.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Court Lincoln, No. 4.

TEMPERANCE AND BENEVOLENT ORDERS.

Independent Order of Good Templars—Jackson Lodge, No. 278; Victor Lodge, No. 734.

I. O. B. B. Sons of the Covenant—Jackson City Lodge, No. 256,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arbeiter Verein; Forest and Stream Club; Germania Building and Saving Association, No. 2; Irish Benevolent Association; Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent Society; Baptist Literary Society; Young Men's Association; Turn Verein; Schutzen Verein; Harmonie Gesang Verein; Reform Club.

Youg Men's Association—Choral Union and Franz Schubert Club.

Royal Arcanum—Amity Council.

Ancient Order United Workmen—Schiller Lodge; Twilight Lodge.

Knights of Honor—Jackson Lodge, No. 940; Peninsular Lodge, No. 999.

CHURCHES.

St. John's, Catholic; St. Paul's, Episcopal; Chapel of the Good Samaritan, Episcopal; First Methodist; Free Methodist; Synagogue Beth Israel, Hebrew; First Baptist; Freewill Baptist; Second Baptist, colored; Junction Sunday-school at car-shops; Moody Hill Sunday-school; Unitarian; First Congregational; Second Congregational; Evangelical Association; German Lutheran; Adventist; Simpson Mission; African Methodist; Young Men's Christian Association gospel meetings; Junction gospel meetings; Church of the Apostles; Simpson mission; Prison chapel.

SCHOOLS.

The city is divided into two districts, one (number seventeen) on the east and one (number one) on the west side of Grand river.

The school census of 1877 gave as the number of scholars in district number one 2225, and in number seventeen 1668, making a total of 3893. District number one has one high school and eight schools of a lower grade, in the different parts of the district, so distributed as to accommodate all localities. District number seventeen has one high school and five schools of lower grade, distributed as in number one.

Besides the public schools there are the St. John's Parochial school, (Catholic), the Hebrew school, the German Lutheran school, Miss Todd's select school for children, and the Jackson business college.

The population of the city is estimated to be 20,000.

It is a source of pride to the citizens of Jackson that, not only has the city been built up by the industry, enterprise and ability of its business men, but that all there is of individual wealth in the hands of its people has been accumulated by them since they have been residents of the Central City.

The property in Jackson, both real and personal, is held almost exclusively by men who came to it at an early day without capital or other aid than that derived from their own personal qualifications, and their success has been the result of years of patient labor, devotion to business, and the establishing of such good character as enabled them to acquire that confidence at home and abroad which ensured the success of their undertakings. It is particularly worthy of observation, and more worthy of reflection, that Jackson has been built up so successfully because the business men have always kept their accumulation actively employed in business in such manner as gave employment to others, instead of investing them in bonds and mortgages, or depending in any manner upon usury as a means of success in life. The business men of Jackson have been borrowers rathers than lenders of money, and have depended upon the profits of their business, and not upon the increase arising from usury to add to their wealth. By this wise course of action they have most effectually promoted their own interest, for they have added to their estate, not only by their success in their several pursuits, but also very largely by the appreciation of real estate, caused by the growth of the city, arising from the liberal and comprehensive course pursued in promoting the building of railroads, opening of coal mines, and numerous other enterprises, which have promoted the prosperity of Jackson.

JACKSON, Mich., February, 1878.

WILLIAM D. THOMPSON, BANKER, OF JACKSON, MICHIGAN,

BY M. SHOEMAKER.

William Doliville Thompson was born February 24th, 1815, and is a native of Chenango county, New York. He removed to LeRoy, in Genesee county, when quite young, and continued to reside there until 1831.

The great stream of emigration from New England and New York, to Michigan and the then far west which set in about 1830, caught in its flow many of the most industrious and enterprising of the young men of those states, who sought in these then unoccupied fields a proper sphere for their labors, and for the expansion of that spirit of enterprise which was denied to them in the more densely populated regions of the east. This was more especially the case with those young men who had only their willing hands and strong hearts with which to carve their way in the world to wealth or fame.

Among those who determined at an early day to strike out and try his chances in a new country, where he could "grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength," was young Mr. Thompson. He came to

Jacksonburgh, as the infant settlement was then called, in 1831, and was among the first to make it his home.

The first house in the place was built and occupied in 1830, and they could all be counted on the fingers of one hand when he decided that in it and with it he would try his fortunes.

In the fall of 1832 Mr. Thompson opened a boot and shoe store, the first of the kind in the village. In 1834 he built and occupied a store on the south side of Main street, just east of the public square. Mr. Thompson was elected county clerk on the democratic ticket, and served for the years 1836–7. He was one of the school board in 1837. In 1838 he sold his stock in trade to Walter Fish, and entered into partnership with George B. Cooper, who was transacting a general mercantile business. In 1841, upon the completion of the Michigan Central Railroad to Jackson, Mr. Thompson was appointed freight agent. He continued on the road at Jackson and west of this point, as completed, to Niles, for a period of ten years, including the administration of the road while owned by the state, and after it had passed into the hands of the Michigan Central Railroad Company.

A period of two years elapsed after the completion of the railroad to Niles before it was built to Chicago, and during this time all the freight and many of the passengers were taken by boats to and from the railroad depot at Niles, and St. Joseph at the mouth of the river St. Joseph. This was the most desirable route from Niles to Chicago and the great west, then rapidly being settled by the emigration which had now assumed such magnitude that every avenue and means of conveyance was filled to overflowing. The service on the St. Joseph river was undertaken by Mr. Thompson on his own responsibility, and for his own account. It was conducted with marked success. During most of the time he owned and controlled a small fleet of steamboats and towboats. The extent of the business was such that while Commodore Thompson, as he was then called, conducted the business to the perfect satisfaction of the shippers and the railroad company, he also made it largely remunerative to himself. He, while at Niles, accumulated a capital which enabled him, on the completion of the railroad to Chicago, to return to Jackson, after closing out his stock on the river, and, in connection with George B. Cooper, to establish the banking house of Cooper & Thompson. The integrity, strict attention to duty, and business ability displayed by Mr. Thompson in the several places at which he was stationed, and in the positions which he filled, were so well understood and appreciated that he has ever since, in a marked degree, retained the confidence of the managers of the Michigan Central Railroad Company; and his influence has been, many times since, of decided advantage to Jackson, when questions of importance to the interests of the city have been under consideration by the officers of that company. In 1851 Mr. Thompson returned to Jackson, and engaged in the business of banking. As a member of the firms of Cooper & Thompson, Cooper, Thompson & Co., and of the Jackson City Bank, he has ever since been the leading banker of Jackson. Of the Jackson City Bank, which does much the largest business of any of the six banks of Jackson—and probably more than all the rest of them together—Mr. Thompson has always been general manager and president, and is now understood to be sole proprietor.

On the first of July, 1856, Mr. Thompson was married to Alma M. Mann, in Madison, Wisconsin. They have two children, a son and a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have traveled in Europe, and the many works of art selected during their sojourn in the old world, which make their home attractive, bear ample testimony to the correct judgment and good taste manifested in their selection.

In 1862 Mr. Thompson took part in the organization of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad Company. Its successful completion to Mason in 1865, to Lansing in the spring of 1866, and to Wenona, on the Saginaw bay, in 1867, is in a great measure due to the labors and influence of Mr. Thompson. He not only gave it his personal attention, but also furnished material aid at times when, but for the money advanced by him, the building of the road must have stopped for a time at least.

This railroad is now extended through the pine woods to within one hundred miles of the straits of Mackinac, and will doubtless soon be completed to that point, there to connect with a railroad to Marquette and the iron and copper regions of the upper peninsula. The one hundred miles of this road terminating at Gaylord were built exclusively by Mr. Thompson, and finished in July, 1873.

In 1866 the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad Company bought that part of the Lansing, Amboy and Traverse Bay Railroad lying between Owosso and Lansing, and with it the land grant made by the United States to the latter company. This purchase gave much greater value to the stock of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad Company.

Mr. Thompson is noted for his broad and comprehensive business views. Many enterprises which have added much to the growth and prosperity of Jackson owe their success to the fearless manner in which he in some cases invested his capital, and in others sustained those who were interested in building them up. He is one of the firm of Bennett, Knickerbocker & Co., who built and still own and run the extensive steam flouring mill known as the "City mills." The same firm also own and run the "Stone mills" at Albion, and is one of the largest manufacturers of flour in the state. Mr. Thompson is one of the principal stockholders in the "George T. Smith Middlings Purifier Manufacturing Company," now extensively engaged in the manufacture of their "purifiers" in Jackson. He is also largely interested in the costly "Chemical works" and "Pulp mills" located in the northern part of the city, and he has aided to develop, and is one of the proprietors of coal mines now worked within the city limits. But it is as a banker that Mr. Thompson is most widely and favorably known. No man in Michigan enjoys a higher reputation in his particular calling than does the subject of this sketch. The business men of Jackson look to him and rely upon him in time of need; and to him his customers never look in vain for those accommodations often so necessary to success in their business.

Mr. Thompson stands prominent among the citizens of Jackson for his generosity and benevolence. His name is always found among the most liberal subscribers to all projects of a business or charitable nature, and the calls are many in a city so fertile in new enterprises as is Jackson. Both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson make the most praiseworthy use of the goods of this world, with which they are so amply endowed, in dispensing that unostentatious charity most acceptable to its recipients, and most creditable to themselves, fulfilling the scriptural injunction: "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

The integrity and liberality of Mr. Thompson have placed him in the front rank in the state in the estimation of its people. He also stands prominent as one of the very few remaining of those pioneers who cast their lot in Jackson when it had little to boast of, and was held in light estimation by villages now of far less importance, because of its marshes, sand-hills and the generally uninviting appearance of its surroundings. There are now living in Jackson but two of its citizens who made it their homes previous to the advent of Mr. Thompson.

Without the knowledge attained by actual experience, it is impossible to realize the changes which have taken place in Jackson, in Michigan, in the Northwest, and in the Great West, extending to the Pacific Ocean, during the business lifetime of a man even now in the midst of his usefulness. No succeeding generation will be able to look back upon and realize the wonderful growth of an empire, and the spread of a civilization in their own time as can Mr. Thompson in contemplating what he has seen grow up under his own observation since he came to Jackson in the year of our Lord *one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one.*

BIOGRAPHY OF CORNELIUS SAMMONS.

By Joseph Sammons.

Cornelius Sammons was born December 13th, 1801, in the town of Shawangank, Ulster county, New York. His mother dying when he was but nine days old, he was cared for by his oldest sister, then fourteen years old (and who is still living), who, after marrying, kindly gave him a home in her family until he was seventeen years old, after which he worked at blacksmithing for three years with his brother Jacob. About that time his youngest sister having married a carpenter, he learned and worked with him at the carpenter's trade for several years. At the age of twenty-four years he married Mary L. Moe, which proved to be the happiest and most judicious selection he possibly could have made for a wife. The last year of his stay in New York state he worked on the locks and bridges on the Erie canal, which was then being built through the state, often working in the water to his waist in which ice was floating. After having worked at his trade for several years, he became convinced that he could not support his family, and save up enough to buy himself a farm in that old settled country; he naturally turned his thoughts to the then far west, and resolved to be among the number then seeking homes in the territorial wilderness—now our beautiful and beloved "Michigan." Accordingly, with his wife and two children (Mrs. Geo. Wilcox and J. F. Sammons, of this city) he set out as an emigrant, landing in Detroit November 3d, 1832. Detroit was then a flourishing village of 2,500 inhabitants, one of which said inhabitants agreed to take his family and goods to Ann Arbor for fifteen dollars, but before he would unload them at their destination demanded and was paid sixteen dollars and fifty cents for the job. Mr. S. was also obliged to pay a dock tax in Detroit of three dollars, before he was allowed to load his goods. It being late in the season, the roads were in a fearful condition. At one place they came upon an emigrant whose wagon was in a mud hole up to the hubs, and his team unable to pull it through. After a good deal of tall swearing he unhitched his team, drove them around and hitched them to the rear end of the wagon, when, by a liberal application of *blue beech*, interspersed with a fine display of oratory, he succeeded in hauling his wagon back and out of the mud, when he at once started back, saying he had enough of this God-forsaken country, and was going back to York state. This did not discourage Mr. Sammons; he unloaded his wife and children, and ordered the driver to proceed, who drove in and through the mud, when he whipped up his team, and the family were obliged to walk four miles through the mud before he would allow them to come up with him again. After journeying three days they arrived in Ann Arbor, moved into a log house—which the children called a wood pile—and took a rest after their weary journeyings.

The most notable features of Ann Arbor at that time was its magnificent public parks and a town pump.

After living in the village about one year he bought and moved on to an eighty-acre farm in the town of Webster, Washtenaw county. Being now a land-owner, he bought a load of lumber and built a board shanty instead of building of logs, as was the prevailing fashion of that period, moved in, and then for the first time in his life he could gather with his family around the hearth-stone of their own home. But it was no light matter, with bare hands and no money to clear up a new farm and support his family—especially so when chills and fever prostrated them all, so that at times not one was able to give the others a drink of water. But with good constitutions and kind neighbors they were able to come through all right. After living on this place one and a half years he sold out for $400, and again turned his face westward. Following the territorial road he struck the Grand river at the village of Jacksonburgh, which could boast at that time of but one small frame building, owned by John N. Dwight and occupied as a grocery. Looking about the country, he finally bought and took a deed (June 25th, 1835), of the southwest quarter of section nineteen, in town two south, of range one west, now the township of Blackman. On the west side of this quarter section Perrin Moe had bought a quarter section, on which was a log house occupied by Messrs. Mayo and Gunn with their families. In September following Mr. Sammons came on with his family, and these generous pioneers, with true western hospitality, offered to share their home with the new comers during the time necessary to build a log house on the new place. At the end of six weeks Mr. S. moved his family into the new house, which as yet had but half the roof on, only enough loose boards laid on the sleepers to put a bed and table on, a hole cut in the side served for a door and window, and there was plenty of room for the smoke to escape without bothering with a chimney. But it was home again, and that thought brought contentment, for they knew that with health and willing hands they could soon add many comforts.

After moving into the new house it took a week with his ox team to make a trip to the old farm and back, several of which had to be made. The family in the mean time, with the help of a dog and a blanket hung up for a door, kept the bears and wolves from entering the house. Deer were plenty and tame, often coming to browse on the tree-tops that had been felled near the house. Indians were frequent callers, always friendly and hungry, never leaving any food that was set before them. If there was more than they could eat, it was rolled in their blanket and taken away.

But it is not necessary to further follow Mr. Sammons as a pioneer farmer. Suffice it to say, that his experience was similar to that of most of the first settlers, who had to battle with hardships, privations and discouragement, but who, persevering steadily, fought back the forests, cleared up their farms and steadily advanced in material prosperity.

Three more daughters were added to the family circle and the population of Michigan, to wit: Mrs. A. Quivey, of Parma; Mrs. J. Mabin, Owosso, and Mrs. Geo. Hadden, of this city.

After living on his farm for thirty-five years he moved into the city, where he spent the remainder of his days—five years.

For the last twenty years of his life he had been troubled with heart disease, which terminated his life suddenly on the morning of April 12th, 1875, at the age of seventy-three years and four months.

He lived a quiet, peaceful, honest, Christian life, and in death was truly lamented, for none could say, " He wronged me."

OTHER PIONEERS.

Prior to 1835 several families had settled along the territorial road west of the village, to wit: Abel Barrett, John Daniels and sons, Wm. Shipman, Osgood Fifield, John Collar, Westey W. Laverty, and Jotham Wood and sons. And along the river north of the village, Edward Morrill, Nathaniel Morrill, Geo. Fifield, Enoch Fifield, Geo. Woodworth, Samuel Woodworth, Abner Pease, Samuel Wing, Jerry Marvin and John McConnell. On Ganson street, northeast of the village, Constant McGuire and sons, and Joseph Darling and sons. Merrills Freeman lived on the farm now owned and occupied by Henry Daniels, and Jefferson Smith lived on the farm which he sold to the superintendents of county poor for Jackson county in 1837—180 acres for $3,500—$19.44 per acre, a large price for those times. Roads took the direction that was most convenient to the farmer, in avoiding marshes and reaching his destination. All was commons except small enclosures about the dwellings.

Fire had kept down the undergrowth, and one could drive as he pleased through forests of stately oaks, blazing a tree occasionally to ensure a safe return.

The village of Barry (Sandstone) took the lead of Jacksonburgh in business and enterprise. But the building of the old water grist-mill in 1836, and the establishment of the state prison and building of the court-house in 1837 put Jacksonburgh ahead, and gave Barry a set-back from which, some think, it will never recover. The township of Jackson was six by twelve miles square, embracing the territory now constituting the townships of Summit and Blackman and the city of Jackson. All came to the village to vote, and an election was quite an important occasion. Where the new settler could meet and become acquainted with the older —where neighbors could meet and talk over the news from "York state" or Vermont, or discuss the news only "seven weeks later" from Europe. Neighbors! The word seemed to imply more then than now. *Then* it meant if your neighbor was sick, or behindhand with his work from no fault of his own, to make a "bee" and husk his corn, dig his potatoes, get up his winter's wood, or do many other acts of kindness, which he was very ready to reciprocate when occasion required. It was considered no hardship to go four or five miles to assist at a neighbor's raising, or to yoke the oxen to the sled and take wife and children for an evening's visit. Visit? Yes, that is the word. When those old motherly ladies—"God bless them"—got together for a visit it meant *business* in that line. No gossiping and backbiting, but generous, heart and hand friendliness, while the click of knitting needles kept time to the intellectual feast. It may not be amiss to say, in connection with this subject, that the ladies of that period took upon themselves their full share of the burdens of pioneer life, and are entitled to as much credit as their husbands.

The pioneers of Jackson were intelligent, honest and industrious—were good neighbors and good citizens. Very few are now alive to meet with the pioneers of Jackson county; but many lived to see remarkable changes and to be proud of their township and the city which now bears its name.

To their successors, who can never fully realize their privations, but who now enjoy the fruits of their hardship and toil, we would say: Endeavor by your actions to show the survivors that you appreciate their character and worth; cheer their hearts and lighten the burdens of their declining years, and you will have nobly performed your part in life, if you make for yourselves as good a record as have our Jackson Pioneers.

JACKSON, January 31st, 1878.

A PIONEER SONG.

As sung by Perrin Moe (a pioneer of Jackson county) over forty years ago.

I.

Come, all you Yankee farmers who would like to change your lot,
Who have spunk enough to travel beyond your native spot,
And leave behind the country where pa and ma doth stay,
Then come and make your fortune in Michigania.

II.

'Tis you that talk of Vermont; why, what a place is that?
Be sure the girls are pretty and the cattle very fat;
But who would like on mountains among the clouds and snow to stay,
When you can buy parairies in Michigania?

III.

Then there is your Penobscot, way down in parts of Main,
Where timber grows in plenty, but darn the bit of grain;
And there is your Schoodic and your Piscataquay;
But these can't hold a candle to Michigania.

IV.

There is your land of blue laws, where deacons cut the hair,
For fear your locks and tenets will not exactly square;
For he that works on Sunday a penalty must pay,
While all is free and easy in Michigania.

V.

Then there is Massachusetts, and good enough be sure,
But now she's good for nothing but taxes and manure;
She costs you pecks of trouble, but de'il the peck in pay;
O, what is such a country to Michigania?

VI.

O, who would ever thought it, not many months is gone,
That just as good as nothing of these back parts were known;
That such a sight of cities should rise in as nice array
As now appears all over this Michigania?

VII.

Upon the river Huron, just through the country back,
You will find the shire of Oakland, the town of Pontiac,
Which passing up thus sudden, hath scared the wolves away
That used to roam all over this Michigania.

VIII.

And if you follow onward, McDonald's town is there,
And further, shire Mount Clemens looks out upon St. Clair.
These and other places within McCombia,
Which promise population to Michigania.

IX.

Then down along to Detroit, more wonders rise to view;
'Tis Michigan's metropolis; I think you'll say 'twill do.
Then Ypsi and Ann Arbor you'll see if west you stray,
Are pretty sample villages of Michigania.

X

Here is the city of Jackson, upon a rising hill,
And for to grind your wheat and corn there is a noble mill.
It has as fine a prospect I can with safety say,
As any other city in Michigania.

XI.

If you only follow the compass of your nose
It will lead you to a shire town, no matter where you go,
If it be up or down, or whichever be your way,
You will see them nicely laid out in Michigania.

XII.

The land about those villages is of a productive kind,
And if you travel far or near no better can you find;
Then come and pick your lots, and down the shiners pay,
You soon will have an interest in Michigania.

XIII.

The blood-thirsty Indians you never need to fear,
If soldiers live upon your land they never will come near;
The memory of Harrison and Jackson stands array;
How bitterly they basted them in Michigania.

XIV.

This land is quite productive and everything for use,
A plenty of good cider and also maple juice;
The grape, the plum, the cherry, and apples grow this way,
And quite delicious peaches in Michigania.

XV.

The rivers, creeks and lakes abound with excellent fish,
And in the woods wild turkeys, which make a dainty dish;
The bear, the elk, the buffalo, buck, doe and and fawn doth stray,
And many other kinds of game in Michigania.

XVI.

Come, all you Yankee farmers, who have muckle hearts like me,
And elbow grease in plenty, to bow the forest tree;
Come, take a quarter section, and I'll be bound to say,
You never 'll regret your coming to Michigania.

JACKSON, Feby. 5th, 1878. J. F. SAMMONS.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

EARLY HISTORY OF LENAWEE COUNTY.

BY JOHN J. ADAM.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 7th, 1878.

Fellow Citizens of the State Pioneer Society:

I have been requested by your worthy President and others to prepare for your use and acceptance a paper on the early settlement of Lenawee county, a county of which I have been an inhabitant for more than forty-six years—having taken up my residence there when I first came, in the fall of 1831, to settle in the then very extensive but very sparsely settled territory of Michigan; and of which county I have continued to be a resident ever since. At that time and until the organization of the territory of Wisconsin, in 1836, Michigan territory embraced besides what is now included in the boundaries of the state of Michigan, all the country now constituting the states of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, and the eastern portion of the territory of Dakota, east of the Missouri and White Earth rivers. As late as 1834 and '35 the legislative council of the territory of Michigan continued to lay off and organize counties and townships in "Ouisconsin," and also counties west of Mississippi river.

Before proceeding to the history proper of Lenawee county, it would perhaps be well to state briefly the nature of the territorial government, as provided and authorized by Congress, from the organization of the territory, in 1805, until the formation of the state government and the admission of Michigan into the Union as a state in 1836–7.

From 1805 to 1823 the territory was governed under what was popularly known as the "Governor and Judges' plan," consisting of a governor invested with executive power, and a judiciary department of three judges; these two branches united forming the legislative department authorized to "adopt" laws from some of the older states of the Union. But the history of their legislation would seem to indicate that they found some very curious laws in some of the states, and which have been generally considered more the product of the eccentric mind of Judge Woodward, than copies of any existing state legislation; more especially his Catholepistemiad," or University bill. In 1823 congress passed an act abolishing the legislative powers of the governor and judges, transferring the same to a legislative council, composed of nine persons selected by the president from eighteen chosen by the voters of the territory. In 1825 the number of the council was increased to thirteen, to be selected by the president from twenty-six voted for by the people—those selected being subjected to approval and confirmation by the United State senate. By an act of congress of January 19, 1827, the qualified voters were authorized to elect directly thirteen representatives to constitute the legislative council, without further action on the part of either president or congress.

At the first election for members of the legislative council, under the last mentioned act, the counties of Monroe and Lenawee formed the second district, and were entitled to three members out of the thirteen; at the subsequent elections for members of the legislative council, the counties of Monroe and Lenawee, and the country attached to Lenawee, composed the fifth district, and were entitled to two members.

The first laying out and naming and defining the boundaries of the county of Lenawee, is to be found in a "Proclamation" of Gov. Cass, dated Sept. 10th, 1822, in which he altered, defined and established the boundaries of certain counties previously organized—that is to say, the county of Wayne, established by an executive act of Nov. 1st, 1815; the county of Monroe, established by an executive act of July 14, 1817; the county of Macomb, established by an executive act of January 15, 1818; the county of Oakland, established by an executive act of Jan. 12, 1819; the county of St. Clair, established by an executive act of March 28, 1820; and by which "Proclamation" he also laid out and defined the boundaries of the following named new counties: Lapeer, Sanilac, Saginaw, Shiawassee, Washtenaw and Lenawee, and said six counties were to be organized whenever the competent authority for the time being should so determine; and until so organized, they were attached to counties then already organized, viz: the counties of Lapeer, Sanilac, Saginaw and Shiawassee to the county of Oakland; the county of Washtenaw to the county of Wayne, and the County of Lenawee to the county of Monroe.

The boundaries of Lenawee county were described there as follows: "All the country included within the following boundaries: Beginning on the principal meridian, where the line between the townships numbered four and five, south of the base line, intersects the same; thence south to the boundary line between the territory of Michigan and the state of Ohio; thence with the same east to the line between the fifth and sixth ranges east of the principal meridian; thence north to the line between the townships numbered four and five, south of the base line; thence west to the place of beginning, shall form a county to be called the county of Lenawee."

The above action by "Proclamation" in reference to the county of Lenawee and other counties, may be considered as what was then termed an executive act; and the first legislative act in regard to the county was an act approved June 30, 1824, entitled, "An act to establish the seat of justice in the county of Lenawee," the same being as follows:

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the governor and legislative council of the territory of Michigan, That the seat of justice in the county of Lenawee be, and the same is hereby established on the north-west quarter of section numbered thirty-four, in township five south, range four east, in the said county of Lenawee, on lands owned by Messrs. Wing, Evans and Brown, agreeably to the plan of a town or village, situated on said north-west quarter section, and recorded in the register's office in the county of

Monroe, the twenty-sixth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four.

The organization of the county was provided for by an act approved December 22, 1826, entitled, "An act to organize the county of Lenawee:"

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, That the county of Lenawee shall be organized from and after the taking effect of this act, and the inhabitants thereof entitled to all the rights and privileges to which by law the inhabitants of the other counties of the territory are entitled.

"SEC. 2. That all the country within this territory to which the Indian title was extinguished at the treaty of Chicago, shall be attached to, and compose a part of the county of Lenawee."

The above second section became necessary in order to detach the country there spoken of from the county of Monroe, to which it has previously been attached, but from which it would now be separated by the county of Lenawee; and when Lenawee county proper should become organized, and be itself detached from the county of Monroe, it was necessary that this Indian country also should be detached and become a part of the new county of Lenawee.

In one of the sections of an act approved April 12, 1827, entitled, "An act to divide the several counties in this territory into townships, and for other purposes," provision was made for laying out and organizing the townships of Tecumseh, Logan, Blissfield and St. Joseph; but this part of that act never took effect, being repealed and superseded by an amendatory act approved the same date, and entitled, "An act to amend an act entitled, An act to divide the several counties in this territory into townships, and for other purposes," establishing somewhat different boundaries for the three townships in Lenawee county proper, from those first proposed in the original act; the latter or amendatory act being as follows:

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, That all that part of the county of Lenawee south of the base line, and east of the principal meridian, containing the surveyed townships numbered five and the north half of the townships numbered six, in ranges one, two, three, four and five, be a township by the name of Tecumseh, and that the first township meeting be held at the house of Joseph W. Brown, in said township; that the south half of the surveyed townships numbered six, in ranges one, two, three, four and five, and township numbered seven, in one, two or three, in said county, south of the base line, and east of the principal meridian, be a township by the name of Logan, and that the first township meeting be held at the house of Darius Comstock, in said township; that the surveyed townships numbered seven, in ranges four and five, and townships numbered eight and nine, in ranges one, two, three, four and five, in said county, south of the base line, and east of the principal meridian, be a township by the name of Blissfield, and the first township meeting be held at the house of Hervey Bliss, in said county; and that all that district of country situated west of said county of Lenawee, and which is attached to said county, and to which the Indian title was extinguished by the treaty of

Chicago, be a township by the name of St. Joseph, and that the first township meeting be held at the house of Timothy S. Smith, in said township."

By an act of the legislative council, approved Sept. 22, 1829, some further newly acquired Indian country was attached to the county of Lenawee, described in said act as "all the country within the territory to which the Indian title was extinguished at the treaty held at the Cary Mission in 1828,"—and the same was made a part of the township of St. Joseph.

In order to show the final disposition of the country lying west of Lenawee, as far as relates to its forming a part of said county, it may be sufficient to state here that by an act of the legislative council, approved October 29, 1829, the same was laid off into the counties of Hillsdale, Branch, St. Joseph, Cass and Berrien, with about the same boundaries which those counties still retain.

The counties of St. Joseph and Cass were organized Nov. 4, 1827, with the county of Berrien attached to Cass, and the county of Branch to St. Joseph, until the organization of Berrien, March 4, 1831, and of Branch, Feb. 1, 1833. The county of Hillsdale remained attached to Lenawee county until Feb. 11, 1835, when an act was passed for its separate organization, and by an act of the council, approved March 17, 1835, that county was divided into four townships,—one for each range west of the meridian, and each running from the north line of the county to its southern boundary.

To return to the further organization of townships in Lenawee county proper, the next one organized, after the first three in 1827, was the township of Franklin, organized under the provisions of an act entitled, "An act to organize the township of Franklin," being as follows:

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, that all that part of the township of Tecumseh, in the county of Lenawee, comprised in surveyed townships number five south, in range one, two and three east, be a township by the name of Franklin; and the first township meeting shall be holden at the dwelling-house of Hiram Reynolds, in said township.

"SEC. 2. That this act shall take effect and be in force on and after the first Monday of April next."

By an act approved March 7, 1834, entitled, "An act to organize certain townships," provision was made for the organization of five new townships in Lenawee county, and for the alteration of the boundaries of the township of Logan, section one of said act being as follows:

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, that all that part of the county of Lenawee comprised in surveyed townships eight, nine and fractional township ten south, in ranges one, two and three east, be a township by the name of Fairfield, and that the first township meeting be held at the now dwelling-house of John H. Carpenter, in said township; and all that part comprised in surveyed township seven south, in ranges one, two and three east, be a township by the name of Lenawee, and the first township meeting be held at the school house one mile east of William Edmonds', in said township; and all that part comprised in surveyed township six south, in range four east, be a township by the name of Raisin, and the first township meeting to be held at the now dwelling-house of Amos Hoeg, in said township; and all that part comprised in surveyed townships seven, eight and nine, and fractional township ten south, in range four east, be a township by the name of Palmyra, and the first township meeting to be held at the now dwelling-house of Caius C. Robinson, in said township; and all that part comprised in the surveyed townships five and six south, in range five east, be a township by the name of Macon, and the first township meeting to be held at the now dwelling-house of Henry Graves, in said township; and all that part of the township of Tecumseh comprised in township six south, in range one, two and three east, be attached to and constitute a part of the township of Logan."

The last territorial law providing for the organization of townships in the county of Lenawee, is contained in the first section of an act entitled, "An act organizing certain townships," approved March 17, 1835, as follows:

"SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, that all that part of the county of Lenawee comprised in surveyed town six south, range one east, be a township by the name of Rollin, and the first township meeting be held at the now dwelling-house of Joseph Beal, in said township; and all that part of said county comprised in surveyed township six south, range two east, be a township by the name of Rome, and the first township meeting be holden at the now dwelling-house of John B. Schureman, of said township."

Having now completed our sketch of the history of Lenawee county, so far as the territorial government and legislation was concerned, we may remark that after the passage of the act to enable the people of Michigan to form a constitution and state government, approved January 26, 1835, the legislative council seemed to almost abdicate their powers and to leave all future legislation in respect to Lenawee county, and all other portions of the territory intended to be embraced in the new state, to the state legislature, when organized; that is to say, within the boundaries of the original territory of Michigan, as first defined and bounded by the act of January 11, 1805. The council had laid off and organized all that part of the territory west of Lake Michigan and east of the Mississippi river, except what was nominally part of the counties of Chippewa and Michilimackinac, into the counties of Crawford, Brown, Iowa and Milwaukie; and in that portion west of the Mississippi river they laid off and organized the counties of Dubuque and Demoine. And they provided for continuing in force within the district of country not to be embraced within the limits of the proposed state of Michigan, all laws of the territory not locally inapplicable, and also arranged so as to throw the election of delegate to congress into said district.

In the act authorizing the election of delegates to a convention to form the first state constitution, which was to assemble at Detroit on the second Monday in May, then next, there were assigned to Lenawee county eight delegates—her population, according to the census of September, 1834, entitling her to one-eleventh part of the number, as near as might be—the total number of delegates being eighty-nine.

Although Lenawee county has increased more more than six-fold in population since 1834, or from 7,911, including Hillsdale county, to 46,084 in Lenawee alone, according to the census of 1874, yet such has been the comparatively more rapid growth of the newer and other portions of the state, that from holding then about one-eleventh part of the population, she now holds a little less than one-twenty-ninth. In the first state legislature of 1835–6, she was entitled to four representatives out of forty-nine, and has now only three out of a hundred; and in the state senate, out of a body of thirty-two, she has only one member.

To complete the history of the organization of townships in Lenawee county, it may be sufficient to add here that the state legislature of 1835–6, by an act approved March 23, 1836, provided for organizing the townships of Woodstock, Cambridge, Hudson and Dover with the same boundaries as at present, and Seneca, including what is now Seneca and Medina, and also proposed a township to be called Channing, but which never became organized, as almost the whole of it was included in the strip set off to Ohio by congress, and what was left of it was afterwards made part of the township of Ogden. In 1837 provision was made for the organization of the townships of Ogden and Medina, and in 1833 the name of the township ofL ogan was changed to Adrian, and that of Lenawee to Madison. In 1841 that part of the township of Macon, in town six south, and the south half of the southern tier of sections in town five south, was formed into the township of Ridgeway. In 1843, town eight and fractional town nine south, of range five west, was organized as Pottsdam, which was changed in 1844 to Riga. And in 1867, out of the southeastern portion of Ridgeway and some of the northeastern portion of Blissfield, there was carved out the township of Deerfield. And in conclusion of the history of the division of the county into organized townships, it may be added that in 1869 the old six-mile square township of Tecumseh was divided into two—the north half being formed into the township of Clinton, and the south half retaining the name of Tecumseh.

In this sketch of the settlement of Lenawee county, I have thus far confined myself principally to the laying off and organizing of the county into townships, deeming that this would serve to indicate in a more authentic and reliable form than any other, perhaps, the progress of settlement and consequent demand for local municipal governments. In the earlier stages I have given at length the full wording of the territorial laws relating to this county, as being much less known and less accessible than the more recent state legislation, and also so as to show what counties had been organized in the territory previously to the laying off and naming of Lenawee county, and what other counties were laid off and organized at the same time, thus defining, as it were, its relative age and place in the history of the territory and state. The result of the municipal legislation respecting the county has been, that commencing with three townships in 1827, the twenty surveyed towns and five small fractions graciously left us by congress on our southern border out of the area originally belonging to the county, it has been organized into twenty-two townships and a city of four wards,—giving us a board of supervisors or county legislature of twenty-six members. It ought, perhaps, to be remarked here, that until the large immigration from the state of New York the counties of the territory were governed by commissioners, a system adopted from the state of Ohio; and the county commissioner system was again enacted in the Fletcher code, so-called, or revised statutes of 1838; but was repealed in 1842, and the county boards of supervisors again re-established.

It may perhaps be well here to state that in the "proclamation" of Gov. Cass, and in all the territorial laws as printed, which relate to the county of Lenawee, except in one of the latest acts of the council, the name is spelled with one "e" in the final syllable; but in the proceedings of the convention to form the first state constitution and all subsequent state laws and documents, it has been spelled with two "ee's" at the end of the word.

The name "Lenawee" is said to be from a Shawnee word, meaning "Indian;" so that the memory of the red man may be said to be held in remembrance in the name of this county, although he has now left us, leaving behind him but few traces of his occupancy. The principal memento of his residence here, which I have heard of or seen, was a plat of ground on the north bank of the river Raisin, in the northeast corner of that portion of the village of Tecumseh known as Brownsville. It was laid out in the form of a square and a circle, with an opening from the one to the other where they joined—the trails all leading to and from the circle, and both parts having an embankment of about four feet in height, and having, in the centre of the circular part a pit five or six feet deep. By digging in the bottom of this pit, nothing especial was found except some charcoal or charred wood. When the white settlers first came here there were some cedar posts in the outer embankment, and there were evidences of the place being quite often used for meetings or gatherings of some kind; but the Indians seemed always reluctant to say anything about the objects for which it was used; and whether for war-dances, or worship, or some ceremonies of medicine men, it would be difficult to tell or guess. It was generally spoken of by the early settlers as the Indian dancing ground—some thought that it might be the burial place of some chief; but this was all a matter of mere conjecture or surmise.

The only other relics of the red race found in Lenawee county or the adjacent county, so far as I know, are some flint arrow-heads or other small articles, and some scattered human bones, plowed or dug up in the fields and highways, and an occasional patch of corn ground or garden bed, or some small mounds; but nothing that could be considered as the work of the pre-historic race of the "Mound-builders," who have left to the south and west of this state so many large works of undoubted antiquity, as well as evident proofs that the copper mines of our upper peninsula had been worked by them.

It is well known to all the old settlers of the county that, from the time of the first laying out and platting of the village of Adrian, there grew up quite a strife between it and Tecumseh for the final location of the county seat. Tecumseh had the start of Adrian by about two years, and had obtained the advantage of having had the county seat first established there by the territorial legislature, and thus kept rather ahead of Adrian in population and improvements for the first ten or twelve years of their growth. By the state census of 1837, the township of Tecumseh had a population of 2,462; whilst Logan township, (afterwards changed to Adrian), and including the village of Adrian, had 1,962—and Raisin township, lying between them, had about 1,076, about equally divided in interest as between the two villages, but leaning strongly towards Adrian, on account of the influence of Darius Comstock being thrown actively and powerfully in favor of his son's interests as the founder of the village of Adrian. It is related by W. A. Whitney, editor of the Adrian Press, in an article upon the subject of the celebration of the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of Gen. Brown, held at the Exchange hotel, in Tecumseh, on the 26th of November last, that he well remembered a conversation between the General and Darius Comstock, when the latter inquired: "Does thee really think, Joseph, that thee has a better place at Tecumseh for the county seat than we have at Adrian?" "No," said the General, "but we have a much better water power, and will keep the county seat also if we can." But the geographical position of Adrian, being so much nearer the centre of the county, and the then near completion of the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad from Toledo to Adrian, built largely by means of capital furnished by Adrian and vicinity, decided the question in favor of Adrian; and the old feeling of rivalry between the two places has long since ceased to exist, or to show any evidence of even being much remembered.

The removal of the seat of justice of the county from Tecumseh to Adrian was provided for by an act of the first state legislature, approved March 21, 1836, to take effect from and after the first Monday of November, 1838. The location was to be made upon lands previously conveyed to the county by Addison J. Comstock, or upon such other lands as might be conveyed for that purpose, and accepted by the board of supervisors. And the board were authorized to fix the site of the county buildings, and to negotiate for the erection thereof a loan not exceeding ten thousand dollars, for a term of not over ten years, and at an interest not exceeding seven per cent. per annum. In the same year, by an act approved seven days later, the village of Adrian was incorporated as a civil municipality, being the first chartered village in the county. This was followed, in March, 1837, by an act to incorporate the village of Tecumseh—both acts taking effect on the first Monday of May succeeding the passage of the respective acts. In 1853, the village of Adrian, including some adjoining lands from the townships of Adrian and Madison, was incorporated as a city, superseding the township governments, on and after the first Monday of April following, so far as lands embraced within the city limits were concerned.

As connected somewhat with the question of the removal of the county seat, and as showing the growth and standing of the several townships in the county at the time of taking the first state census in October, 1837, I have prepared a table taken from the results of that census, showing the population, the number of saw-mills, of grist-mills, and of merchants, etc., in each township, thus indicating in an authentic and semi-official form the relative progress up to that time of the several portions of the county in population and business. Ridgeway was then, and until 1841, included in the township of Macon; Riga (first called Pottsdam) was still a part of Blissfield, and Deerfield, when organized as a separate township in 1867, was formed in part from Blissfield and in part from Ridgeway—and Clinton then, and until 1869, was part of the township of Tecumseh. The table is made up in the order of the organization of the several townships, up to the time of the taking of the census:

Organized.	NAME.	Population.	Saw Mills.	Grist Mills.	Merchants.
1827	Blissfield, - - - - - -	559	2	1	3
1827	Logan (Adrian), - - - - -	1,962	6	3	28
1827	Tecumseh, - - - - - -	2,462	7	3	24
1833	Franklin - - - - - -	988	2	0	0
1834	Fairfield, - - - - - -	293	0	0	0
1834	Macon, - - - -	1,111	0	1	4
1834	Madison, - - - - - -	1,151	3	0	2
1834	Palmyra, - - - - - -	898	2	1	2
1834	Raisin, - - - - - - -	1,076	0	0	0
1835	Rollin, - - - - - -	508	2	1	2
1835	Rome, - - - - - -	826	0	0	0
1836	Woodstock, - - - - -	541	0	1	0
1836	Cambridge, - - - - - -	523	3	1	1
1836	Dover, - - - - - -	680	0	0	0
1836	Hudson, - - - - - -	333	2	1	1
1836	Seneca, - - - - - -	431	0	0	1
1837	Medina, - - - - - -	420	3	2	3
1837	Ogden, - - - - - -	198	0	0	0
	Total, - - - - - -	14,871	32	15	71

Not included in the table, there were in Adrian village, one cabinet factory, one pottery, one tannery, and one iron foundry.

And in Tecumseh, two carding machines, one cloth dressing shop, and one distillery, and an iron foundry in Clinton.

By consulting the history of Jefferson county, N. Y., the county from which Musgrove Evans, J. W. Brown, and so many others of the first settlers of Lenawee county came, I find that Musgrove Evans had been employed in 1811 or earlier, as a surveyor, by a Mr. LeRay, a French nobleman, who owned a large tract of land in Jefferson county, and that in 1818 Mr. Evans was also acting as land agent for Mons. LeRay, and was the means of bringing on quite a number of Quaker families from Philadelphia or vicinity. He also acted as one of the three commissioners appointed by the legislature of New York, under an act authorizing "James

LeRay de Chaumont to build a turnpike from Cape Vincent to Perch river, at or near where the state road crossed the same, in the town of Brownville." He was also acting as postmaster at Chaumont, in Jefferson county, in 1823, when he came to Michigan with a view to engage in the survey of the public lands then being made in the territory, or to look out a location where to found a settlement. At Detroit or Monroe he met Austin E. Wing, then a resident of the latter place, and who was connected with Mr. Evans and the Brown family by marriage, and was advised by him as to where he could find the best water power in southern Michigan. This led him to explore the country along the upper waters of the River Raisin, and to select lands embracing the mill sites now occupied by the Brownville and the Globe mills at Tecumseh. After this selection, he and Mr. Wing found the necessity of looking round for some active out-door business manager to embark with them in the enterprise of building up a village, and erecting saw mills and grist mills, and making other improvements needed for the accommodation of a new settlement in the wilderness. They finally pitched upon their relative and friend, Joseph W. Brown, if they could induce him to go in with them. And certainly no better pioneer for such a purpose could well have been found. After going through all the hardships and privations necessarily attendant on such an enterprise, he has long survived both his partners—Mr. Wing having died at Cleveland, Ohio, in August, 1869, and Mr. Evans after the death of his wife, at Tecumseh, went to Texas, where he soon caught a fever which carried him off. His two sons, both seeming to be imbued with the spirit of adventure of their father, had previously gone to the republic of Texas, and were both killed at the battle of the Alamo, bravely fighting for the liberty and independence of their adopted country.

Although the Hon. Austin E. Wing, of the firm of Wing, Evans & Brown, was not himself strictly a settler in Lenawee county, yet as he was largely identified with its early history, and as Monroe and Lenawee were virtually all one county for the first two or three years of the settlement of the latter, he may be considered in some sense as a Lenawee county pioneer. He was the delegate in congress from the territory of Michigan for two terms, or the four years from 1825 to 1829. His predecessor in 1823, and his competitor in 1825, was the Rev. Gabriel Richard, (pronounced Reesh-aur), pastor of the French Catholic Church in Detroit, and who, as chaplain of the legislative council prayed, it is said, that they might "make laws for de peops, and not for demselves;" and who is said to have given notice, at the close of service on Sundays, of pony races on the ice or other pastimes. This, if so, was only in accordance with the then and present practice in France, to consider the latter part of Sunday as the principal time for theatrical performances, operas, concerts and sports, as well as for political elections.

Mr. Wing, it is said, owed his first election in 1825 to some fourteen votes cast for A. E. Wing in Tecumseh, being all the votes then given in the county, and for which he had to procure the affidavits of each of the voters that they so voted, and that the votes were intended for "Austin E. Wing," in order to have them counted for him. Mr. Wing was succeeded in 1829 by Major John Biddle, of Detroit; and he by Lucius

Lyon in 1831, who remained the territorial delegate until he was elected to the United States senate by the first state legislature.

The United States land-office for the sale of government land in Lenawee county was opened at Monroe in 1823. The district included the counties of Monroe and Lenawee, and the south tier of surveyed towns in Washtenaw and in part of Jackson county. The first land taken up in Lenawee county was entered by Austin E. Wing in March, 1824, to wit: The west half of northwest quarter, section twenty-seven, the east half of northeast quarter, section twenty-eight, and the west half of northeast quarter, section thirty-four, town five south, range four east. These were entered by him in advance of the arrival of Messrs. Evans, Brown, and others, who were coming on in the spring of that year, in order to secure for himself and partners the control of the water power of the Raisin at the points where the Brownville dam and race and the Globe mill-pond now are. The men of the party arrived in May of that year, coming in by the Chicago trail from Detroit, following it by way of Saline until they struck the Raisin north of where the village of Clinton now is, and thence going south to a stream now known as Evans creek, which they followed to where it emptied into the Raisin. Soon after their arrival at the new proposed settlement a large body of lands was taken up—some additional lots by Mr. Wing for the firm of Wing, Evans & Brown, who laid out the original plat of the village of Tecumseh, in June, and had the seat of justice for the county there established. In the surveyed town in which the village was located, all of sections twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine and thirty-four were taken up in 1824, nearly all in May and June; also all of section thirty-three except two eighty-acre lots, which were entered early in the following year. The southeast quarter of section thirty-four was taken up on May 22, 1825 by Ezra F. Blood, being the land where he now lives, and has lived ever since he came to the territory. The southwest quarter of the said section was entered in June following by Peter Lowe, and is now the farm of Hon. P. Bills, to whom I am indebted for the use of a transcript of the sales book of the United States land-office for the old six-miles square town of Tecumseh, drawn off for him by T. M. Cooley, whilst Mr. C. was commencing the practice of law in Adrian. The east half of northwest quarter, section thirty-three, (now the Stacy farm), was taken up by Joseph Folsom, May 18, and the west half of the northwest quarter, (long known as the Bacon farm and lately owned by A. B. Ward, and now owned and occupied by Robert Cairns), was entered by Henry Bacon, May 27, 1824. The northeast quarter of section thirty-three, now embraced in the village of Tecumseh, was taken up May 24—the east half by Peter Lowe and the west half by John Hollister.

In letters written by Musgrove Evans to Gen. Brown, in the summer of 1824, whilst the latter was back in the state of New York, having returned there in order to bring on his family in the fall, he mentioned the rapidity with which lots were being taken up in the vicinity of the village and mill site, and expressed regret that Geo. Spofford had not come on in the spring with the rest of the party, as he feared that soon he would not be able to secure as good a location as they desired him to have. On August 27, 1824, he however entered the west half of southeast quarter, section thirty-three, being the west half of what has long been known as the Dr. Patterson farm, the east half of the same having been entered the month previous by Abner Spofford. In a letter dated "8th mo., 8th, 1824," Mr. Evans, after stating that it was a great pity and a great error that they had not made arrangements to secure more lands for themselves, says: "There is a man here by the name of Dexter, from Boston, who is buying for speculation, and I think will buy on the river above us. He has been up this morning and is pleased with the land. It is the very place where we ought to have had our timbered land, because it can come to the mill by water."

And I find from the tract-book that the west half of the northeast quarter and east half of northwest quarter, section twenty-eight, and the entire south half of section twenty-one, and west half of southwest quarter, section twenty-two, were entered August 11, 1824, by Samuel W. Dexter, of Greene county, N. Y., being the Dexter spoken of by Evans, and who afterward settled in Washtenaw county, and had the township and village of Dexter named after him.

These speculators do not seem to have been liked much better in those early days by actual settlers, than they have been ever since. Darius Comstock, on January 18, 1826, took up the southeast quarter section nineteen, in Tecumseh, not, I apprehend, for speculation, but, as I understood, for some relative or friend,—his own previous purchases and settlement being in what is now the township of Raisin, and about half way between Tecumseh and Adrian. In May and June, 1824, Jas. Patchen, who afterwards became the first sheriff of the county, took up the northwest quarter section thirty-five and the west half of southwest quarter twenty-six.

In the north half of the town, now the township of Clinton, except on section seventeen, on part of which the village of Newberg was laid out, and which was all taken up in the fall of 1824, by Thomas Goodrich and others, only a few lots were entered that year. The southwest quarter of section eight was entered November 13, 1824, by Ira Goodrich, and the west half of north-west one-fourth of that section and the west half of south-west one-fourth, section five, were entered November 25th, 1824, by James W. Cole. Most of the land on which the village of Clinton is situated, on section five, was taken up in September, 1825, by John Tyrrel, and part of the balance of what is now embraced in the village plat, by Amos Hixon, the same month, and the rest by Alpheus Kies, in September, 1828.

The balance of the government land in both halves of the town were taken up from time to time, in 1825 to 1836, in which latter year the last vacant government lands in the six miles square were entered. Although Mr. Tyrrel entered the lands intended for the village of Clinton, in the fall of 1825, yet he did not come on as a permanent settler until January, 1830, and was preceded, as a settler, by Col. Hixon and Capt. Kies, who had both built houses on their lands the year previous.

But it is time perhaps to proceed to glance at the first settlements in other parts of the county; and at the outset I would remark that the three early settlers, at whose houses the first three town meetings were held in 1827, will always be remembered as three of the most prominent and leading pioneers of the county. Hervey Bliss, after whom the township of Blissfield was named, was a native of Massachusetts, born in 1790. he moved to Ohio in 1814, and in 1816 to Monroe, then a hamlet of a few families; in the year following settling on land about thirteen miles up the river Raisin, and in 1824 came to Lenawee county, settling where the village of Blissfield is now located, cutting his way through heavy timber from Petersburg, in Monroe county, a distance of ten or more miles. But as the State Pioneer Society are already in possession of a sketch of the early settlement of that township, as read by James T. Kedzie, at a semi-centennial celebration of its settlement at the Bliss homestead there some two years ago, I need not here repeat the data there gathered, or go over the same ground. I would merely remark, in passing, that the growth of Blissfield was comparatively slow for a few years, as compared with Tecumseh and Adrian—partly on account of its being much more heavily timbered land, and partly because of the difficulty of getting in or out, until after the opening of the railroad from Toledo. But these drawbacks have long since been overcome.

Darius Comstock, at whose house the first town meeting for the then township of Logan was held, came to the territory in 1825, with his son, Addison J., afterwards the founder of the village of Adrian. He then took up quite a tract of land in what he denominated "Pleasant Valley," and which has been know as "the valley" ever since. He did not bring on his family for some time; he returned to Niagara county, N. Y., and remained there until early in 1826. In the meantime he had made arrangements with Gen. Brown to build him a log house, forty-five by twenty-six feet, with a space partitioned off at one end to be made into two bed-rooms. This was located near a spring, below where he afterwards built his two-story frame house. At the time he first entered the land, there were no settlers nearer than Tecumseh or its immediate vicinity—the village of Adrian having then no existence—not being settled or platted until after his and his son's return to the territory in 1826. In a letter from General Brown to his mother, dated February 26, 1826, after describing his own frame house in the village of Tecumseh, and mentioning what he was engaged in,—amongst other things in building a house for Darius Comstock, he says, in a subsequent part of the letter: "The D. Comstock that I mentioned is a Friend, of a large fortune, and much of a gentleman; he has been living with me for several weeks this winter. His place he calls 'Pleasant Valley;' it is four miles south of us, through an open country, where you may drive a post coach without cutting a tree. He has a large, fine family, and will be here with all of them in May. A Friend has bought near him, who will be here in the spring; and they bid fair to have a large Friend's settlement, and we anticipate much from the society of such neighbors."

Such, I suppose, General Brown thought would be acceptable news to his mother, who was herself a staunch member of the Society of Friends, as well as the others of the family, at his late home in the State of New York. Mr. Comstock was elected in 1827, the first supervisor of the town of Logan, and in 1835 was chosen as one of the eight delegates from the county to form the first state constitution; and he also served for one or more terms as supervisor of the township of Raisin. His last residence there now constitutes part of the buildings of the Raisin Valley Seminary.

In addition to what I have had occasion to say of Joseph W. Brown, at whose dwelling-house in Tecumseh the first town meeting for the organization of the township was held, as one of the firm of Wing, Evans & Brown, it ought perhaps to be mentioned that he was appointed by Gov. Cass, November 23, 1826, as "chief justice of the county court in and for the county of Lenawee," at the first organization of the county, but which position he soon after resigned, and was succeeded by Stillman Blanchard, late deceased. He was also appointed colonel of the eighth regiment of the Michigan militia, November 10, 1829, and by President Jackson (Gen. Cass being then secretary of war) May 10, 1832, as brigadier general of the third brigade of militia of the territory of Michigan. In virtue of these commissions and by appointment from the governor, or acting governor, of the territory, he acted as commander-in-chief of the Michigan troops, called out at the time of the Black Hawk war in 1832, and the Toledo war in 1835. Although of Quaker descent, in part, he seemed to have had a natural aptitude and taste for military life and tactics, like his elder and then more distinguished brother, Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown, of the United States army. And his sons also seemed to inherit the same inclination for military service and pioneer life. One of his sons, William A., went to California in an early stage of the American settlement of that country, and after building up an extensive express and banking business, was shot by a desperado, whom he had caused to be arrested as a robber. Another son, John T., went to Mexico during the war with that country, and after his return home to Tecumseh died of disease contracted whilst with the army in Mexico.

The only other son then left, Egbert B., served with distinction in the Union army during the late civil war, and rose by promotion to the rank of brigadier general. This son, though crippled for life in one arm from a severe wound, is still alive and well otherwise, living on a plantation on the Mississippi river, sixty or seventy miles above St. Louis. The old General himself, after all the hardships and privations and labors of a pioneer life in the wilderness—taking an active part in building and operating the first saw-mill and grist-mill in the county, besides farming, keeping hotel, and running lines of stages on the Chicago road and elsewhere—is still alive and with us, as a hale and hearty old gentleman of eighty-four years of age, taking quite an interest in all relating to the early history of the territory and state, and attending all the meetings of the County Pioneer Society.

Before proceeding to note some incidents concerning the early settlement of other parts of the county, besides the three first settled points above mentioned, it might be well to finish, as it were, the account of the first settlement of the present township of Raisin, of which the west, or main part, was included in the settlement of Darius Comstock and his associate friends. The eastern part of the town did not begin to be settled until 1830. In the spring of that year Robert Boyd and some three or four others started from Tecumseh, with Gen. Brown as a guide, to explore that part of the town, and Mr. Boyd soon after located the land where he now lives, and another young man of the party took up some land adjoining him. The nearest settlement to them on the south was at the village of Blissfield, distant about ten or twelve miles, through heavy timbered land. In 1831 quite a tide of immigration had set into this part of the township, mostly families of the Congregational or Presbyterian persuasion, being thus distinguished from the older, or west part of the town, which was mainly settled by members of the Society of Friends.

One of the earliest settlements in the county, after those in Tecumseh, Blissfield and Adrian, was made about where the village of Deerfield now stands, by William Kedzie, of Delhi, N. Y., in 1826, he having previously bought some government land there in 1824. He and his family of nine were followed in 1827–8 by Benjamin and D. H. Clark, Anthony McKey, Charles Miller, and others. In 1828 a postoffice was established, with William Kedzie as first postmaster, the postoffice being named "Kedzie's Grove," afterwards changed to Deerfield. After the death of Mr. Kedzie, which took place in the winter following, Anthony McKey was appointed postmaster. Mr. McKey was one of the most prominent men of the settlement, acting as farmer, surveyor and engineer, and served as a member of the state senate for two years in 1837 and 1838. The mail at first was carried on horseback from Monroe to Blissfield, by way of Deerfield, making weekly trips. Some of the early settlers in Deerfield and vicinity were over twenty days in getting through with teams from western and central New York—a trip which can now be made by railroad in about half as many hours. The first school-house was a log one, built in 1829; and now they have in that neighborhood a two-story brick one and five other good comfortable frame school-houses. For the first two or three years the early settlers had to go to Monroe to market, to mill, to postoffice, for a blacksmth shop, and for a doctor. It is related by one of the Kedzie family that one of them had once to go a distance of five miles on a winter morning for fire or the means of making one. And they were not the only pioneers of Lenawee county who had occasionally to go quite a distance on like errands, as those times were long before the days of friction matches. Another incident showing the difficulties and hardships of early pioneer life in Lenawee county was told by L. Ormsby, Esq., of Deerfield, at a meeting of the Kedzie family and others held there in August, 1876. He stated that Mr. Kedzie, the father, once took a grist to mill at Monroe, and when he got there the mill was out of repair and he had to bring it back unground. He then took it to Tecumseh, traveling through an almost unbroken wilderness with only marked trees and old Indian paths for his guides. The distance to Monroe and back, and then to Tecumseh and back, was about one hundred miles.

It may not be out of place here to give some idea of the then gristmill at Tecumseh, to which Mr. Kedzie had to go, and which was the first one in the county, and the only one for more than three years after it was built. Although the time of its erection, and the ingenious device by which the place of a pair of regular burr mill-stones was supplied by the manufacture of an upper and a nether mill-stone out of a large granite boulder, has been told by A. L. Millard, Esq.. of Adrian, in a paper furnished to your society, and being published among its proceedings, yet having before me the original contract between Wing, Evans & Brown, of the one part, and Turner Stetson of the other part, for the building of the mill, dated July 16, 1825, I thought that it might be well to state a few facts as to its size and cost, and other particulars.

The mill was to be twenty feet wide and twenty-five feet long, two and a half stories high—the first story thirteen feet high, the second eight feet in the clear, and from the top of the upper floor to the top of the plate four feet; the first story to be built separate from the upper, and of timber twelve inches square, braced in the strongest manner; each story to be of four bents; the whole building to be boarded with inch boards, over which the sides and ends to be clapboarded with whitewood or black-walnut, and the roof to be shingled with oak shingles. The contract also included provision for doors, windows, stairs, double floors, etc., for four and a half foot mill-stones, or in case the rock intended for them should get spoiled in the making, then the stones might be made of four foot diameter. The contract also provided for the gearing of the wheels, for elevators, and the taking of water from the west flume, etc. The whole of the timber used in the erection of the mill and flume to be of sound oak. The foundation to be dug deep enough to receive the mill, which was to rest on three mud-sills. The party of the second part was to do all the work, and put said mill in complete and perfect operation by the first of January next, (January, 1826). The parties of the first part were to pay therefor $125 by the 20th instant, and $125 by the first of January next; and to assign to the second party two subscriptions drawn by the inhabitants of Tecumseh, and dated June 1, 1825, amounting to about $200 in cash, labor and materials; also to furnish all the irons and glass, and give said second party the use of the tools to make the stones, and to give the free use of their saw mill, time enough to saw all the timber and boards for the erection of the above mill and flume. The parties of the first part were also to furnish all the timber in the woods, except the whitewood and black-walnut, and to give the use of their wheels to draw the logs. On the back of the contract are endorsed a receipt for the above mentioned subscriptions at the date of the contract, and one for the first $125, as paid August 2, 1825. The other $125 was paid on the completion of the work and its acceptance.

The mill, it will be seen, was on a small scale, but with regard to milling as well as many other matters, it was the day of small things, but adapted to the wants of an infant settlement, and towards which almost every one in the community gladly contributed. After the erection of other and larger mills, it was known as the "old pocket mill." The second grist mill of the county was the red mill of Comstock & Dean at the village of Adrian, built in 1829.

The surveyed towns nearest to the villages of Adrian and Tecumseh were naturally the first to attract immigration and to become settled. The town now called Madison, and of which a portion near the northeast corner was included in the village, and is now part of the city of

Adrian, began to be settled in 1827—Nelson and Curran Bradish being the first settlers. Nelson built the first log house, and his wife was the first white woman to settle in the township. Their son Myron, born in April, 1830, was the first white child born in the town. Calvin Bradish built the first saw mill. The township when first organized was called Lenawee, but in 1838 was changed to Madison.

One of the first settlers in the township of Macon, and who is said to have entered the first land in the town, was John Pennington, who moved there in 1831 from the township of Raisin—but Peter Sones is said to have made the first actual settlement and improvement. Among the most prominent of the early settlers of Macon were Israel Pennington, the first postmaster, and Dr. Joseph Howell, who built the first frame house in the township. After the organization of the township of Franklin, which embraced all directly west of the present town of Tecumseh, Mr. Pennington and Dr. Howell, and others, circulated a petition for the organization of a new township on the east of Tecumseh, which was acted upon by the Legislative Council in the spring of 1834, and the township of Macon was then organized, including the surveyed town east of Tecumseh, and also the town south of that. Dr. Howell was one of the eight delegates from Lenawee county in 1835, to the convention to form the first state constitution. He and the writer of this sketch, also then a delegate to that convention, are still living and residents of the county. Another delegate from the county to the same convention, Joseph H. Patterson, of Raisin, is, or was until lately, also still alive, but had become a resident of St. Joseph county.

As already noted, the present township of Ridgeway, including a portion afterwards set off as part of Deerfield, was until 1841 included in the town of Macon. On the first Monday of April, in that year, Ridgeway was first organized as a separate township—the whole number of votes then cast being eighty, which were all given for Augustus W. Montgomery as supervisor. For the first ten years after the organization of the township, he and F. A. Kennedy, another prominent citizen and early settler, seemed to be elected alternately every year or two, to the office of supervisor, except in 1850, when Mr. Kennedy was a member of the house of representatives, for Lenawee county. The present town clerk of Ridgeway, Mr. Jay A. Santus, writes me that of all elected to office at the first town meeting or then holding office, Mr. Montgomery, Sanford House and Joshua Waring alone remain, "all others having since died or removed." Jonathan Hall may be considered as one of the very first settlers of the town, as he commenced in the spring of 1828 to clear up the farm where he still lives, and has resided for nearly fifty years. About the same time or a little earlier, a Mr. Martin settled on the prairie part of the town, but his house was burned down the ensuing fall, and was not rebuilt. The town was but little settled until 1833, when a company from Seneca county, New York, and another from Yorkshire, England, came in.

The present township of Palmyra remained a part of Blissfield until 1834, but began to be settled along the river as early as 1826. The first saw mill in Palmyra was built in 1834; and a large flouring mill with four run of stones was built in 1836–7, costing about $60,000, mostly furnished by Toledo capitalists. It was burned in 1870, and has not been rebuilt. George Crane was the first supervisor of the town when organized; a man of wealth and enterprise, and who aided very materially in means to build the railroad from Toledo to Adrian, which ran through the township and village, and through some of his own lands—Crane's hill, so called, being the first grade outside of Toledo to try the powers of the locomotives, when drawing heavy trains of cars. Judge A. R. Tiffany was also one of the prominent early settlers of the township, and was chosen as one of the eight delegates from the county to the constitutional convention of 1835, and was also elected to that of 1850, and was a member of the house of representatives in 1855–6; he was prosecuting attorney of the county in 1834–5; judge of probate for eight years, from 1836 to 1844; and was the author of two standard works on justice of the peace practice, and of one on criminal law, etc. He died in Palmyra, January 14, 1868.

In the south and southwest part of the county, the first land entered in Fairfield was in 1830, and the first house built was built in 1831. In Senaca the first houses were built in 1832, and the village of Morenci was laid out, and its first settlements commenced in 1835. The first settlers in the town of Medina, moved in there in May and June, 1834. In the southeast part of the county, the town of Ogden began to be actively settled in 1836, though some scattering settlements were made several years earlier. There were some settlers moving into the south part of Riga in 1836, but the north part was but little settled until Roswell W. Knight and others moved into it in 1839. Mr. Knight got a station on the E. & K. R. R., named Knight's station, and was the active and leading business man there for many years. After his death the name of the station was changed to Riga.

The first settlement of Hudson and Rollin, and of what was known in early days as the Bean creek country, was not really commenced until 1833, although one man from Seneca county, N. Y., had entered in June, 1831, an eighty-acre lot in what is now the township of Rollin, and Addison J. Comstock, of Adrian, in May, 1832, had entered another eighty-acre lot in the same town. But neither of these locations had been settled on until other lands had been entered in Hudson and Rollin, and some actual settlements commenced. The first house built in the Bean creek valley was in the Ames-Kidder settlement, in October, 1833, a log house, sixteen by twenty-two feet, which accommodated twenty-six persons, by their sleeping on the floor in two rows. Hiram Kidder, one of the first settlers of Hudson, had previously, in 1831, been a settler in Raisin, and helped to pioneer the first settlers to the Bean creek country. Soon after the building of the first log house the settlers began to get out of provisions, and had to dispatch two of their number to Adrian for supplies, a distance of sixteen to eighteen miles, which journey there and back they accomplished in five days, sleeping at nights under their wagon, and cutting their way in places through the woods, as they went by a different route from that by which they moved in. Stephen Lapham had previously, in May of that year, built a shanty in the town of Rollin, and moved Levi Thompson into it, who thus became, as it were, the first actual settler in the Bean creek country. Mr. Kidder and Beriah H. Lane built the first two saw-mills in the valley, and Mr. Lane also built the first frame house in Hudson, in November, 1835. About this time they got up a petition for the organization of the township of Hudson, but as the state legislature only sat six days in November of that year, the petition and all other such business had to lay over until the legislature met again in February, 1836.

I was not aware, until looking over the proceedings of the special meeting of the County Pioneer Society, held in Hudson in September last, that a book on the early settlement of the "Bean Creek Valley" had been published. Such, however, I found to be the case, and I have been indebted to F. A. Dewey, Esq., president of our County Pioneer Society, for a perusal of a copy then presented to him by the author, James J. Hogaboam, Esq., of Hudson. I found it a book of about 150 pages, full of incidents of the early days of the settlement of that part of Lenawee county, including also some sketches of the settlement of nine towns on the Hillsdale side of the county line, and in a supplement, besides some other memoranda, there is a copy of the address of S. C. Stacy, Esq., editor of the Tecumseh Herald, giving a full and detailed account of the first two years of Tecumseh as a white man's country, up to July 4, 1826. With such ample means for obtaining further detail than could properly be embraced in one short paper, I think that the State Pioneer Society will hold me excused from further specifications in this part of my address.

I am indebted to Gen. Brown for some reminiscences of an exploration trip made in the spring of 1826, by himself and three others from Tecumseh to the Cary mission, on the St. Joseph river, opposite to where the city of Niles now stands. And I have thought it would be well to give here a few particulars of the trip, as it was made in what was nominally a part of Lenawee county for about three years after the organization of the county; and the General says that he has never before furnished any account of it, and I had certainly never seen or heard of any notice of it. Dr. M. A. Patterson, in an address to the Raisin Valley Historical Society, stated that the original plat of the village of Niles was recorded in the first volume of the registry of deeds for Lenawee county—a rather striking proof of the extent of country embraced in the county in those early days.

The Cary mission was a rather noted point at that time, and the party were anxious to see for themselves what the character of the intervening country was, there being different rumors as to its capability for settlement and cultivation. The party consisted of Gen. Brown, his brother-in-law, Musgrove Evans, Dr. Caleb N. Ormsby, then in Tecumseh as a physician, and Horace Wolcott, from Connecticut, who had come to Michigan the year before to settle as a merchant or Indian trader. They set out in the month of May on horseback, with ten days' provisions, taking the Indian trail on the north side of Evans creek. After passing the lake at the head of the creek, which had previously been named after Mr. Evans, they came upon another small lake, which they all thought was the prettiest sheet of water for its size and surroundings they had ever seen. They had some discussion as to what it should be named, and finally agreed upon calling it "Sand lake." They were about (as was the habit then) to christen it by that name, in some tonic they had taken along as medicine, but by some mishap their tonic-bottle had all leaked out, and that part of the ceremony was omitted. They there took the Chicago trail, on or near the present line of the Chicago road, intending to follow it to the Cary mission. None of the land west of Lenawee county was then in market, nor was the country even laid off into counties for more than three years afterwards. They crossed the upper part of the St. Joseph river about where the village of Jonesville now is. After leaving Tecumseh they found no settlers or white persons until they came to White Pigeon prairie, where they found a man by the name of Hale, located there as a "squatter," there being no land there to be purchased at that time. The first land offered for sale in what is now the counties of Hillsdale, Branch and St. Joseph being in October, 1828, and in Cass and Berrien in June, 1829, and in 1831.

At the time of the Sauk war, in 1832, when Gen. Brown went west, he found the same Mr. Hale on Door prairie, Indiana, having a well cultivated farm and good buildings, and was invited to stay over night with him, which he did.

Further on in their trip they found a Mr. Beardsley, on what they called Beardsley's prairie; he had come up from Indiana with cattle, horses, sheep, etc. Whilst the party were there they saw a flock of sheep running for home with some wolves chasing them. Mr. Beardsley and his boys set their dogs after the wolves, and they kept them off from the sheep, and then went off after the wolves and had not returned when Gen. B. and the party went on. Here they turned aside a little from the direct Chicago trail, in order to call upon an Indian trader named Coutieau, a Frenchman, living near or a little south of where the village of Bertrand is now, and who had been at Tecumseh on an Indian trading expedition, and had there met Gen. B. and some of the others. They took dinner with Mons. Coutieau and his wife, both French Catholics, and friendly and polite people. From this trading post they went on in the afternoon to Cary mission, a distance of about ten miles. It happened to be Sunday when they arrived there, and they found about one hundred Indian boys enjoying themselves outdoors, who were pleased to see four white men ride up on horseback; and they expressed their delight in Indian boy fashion, hooting and yelling, and taking hold of the bridles and stirrups, and even of the ponies' tails, which they were allowed to do, as the party knew that they meant no mischief, but rather friendship by it. Gen. Brown rode a large saddle-horse, which he had brought from the east, and the boys did not seem to want to take hold of his tail, as they did of those of the Indian ponies, which the rest of the party rode, and to which kind of horses they were more accustomed. The party stayed some time at the mission, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. McCoy, the principal of the station, and his wife. They and the other missionaries and their wives, and the assistants, seemed to live in common with the Indians—only that there was some difference between the supply of the table "above the salt" for the whites at their end of the table, from what it was "below the salt" for the Indians at their end, as well as some difference in manners and fashion of eating. The mission had a large, well-cultivated farm, with twelve milch cows on it, and other stock in proportion. The party saw a large batteau on the river, and upon inquiry as to whose it was, they were told that it was Mr. Coutieau's, which he had lent to them to bring some goods up the river. The mission was a Baptist institution, established for the conversion and civilization of the Indians. They had a large store full of goods and supplies, getting, however, most of their living from the farm and plenty of game from the Indians. After the treaty held there in 1828 the Indians moved west, and Mr. McCoy and some of the missionaries went with them. Whilst the party were there Mr. McCoy had inquired of Gen. Brown if he knew of any young man who could be got to come out there, and who would make a good business manager for them. Gen. B. replied that he thought perhaps he could find some one, and on his return home he spoke to Calvin Britain, then a young man in his own employ, and induced him to go out to the mission in the capacity wanted. Mr. Britain remained there some time, and afterwards moved down to the mouth of the St. Joseph river, and became a prominent business man and politician, serving as state senator in the first and second state legislatures, and in other public positions.

On their return to Tecumseh the party came back direct by the Chicago trail, until they came to the last crossing of the St. Joseph river, near where Jonesville now is, finding Messrs. Beardsley and Hale still the only white settlers on the route. On the way back, near the above crossing, they encountered a severe rain storm, and their punk and everything being wet, they found it impossible to make a fire, so they slept with their heads on their saddles and covered themselves with such blankets as they had along with them. Here they were told of a trail to Tecumseh, said to be shorter and better than the one by which they came out. This went round by lake Manitoo, as the Indians called it, or Devil's lake, as it was afterwards named by the white settlers, as they thought the Manitoo of the Indians was more of a devil than of a good spirit. When they came to the passage between the two lakes, as they thought that their horses would not wander off very far, they all took off their saddles and bridles, so as to rest their horses better. In the morning they found them all gone, but getting on their tracks, they found them about a mile off. As soon as possible they got under way, and put for home by the most direct and quickest route they could find.

As a conclusion to this account of his exploration trip in 1826, before there were any white settlers west of Tecumseh, and as a contrast therewith, the General tells of a short trip made by him in September last, from Tecumseh to Hudson, by way of Cambridge. A county pioneer meeting was to be held at Hudson on Tuesday, September 25th, 1877, and Gen. B. was invited on the Monday previous, by F. A. Dewey, president of the Lenawee County Pioneer Society, to go home with him to his residence in Cambridge, to stay over night, and to ride with him across the country to Hudson the next day, which invitation Gen. B. gladly accepted, as it would afford him an opportunity of contrasting the present situation of the northwestern part of Lenawee county with what it was fifty-one years ago in its then wilderness state. Instead of wild and solitary woods and timbered openings, he now found the whole route covered by improved and highly cultivated farms, with not only comfortable houses, barns, etc., but in many cases large and elegant frame and brick dwellings; where, in 1826, the only evidences of human occupancy were a few scattered Indian trails, and where the only travel by white persons had been by the land surveying parties, or perhaps an occasional Indian trader, he now found every mile or so well traveled roads, interspersed every few miles with school houses and churches, and all the other evidences of a thickly settled, rich and prosperous community. On passing between Round and Devil's lakes, instead of the open and apparently unoccupied "waste of waters" which he found in 1826, he now found on one of them some fifty pleasure boats, and on the adjoining shore a group of picnic tables long enough to accommodate at a time five hundred or more people, and a ball-room large enough for fifty or more couples at once. And all this change and much more was the result of improvements made not only since 1826, but in reality since 1833, when the first white settlements were made in or near Hudson, or in the Bean Creek valley.

How the name of "Tecumseh" came to be applied to the village by its first proprietors is thus graphically told in an address prepared for the Raisin Valley Historical Society by the late Dr. M. A. Patterson, and for the use of the MSS. copy of which I am indebted to his family. He says:

"When Musgrove Evans, Austin E. Wing and others were partaking of a rural dinner, in quite a primitive way, under the branches of a spreading oak that grew near the center of our old village ground—then without a name or a permanent white inhabitant—the question arose: 'What shall we call this embryo village?' Evans remarked, after objecting to several other names as too romantic, far-fetched, or meaningless, 'Why not call it Tecumseh?' 'That will not answer', replied one of the party, 'Tecumseh fought for the British and was a British Indian.' 'Thee is mistaken,' quietly answered Friend Musgrove, 'Tecumseh fought on his own account and for his own people. Tecumseh was nature's Indian.' 'That's a fact,' exclaimed Wing, 'and one of nature's noblest specimens of a red man.' This emphatic remark decided the question, and before rising from their rural repast our village had a name."

Such is the story of the first naming of the village as told by the Doctor, and as undoubtedly told to him by some of the parties concerned, as he well knew them all—being the first physician who came to settle permanently in the north part of the county, as Dr. Ormsby, who had previously come to Tecumseh, removed to Adrian in 1827; and Dr. Patterson was long the leading physician in Tecumseh and vicinity, having continued there the practice of his profession for nearly fifty years, and until about a year prior to his decease in April last.

In the address there is much of interest well and eloquently told, and many passages that I had intended to copy or condense, had time and space permitted—particularly his vivid, picture-like sketch of the pursuit and capture by the Tecumseh posse, under deputy sheriff Wm McNair, of some of the Ohio commissioners and surveyors who were running, in the spring of 1835, the line as claimed by that state along the south part of Lenawee county, and which the Doctor called the first scene in the drama of the Toledo war. But I must forbear; and I do so with the less regret because I have ascertained, since I came into possession of this manuscript, that the address was read before the R. V. Historical Society in June, 1868, and was published in one or both of the Tecumseh papers at the time.

Notwithstanding the Doctor's learned and able argument to prove and show the importance of collecting the data for history whilst the actors and witnesses of the events recorded were still alive, and his evident desire and wish to have the facts correctly stated in regard to the early settlement of the county, or of the Raisin valley, yet I find that by some means or other he made one or two slips or mistakes in his address. In the latter portion of his remarks on the boundary dispute with Ohio, he speaks of Ohio with her twelve votes in congress being politically strong, and in this he is followed, I see, by A. L. Millard, Esq., in his centennial address of July 4, 1876, which is being published in the first volume of the State Pioneer Society's papers. How they should both have fallen into the same error I cannot well conceive, as Ohio never had at any one time an exact "twelve votes in congress." From the time of her admission as a state, in 1802 until 1812, when the apportionment under the census of 1810 took effect, she had one member of the house, giving her three electoral votes. In 1812 she had seven electoral votes; in 1816 and 1820 she had eight electoral votes; in 1824 and 1828 she had sixteen electoral votes; and in 1832, 1836 and 1840 she had twenty-one electoral votes, being nineteen for her members in the house and two for her members in the senate. From that time until 1864 she had twenty-three electoral votes; and for 1864 and 1868 twenty-one votes; and for 1872 and 1876, twenty-two votes.

The error as to her number of votes in congress in 1825–6 may be deemed of minor importance; for whether she is spoken of as having "twelve votes," or as having "nineteen," as she in reality had at the time of the action on our boundary question, she was comparatively strong and powerful as compared with Michigan, with only a single delegate and no vote in either branch of congress. Still, when allusion is made to the relative political strength of the then great and powerful state of Ohio, and the then voteless and almost voiceless territory of Michigan, it is best to state the facts correctly. Gov. Lucas' boast of being backed by a "million of freemen," if by that he meant to include the whole poopulation of the state, was no idle boast, as Ohio in 1830 had over 937,000 inhabitants, and in 1835 must have had considerably over a million; whilst Michigan in 1834, by the territorial census, had less than 100,000.

Another error occurs in the Doctor's address, which I was rather more surprised to see, because it related to a matter more at home, and as to which I should have supposed that every old settler in the county would have known the correct state of affairs. Speaking of the first period of seven years from the commencement of the settlement of the county, he says: "Within this period two towns only were organized in Lenawee county, under the names of Tecumseh and Logan." Now, under the same territorial enactment which provided for the organization of those two towns, the organization of the township of Blissfield was authorized, and as will be seen by the historical sketch of that town, prepared by James T. Kedzie, and read by him at the semi-centennial gathering at the old Bliss homestead some two years ago, and which is being published amongst the papers of your society, the township of Blissfield was organized in May, 1827, at the same time as the other two town meetings were to be held—Mr. Hervey Bliss, at whose house the town meeting was held, and twelve other voters officiating as the political fathers of the township, all of whose names are given by Mr. Kedzie.

Such mistakes as those above noted, having occurred in elaborately prepared addresses, and many others of a like or worse kind which I have heard made in casual conversations, led me to the conclusion that in a sketch of the early history of the county the best way, and the most reliable, would be to have recourse, as far as practicable, to the published laws and official documents of the time. And I have accordingly done so, more especially as respects the territorial legislation.

As I have been led to turn critic or reviewer of other addresses, as well as sketch-writer of one of my own, I beg leave to allude to another slip, to which my attention was called by General Brown. In Mr. Millard's centennial address, in speaking of the split granite rock, or boulder, out of which the mill-stones for the first grist-mill at Tecumseh were made, he says, "the smaller fragment serving as the upper stone, and the larger as the lower;" whereas, the fact was just the reverse, the larger piece being used for the upper stone, as any practical mill-wright would have told him that it should be. As to the splitting of the rock, the General thinks it was not caused by the weight of the tree in falling, but by fire, the tree having been found burned off over the top of the boulder.

Whilst noting some slips in prior addresses, as published, in regard to the early settlement of the county, I thought that it might be well to notice some which occur in the "Historical Atlas of Lenawee County," a work got up three or four years ago by a Philadelphia firm, and purporting to be published in Chicago. The same error, substantially, heretofore noted as occurring in Dr. Patterson's address takes place in this "Atlas." Speaking about the first organization of Lenawee county and its being detached from Monroe, it is stated that the county was divided into two towns, Tecumseh and Logan; whereas, the fact was that the township of Blissfield was organized at the same time as the other two towns. Another error occurs in the "Atlas," where it states that the county seat was removed to Adrian in 1835. The act for that purpose was not passed until March, 1836, and the removal not to take place until November, 1838. In another paragraph the "Atlas" says that "in 1828 the first school-house in the county was built in Adrian." From the best information that I can obtain in reference to this matter the fact is that the first school-house in the county was a private one built by Messrs. Evans & Brown in 1825, mainly for the accommodation of their own children, there being five in each family. The school was taught by Mrs. George Spafford, then living with the two families in the original log house. The school-house, twelve feet square, was built of tamarack logs, and was afterwards used by Evans & Brown as an office. In the fall of 1825 a frame public school-house was built on a lot a little west of the old "Park square," so called, in the original village plat of Tecumseh, where the new east branch and intermediate school is now located. In that frame school-house the first regular term of a public school was taught in the winter of 1825–6 by George Taylor, and was the one in which Miss Blackmar was teaching prior to her marriage to Mr. Ezra F. Blood. Thus, besides the private school-house in Brownville, erected by Messrs. Evans & Brown, there was a regular public school in Tecumseh before the village of Adrian was ever platted.

Many other errors occur in the historical part of the "Atlas," such as saying that Michigan was admitted into the union in 1836,—whereas the act of congress provided for her admission as a state, was not passed until January, 1837. The farm of Mr. Blood they locate on section twenty-four, instead of section thirty-four. These and some other such mistakes may be the results in part of misprints. On the whole the Atlas may perhaps be considered about as correct as could be expected of a work got up as that was. Many of the lithographs of residences contained in the work, may be what the owners contemplated that they should ultimately be, but can hardly be said to be correct representations of the buildings or grounds at the time of the publication of the work.

Besides the well known pioneer of the county, Gen. Joseph W. Brown, who, notwithstanding his advanced age, is still with us, we have also another of the veternan pioneers of 1824. Ezra F. Blood, who came in with Messrs. Evans and Brown, and the first party of settlers in the spring of that year, and who, almost immediately after arrival, took up the same quarter section of land, on which he then settled, and where he has continued to live ever since. He was born in New Hampshire October 28, 1797, and had moved to the state of New York in 1819, soon after he became of age. He came here in 1824, still a young unmarried man, and remained a bachelor for fully five years after his arrival,—some of the other settlers who had families in the meantime keeping house for him.

On the 12th of January, 1830, he was united in marriage to Miss Alzina Blackmar, who had come to Michigan with her father and his family the year previous, her father becoming then the first settler in that part of the township of Tecumseh now embraced in the town of Cambridge. Miss Blackmar, then about nineteen years of age, had for six months previous to her marriage been engaged in teaching school in the village of Tecumseh. She was boarding at the residence of Gen. Brown, where the ceremony was performed, by the Rev. Alanson Darwin, the first settled minister in Tecumseh;—Miss Betsey Robertson (now the widow of the late Col. Wm. McNair, officiating as bridesmaid, and the late Dr. M. A. Patterson as groomsman. The family of Mr. and Mrs. Blood has consisted of two daughters and four sons. One of the daughters died in infancy; the other is married and living in Mt. Morris, N. Y.

The oldest son lives on a farm adjoining the old homestead; and the youngest is still at home with his parents. One son, Wm. A., died in the army during the late civil war, and the other, Leroy C., is now in mercantile business in Lansing. Mr. Blood, in October last, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, having invited to his home on the occasion a few of the older settlers of Tecumseh and vicinity.

One of the first families to arrive as settlers in Tecumseh or vicinity, after the Evans and Brown party of May, 1824, was that of Abner Spofford, consisting of himself and wife and seven children, who arrived in July, six weeks after the first pioneer party, and being the sixth family to settle in the county. Mrs. Pitman, however, one of the daughters, did not come to Michigan until the spring of 1825, when she came on with her husband, Daniel Pitman, who then settled down here as the first regular merchant in the county, to keep a general stock of goods for the white settlers, as well as for the Indians, from whom he bought venison, turkeys, maple sugar and cranberries. The youngest member of the family, Miss Cynthia M. Spofford, was married May 16th, 1827, on the seventeenth anniversary of her birthday, to Mr. Theodore Bissell, a young man from Livingston county, New York, who had come in with Horace Wolcott in 1824, and taken up some land in 1825, but returned for a short time to the state of New York in that year, and came back in 1827 as a permanent settler, and took up some more land adjoining Tecumseh. The ceremony was performed by Dr. C. N. Ormsby as a Justice of the Peace—there being then no settled clergyman in the territory nearer than Monroe or Detroit; and this was supposed to be the first marriage in the county amongst the white settlers. Mr. and Mrs. Bissell in about a year afterwards went to western New York, settling at Lockport, from whence they came to Toledo, where Mr. B. embarked in business, remaining there some years, until they finally went to Texas, where Mr. B. died. Mrs. B., now Mrs. W. W. Tilton, returned several years ago to her first home in Michigan, to which she had come with her parents when she was a young Miss of fourteen years of age. She and an older sister are still living, and are both residents of Tecumseh, and have a brother who came in with them in 1824, now residing in Des Moines, Iowa.

Mr. W. W. Tilton was also himself one of the early pioneers of the county, having come to the territory early in the second year of the white settlement of the county. He and Curtis Page, both of them carpenters and joiners, came to Tecumseh as settlers in June, 1825, and were just of the class of men then most needed in the settlement. Soon after their arrival they were engaged in building a store for Mr. Pitman; and early in the summer Mr. Tilton cut the first two small fields of wheat raised in Lenawee county. In the spring of 1826, he was engaged in the erection of a house for Mr. Evans on the northeast corner of Ottawa and Chicago streets, now the residence of P. R. Adams, Esq. Mr. Tilton was also one of the commisssioners to lay out the Ridge road, along the route of the natural ridge supposed to have been formerly the shore of lake Erie, running from the northeast corner of the county in the town of Macon to what was called Leroy, at the crossing of the river

Raisin, east of Adrian. It crossed the road from Monroe to Tecumseh at the point where the village of Ridgeway afterwards grew up. In 1828 Mr. Tilton settled on a farm in the town of Raisin, a little south of Tecumseh, where he lived until he retired from active business, residing for a few years past in the village, and retaining a remarkably distinct recollection of incidents and events connected with the first settlement of this part of the county.

I feel as though I ought not to conclude this hastily prepared and rambling sketch of the early days of the white settlement of Lenawee county without some acknowledgment of the valuable services of F. A. Dewey as president of the county pioneer society, and of W. A. Whitney as secretary, in getting together many important contributions towards the history of that period, not only at the regular annual meetings of the society, but by awakening a greatly increased interest in the collection of materials for the future historians of the county or state, by holding during the last year a series of special meetings where well-prepared addresses were read and many important incidents of local interest were brought out, and many of them afterwards published.

Having been present at most of these meetings, and having preserved copies of the several proceedings as published, I found, upon being requested to prepare a paper for the State Pioneer Society, my embarrassment to consist not in a lack of material, but in making any proper selection and arrangement of what could consistently be brought within the limits of such an address, and also in avoiding a repetition of what had already been embraced in papers previously furnished to your society.

The fifth and last of these special meetings held since the annual meeting in Adrian in March last, was held at Ridgeway on the 15th of last month (Jan. 15, 1878,) and was the most largely attended of any previously held. There were many present not only from all parts of the township of Ridgeway, but from all the adjoining towns in the county, including from Tecumseh the two old veterans, Gen. J. W. Brown and Ezra F. Blood, of the first party of 1824. An invitation to a free public dinner had been extended to all comers, and ample and superabundant provision for that purpose had been made by the ladies and other residents of the village and vicinity. The audience room of the large Methodist church building, which will seat seven or eight hundred people, was filled to overflowing, and many chairs had to be furnished along the side aisles and in other parts of the room. The dinner tables in the basement, seating some two hundred or more at a time, were reset several times; and when all wishing dinner were waited upon, enough for hundreds more was left. A very able and interesting paper on the first settlement of Ridgeway and vicinity was read by Justus Lowe, and many incidents of the period were afterwards related by some of the older settlers. Of those present, about eighty joined the county society, including one old lady of 98.

At all the previous special meetings visitors from a distance were either welcomed to a free public dinner, as at East Raisin, or invited to individual homes, as at Clinton and Hudson. And in every instance the residents of the places where the meetings were held seemed pleased to extend their hospitalities to all the old settlers who came to attend the proceedings. But I must forbear further detail, in hopes that the President or secretary of the county society may now or on some future occasion furnish some data on that subject.

Although I have already spun out my narrative to a somewhat greater length than I had anticipated, and longer perhaps than I ought to have done, notwithstanding my endeavors to avoid as far as possible all repetition of facts known to be in possession of the state society or readily accessible to them, yet I hope to be pardoned for adding a few items of my own personal experience as a pioneer. When I left the borough of Wilkesbarre, in Wyoming valley, Pa., in the fall of 1831, to come to Michigan, my expectation rather was that I should go to the county of St. Joseph, or of Cass, towards which the tide of emigration seemed then to be most strongly tending; but after my arrival at Detroit I was advised to look around in the vicinity of Tecumseh or Clinton, as the northern part of Lenawee county was then being rapidly settled. I accordingly took passage by stage only so far as Clinton; but I had never before in all my travels in Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania or New York, seen such staging and stage roads as we had until we came near to Ypsilanti, which place it took us all day to reach. Next morning we found better roads and a comfortable post-coach driven by Samuel Evans, a son of the postmaster and first settler of Tecumseh, and nephew of J. W. Brown, the principal mail contractor west of Detroit by way of the Chicago raad. On arriving at Clinton, I found an embryo village of some ten or a dozen houses or thereabouts, with two taverns—one of them a hewn-log house, and the other a two-story frame one—and one or two small stores, and a few scattered small dwelling houses. There was then and for some time afterwards no postoffice there:—letters for settlers there or in the vicinity were returned from Tecumseh in care of H. N. Baldwin, who was afterwards appointed first postmaster at Clinton.

On going west from Clinton to look at lands in the surveyed town next west, and to see Thos. Nelson, Jr., to whom I had a reference as one of the first five or six to take up lands and settle in that town, I found on the Chicago road about three miles west of Clinton, three men from Massachusetts who had come on in June previous, and were beginning to clear up some land to build houses, and a blacksmith shop, etc. Two of the three, Capt. Ebenezer Davis and Job Graves, still live on their then locations. The other one, David Wells, afterwards bought out the lands of Thos. Nelson, and sold the same in 1835 to the late Deacon Wm. Bradley, with some timbered land on an adjacent section, and moved to Illinois, where he died some two years ago. I then selected some land east of Mr. Nelson's, on which, and some additions to it, I lived until I became connected with the M. S. R. R., and moved to the village of Tecumseh in 1853, where I have since resided.

All that I could do towards farming that fall, was to clear off a few acres of the more open part of my land, which I engaged a Mr. Arnold, living near Tecumseh village, to break up for me; he being about the only one I heard of who followed the business of breaking up prairie land or openings for a living; this he did with a large strong plow drawn by five or six yoke of cattle. On the 30th of November, 1831, while he was at work for me, there came a cold snap with about four inches of snow, and he had to take his teams and plow home, as he could do no more breaking up until the ground settled next spring. When I went after him then, I found him breaking up on the Wright farm, northwest of the village of Tecumseh, where the hazel brush in places was so tall and thick, that the boy driving the teams had to go on the off side of the cattle. They cut a strip about twenty inches or more in width, and six to eight inches deep, turning the brush under and covering it just about as an ordinary plow would turn under corn-stalks or weeds.

Some of the settlers who took up land of the more sandy or easily tilled kind, got along by using smaller plows and less powerful teams; but the thorough deep plowing on most of the openings was then considered the best. A Pennsylvania settler, John J. Schnall, who took up some land about a mile west of Clinton, in 1826, and was living there when I came to Michigan, had made out a breaking-up team by joining with a Mr. Allen, of Allen's prairie, in Hillsdale county, each of them putting in two or three yoke of cattle. Though living about forty miles or more apart, they were considered in those days as neighbors near enough to exchange such work with one another. Mr. Schnall soon after I came sold out and moved farther west, whether because he was getting too crowded, or because of an innate propensity such as some frontiersmen have, of constantly moving on, I did not learn.

My first real practical trial of pioneer life may be said to have commenced when I began to prepare for building a log house, and to split rails, etc. I had never before cut or split anything larger than some stove-wood, and had to take some lessons in such things from older backwoodsmen. I thought that I proved a pretty apt scholar, as I soon learned to do about as much for a day's work as almost any of my neighbors, although I had to hire a great deal of rail-splitting and such work done. Also by getting a lesson or two in shingle splitting and shaving, I made out to split and dress my own long shingles, or "shakes," as some called them, for a log house, and afterwards for a barn and sheds.

As I could not do much to any advantage on my land during the winter, some of the officers of the newly formed school district in Clinton asked me if I would not teach their school there that winter. I told them that I had had no experience in teaching a primary school, and did not know how I might get along with it—my only experience in school-keeping having been as teacher of languages and mathematics in Meadville (Pa.) Academy, a situation obtained for me by my friend, the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of the Western University of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg. However, I finally agreed to take the school; and so became the first teacher of a school in Clinton, as was noted in the address read at the special pioneer meeting held at Clinton in June last. I had, I believe, an average of about twenty to twenty-five scholars; amongst them were Welcome V. Fisk and Joseph S. Kies, two of the most prominent business men in the village of Clinton, and Chas. N. Felton, now in California, as one of the officers of the mint or sub-treasury in San Francisco. I got along, I believe, so as to give general satisfaction to those sending children to school, as well as the boys and girls themselves, except to one of the sons of Pontius Hooper, at whose hotel I boarded, who was rather inclined to be a ringleader in all violations of the rules, and who, on account of a punishment I was once obliged to inflict on him, threatened that he was going to thrash me when he got to be a man. As that was forty-six years ago, he has probably got to be a man before this time, but still I have not got that thrashing yet. The last I have heard of him is that he was in Illinois somewhere, following his father's occupation—that of keeping hotel, in which I wish him every success.

In May, 1832, when the alarm of the breaking out of the Black Hawk war first came through the territory, I was, like all the other male settlers, notified to be and appear armed and equipped, etc., as the law directs, and I volunteered like almost all the rest, and was mustered in at Clinton as a private, in Capt. Hixon's company, and marched forthwith, May 22d, I think, for Niles, or the seat of war. The first night out we slept, or watched, at Blackmar's tavern, on the Chicago road, west of the present junction, so-called, in Cambridge. I laid down at the head of the stairs on the floor in the log house, and during the night I heard a gun fired, which in the morning I found to be from Sol. Fenstemacher, who was on guard, firing at one of Blackmar's hogs, as it insisted on coming within the lines, without giving the countersign. I found also in the morning that we had had during the night quite a hard frost, which I knew would be fatal to some corn and other vegetables which I had planted, and were just coming up out of the ground when I left. We kept marching on west for several days, without anything of special note, except the sham skirmish known as the battle of Coldwater prairie, which I had learned at headquarters was to come off in the evening after we reached there. But the history of that, and of all the incidents on the march to Niles and back again, have all been told at length by S. C. Stacy and others, and I have neither time nor space now to rehearse them. The only untold incident which I remember, was seeing the friendly Indians at Niles laughing at our target-firing with some of the old flint-lock muskets, which had been sent along for us to use.

Whilst talking of military matters, I may as well finish here my military history, as it is very short, and not much more of it. In the fall of 1835 I took part in the famous Toledo war, as a second lieutenant in the Wolverine militia, who made the Ohio midnight judges retreat within their own acknowledged boundaries,—they well knowing that Uncle Sam or Old Hickory would be after them if they undertook to take possession of, or exercise jurisdiction over, any of the territory of Michigan, until so authorized by congress. Having thus become as it were a hero of two wars, I was promoted by being commissioned as division paymaster of the fifth division of Michigan militia, in which capacity I never either received or disbursed any funds—not even my own pay. But for services in the Black Hawk war I afterwards received, like all my fellow soldiers, a bounty land warrant for one hundred and sixty acres of land.

The first town meeting which I attended in Michigan was that held in Brownville, for the township of Tecumseh, on the first Monday of April, 1832. That township then included all the five northern surveyed towns of the county, and the north half of the tier of towns next south, making a township of nine miles by thirty. All settlers living then within the northern nine miles of the county, who wished to attend town meeting had to go there to vote. I recollect that I rode part of the way home with Cornelius Millspaw, then keeping tavern on the Chicago road about eighteen miles west of Clinton, in what is now the township of Woodstock.

The second annual town meeting which I attended was that in which the township of Franklin was organized, in April, 1833, which town then, and until April, 1836, included not only the present town of Franklin, but also what are now the towns of Cambridge and Woodstock. At that meeting, I think, or soon after, I found that a Mr. Joseph Slater, who had been a fellow passenger with me on the steamboat from Buffalo to Detroit, when I first came to the territory, had also become a settler in the town of Franklin, in the southeast part of it, which was more heavily timbered than the northern part, and generally preferred by those accustomed to farming on timbered land. Mr. Slater is still a resident of Franklin, living where he first settled, a successful and prosperous farmer.

But enough as to personal matters. My record as a delegate to the first constitutional convention, and then as secretary of the state senate for three years, and afterwards a member of the state legislature in both branches, and as a state officer, are sufficiently embodied in state journals and documents, to render any detailed statements here unnecessary, especially as much of it could not well be considered as belonging exclusively or more particularly to the history of Lenawee county.

TECUMSEH.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE VILLAGE OF TECUMSEH.

Letter from E. B. Brown to Gen. Joseph Brown, read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 7th, 1878.

HASTINGS LDG., Ill., January 29th, 1878.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your good letter of the 23d inst., and also the Herald notice of your eighty-fourth birthday dinner party. I appreciate the satisfaction it must be to you to be again among the associates of your pioneer life, and be able to enjoy the evidences of your labor in its prime. It would afford me much pleasure to meet with the pioneers of Michigan at their annual gathering at Lansing in February, but I fear that I shall not be able to do so. The reminiscences that crowd upon the memory of that pioneer life come thick and fast. It takes me back the time, fifty-four years ago, when the little party who, besides yourself, was composed of uncle Musgrove, Ezra F. Blood and others, started on your trip of reconnoisance into the woods of

Michigan, your return and favorable report. The confusion that followed at the stone mansion of uncle Jacob in making preparations for the long and weary journey, the hauling of household goods and farming implements to Sacketts Harbor, the shipment on board of a small schooner, the largest then on the lakes, the trip to the mouth of the Niagara river, where, after anchoring till there was a favorable wind an attempt was made to sail up the river, which was only partially successful, as the wind failed. The captain, after again anchoring, went ashore and hired a farmer, who with his team of oxen towed the schooner to Lewiston; the hauling of the goods from Lewiston to Schlosser, where they were transferred to a keel-boat and "poled" up to Buffalo; the shipment again on to the old schooner Erie, the largest sail vessel on the chain of lakes, "the pride of the waters," measuring the unprecedented burden of ninety-five tons; the trip to Laplaisance bay, and the transfer again by lighter to the shore, (for at that time there were no docks or steamboats, except the experiment that was being made with the Walk-in-the-water), on the lakes; the three days trip by wagon through an uninhabited wilderness to where Tecumseh now stands; the camp in the woods, with its big fire that cast its cheerful glow to the tree-tops; the capsizing of the wagons and the arrival at the log house of James Patchin, after passing the heavy timber lands and emerging into the oak openings, and the arrival at the house of the mill company; the welcome so cheery and hearty. The winter passed in the double log house, where, besides your own, lived the families of uncle Musgrove and George Spafford and the men employed in clearing the land and building the saw-mill. How crowded and thick we were when clustered around the huge log fire in the open fire-place; the children were sent to bed so that there should be room for the men and women. The good health, hearty cheer and kindly feeling that prevailed made the life in the woods cheerful and bright; privations endured only to be the cause for merriment. The supplies, partially obtained from the Indians, who brought venison, cranberries and mocock of sugar; these, with breadstuff packed thirty miles and an occasional beef creature driven from the older settlements, furnished the larder. The first little school taught by Mary Spafford in Musgrove Evans' office, giving promise for the high position Michigan was destined to take in the education of its youths; the sending of the work-cattle to the beds of rushes, where they were to take care of themselves as best they could; the mild winter, in which plowing was done in every month, appearing to be an act of providence for the benefit of the infant settlement; the transportation of mails on the backs of oxen, ridden by Samuel or Vincent Evans. How little they dreamed of the blood in which their young lives would end—the former shot in the act of blowing up the magazine at the Alamo, in 1836, in that heroic defence when he with Bowie, Travis, Crocket and 140 others, withstood the attack of Santa Anna with an army of 4,000 men for fifteen days, and then died at their guns rather than submit to Mexican mercy—Vincent shot in a fight with Indians in Texas soon after. The coming of spring, and with it a few additions to the little colony; the opening of roads through the woods; the building of the first frame house in Lenawee county; the hope excited that the new country was entirely free from malarial fevers, justified by the freedom from diseases of the kind for the first three years—so sadly proved to be false when the effects of the clearing and turning up the virgin soil with its ages of vegetable deposit with the plow. The time when sickness was the rule and health the exception, and not well ones enough to take care of the sick; the gloom and sadness that hung over the homes of the settlers; the first death, that of cousin Pamelia Evans in 1826; the opening of roads, building the first church, first school-house, and first mill; the fortunate finding of a rock large enough and of the proper material for the stones for the mill in a country where, except the small flint boulders, not another rock was to be found, it seemed like another special providence; the effort made to establish local government; the survey and opening of military roads from Detroit and Monroe to Chicago—when the commissioners rode to the top of the highest hill and blowed a horn to guide the surveyor in the direction he was to run the line—a feat in engineering that has not been equaled by any of the engineers of more modern days. The opening of the postoffice and the establishment of a horseback mail route, followed by a two-horse wagon, and afterwards four-horse wagons, and as soon as the increase of travel justified the expenditure, these were replaced by Troy coaches. The Great Western Stage Company, with a line of four-horse post coaches running from Detroit to Chicago was established in 1830, and surprised the western world by carrying passengers and mails 288 miles in four days, (if the roads were in good order), and thus step by step the infant colony grew into manly proportions.

The erroneous idea commonly held that the interior was an impassable swamp was corrected, and the territory grew into a state, taking rank with the sister states of the Union. Many years had passed before I recognized the great work that had been accomplished by the pioneers of Michigan. It would require volumes to record the incidents of this pioneer life as they crowd upon the memory. How fortunate you were, and how fortunate for the county of Lenawee, in the partnership of Wing, Evans & Brown. Austin E. Wing was one of those men whose enlarged views, sterling integrity, enterprise, intelligence, and accomplishments as a gentleman and lawyer was a host in himself when great work was to be done. His relations to the government as a particular friend of Gov. Cass, and afterwards the second delegate to congress, gave him a position where his consummate tact and genial manners enabled him to exert in the most efficient manner his great influence for the good of the territory. Musgrove Evans, an educated man, engineer and surveyor, had had much experience in his profession and the wants of a people in a new country, having been the agent of Count LeRay de Chamount, a French gentleman of rank, who came to this country with Lafayette, and who served as his aid in the war of the revolution, and who owned a large tract of land on and near the bay and town bearing his name at the head of lake Ontario, where Evans had been employed by him; and you, as a practical miller and farmer of large experience, whose superiority as an agriculturist had been recognized by the agricultural society of Jefferson county, N. Y., when they presented you with a certificate and premium of a silver pitcher for the best farm in the county; and numerous other premiums for superiority in many of its attendant details. All of you were men of great energy, business capacity and physical endurance. All these various accomplishments were combined in your company, and were exerted for the benefit and good of the new country in which you were making new homes. I say for the benefit and good of the country, because the pioneers lose sight of self in their efforts to open for the good of the world a wilderness such as Michigan was when you moved into it. He becomes, in the largest sense of the word a philanthropist, prompted with the wish and hopes for gain in the first instance; but these wishes and hopes eventually become swallowed up in the efforts made to improve the country, and he sacrifices to the general good his labor, time and money. It becomes the business of his life, and to which he devotes its every thought and energy. It is this sure and rapid growth of a sentiment which is devoted to the general good, rather than individual benefit, that prevents him from receiving the pecuniary benefits which by his labor and enterprise he is justly entitled to, and which he richly merits. It is for this reason that we find all, or nearly all the early settlers in a new country without the comforts that wealth can give in their declining years. A less enterprising and more selfish race of men follow the lead they have made, and reap the substantial benefits. But you, my dear father, can look back upon your long and useful life with pleasure, as you notice the evidences of the success of your young efforts, proving the correctness of your judgment in the selections you made, and enjoy in your last days. You can claim, and justly claim, for yourself no small share in the accomplishing of much good for the benefit of your fellowmen.

I hope you may live to enjoy many reunions with the companions of your pioneer life.

ORGANIZATION AND PROGRESS OF LENAWEE COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY.

BY FRANCIS A. DEWEY,

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society February 7th, 1878.

It is a beautiful custom, handed down to us from the earliest ages, to review scenes and incidents which have transpired in former years. The student of history finds here and there in the pathway of nations great epochs, into which many streams of influence, flowing from different countries, and distant periods, concentrate and combine their forces, or wherein the intelligence and culture in the lapse of years are organized into new and superior institutions, by men whom Providence has raised up for such a time. Thus it was with the former owners of the wilderness lands of Michigan, the untutored Indians, who had held these vast possessions from time immemorial, and have left their beautiful lakes and rivers, also their unsurpassed hunting grounds, for other and more remote localities. The pioneer settlers from the east and the south, followed the old and well beaten Indian trails, to the interior and uttermost parts of our truly fertile and productive state of Michigan. To these pioneer men with their families, who settled in the luxuriant and prolific county of Lenawee, I am to give a brief outline of the pioneer societies which have been organized.

The first pioneer settlement was made June 2d, 1824. The first county pioneer society was organized at Tecumseh in March, 1868; Gen. Joseph W. Brown was chosen president,—he was one of the first to locate land in the county, and proprietor of the first saw mill—Hon. B. L. Baxter secretary, Rev. E. N. Nichols treasurer, and Dr. M. A. Patterson vice president. The second meeting was held March 13th, 1868, at Merchants' Hall, Tecumseh, for the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. All the officers were present, with a large attendance of pioneers, the association was called the River Raisin Valley Historical Society, and nineteen enrolled their names.

The third meeting was held on the 2d day of June. President J. W. Brown, in his address, complimented the society highly on its success, and resigned the office of president with his best wishes for its welfare. Hon. M. A. Patterson was chosen president, and twenty vice presidents were elected. Gen. J. W. Brown presented to the society the order book which was used in the memorable Toledo War, when thousands of the territorial volunteers stood undaunted on the bank of the Maumee river, in the year 1835, and waited for the forlorn hope of Ohio to come up to the boundary line of Michigan. Dr. M. A. Patterson read a very entertaining history of the township of Tecumseh, and the Raisin valley. F. A. Dewey read a sketch of pioneer times in the year 1829. On the 22d day of December, 1868, was the fourth meeting of the society at Merchants' Hall, President M. A. Patterson in the chair. A very carefully prepared address and historic account of the early settlement of Monroe, and the massacre of the troops at river Raisin, was given by Hon. Charles Noble, of Detroit. S. C. Stacy, Esq., gave a very accurate account of the Black Hawk Indian War of 1832, with a detailed account of each day's march of the 8th regiment from Tecumseh to Niles and the return, with abbreviated notes of the celebrated battle in the Coldwater forest. F. A. Dewey read a sketch of Cambridge township. James T. Kedzie gave an interesting account of Blissfield. This was decidedly the largest meeting that had been held. A vote of thanks was tendered to Hon. Charles Noble, S. C. Stacy, F. A. Dewey and J. T. Kedzie, for their carefully prepared historical essays. It is with sadness we hear that Hon. Charles Noble has left us to be here no more; also, President M. A. Patterson, with many intelligent pioneers of Lenawee county, have gone down to the silent tomb. We regret to say that this was the last time the River Raisin Valley Society held a meeting. There was then about sixty-five members.

After a lapse of nearly six years a few pioneers met in the city of Adrian, on a bleak cold day in the month of March, 1875, and made preliminary arrangements for a pioneer association, by electing D. K. Underwood president, Wm. A. Whitney secretary, Dr. T. F. Dodge treasurer.

The second meeting was held March 27th, 1875, in the council rooms of the city of Adrian, President D. K. Underwood in the chair. The object of the county pioneer society was clearly set forth by the president, in his unassuming and graphic way. F. A. Dewey being called upon, gave a very short account of pioneer times, with a regret that this society had not been organized twenty years ago, for within that time many of our most able and valuable men have gone to where there is no return. Sixty-four members joined at this meeting, and signed the record.

On September 25th, 1875, a special meeting was called at the fair grounds in Adrian, by the secretary, Wm. A. Whitney; there was a very large attendance. Our worthy and lamented president, D. K. Underwood, had departed to be with us no more. Wm. A. Whitney, secretary, took the chair. A vote was taken for president, F. A. Dewey was unanimously elected. Short speeches were made by Gen. J. W. Brown, Judge Stacy, Hon. C. E. Mickly, H. Lewis, A. C. Osborn, Hon. W. S. Wilcox, Rev. J. T. Kedzie, W. W. Bliss, E. P. Graham, and sheriff Eldridge; forty-five names were enrolled at this meeting. S. C. Stacy, Esq., offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS, Dr. Daniel K. Underwood of Adrian, one of the earliest settlers of the county, has departed this life since the last meeting of this society, at the ripe age of 72 years,

Resolved by the Lenawee County Pioneer Society, That in the death of Dr. Underwood this society has lost one of its most worthy and honored members, and the county one of its most respected citizens; by the energy, ability, and sterling integrity of the deceased, and of his early associates, the foundation of the future prosperity of this city and county were laid. As president of this society he had done much to revive the interest of the people in the olden time, and to his zeal in its behalf may be attributed much of its success.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inscribed on our records, and a copy sent to the family, and be published in the county papers.

On March 1st, 1876, the second annual, and fourth meeting, of the society was held in Dean's opera house, Adrian city. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the driving snow storm, and the severe cold, there was a large number in attendance, with many ladies, who added cheer and refinement to the meeting. President F. A. Dewey called the meeting to order at 2 P. M.; the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and adopted; the election of officers resulted as follows: F. A. Dewey president, Wm. A. Whitney secretary, Wm. Graves treasurer. Hon. Norman Geddes read a very carefully prepared paper of the early pioneers of Cambridge, and the picturesque beauties of Sand Lake. The president read an account of the first settlement of Lenawee county, and gave many reminiscences of Indians of the Pottawotomie tribe. Gen. Brown, Hon. J. J. Adam, L. W. Baker, Mr. Deming, D. D. Sinclair, J. T. Kedzie and John Cavender, made short speeches for the occasion. Forty-four new members, including several ladies, were added to the Lenawee County Pioneer Society.

The fifth meeting of the Lenawee County Pioneer Society was held in Good Templers' Hall, Tecumseh, August 18th, 1876. The room was beautifully decorated with wreaths and banners, and the attendance was over three hundred persons. The Tecumseh cornet band was present and played several pieces of music; this, together with the songs of the glee club, added greatly to the pleasure of the entertainment. The meeting wes called to order at 2 o'clock P. M. by President Dewey, who said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I will say in behalf of the Lenawee pioneers, we are pleased to see the large number here, who seem to take an interest in the historical society. When we look around us and see men here who assisted to open the wilderness roads, cut the first trees of the forest in this county, and raise the first log cabins, also clear the fertile lands, we are pleased to say their improvements have grown into *one* of the most productive, wealthy, and populous counties in the state; and we are now enjoying the fruits of their industry.

Prayer by Rev. E. N. Nichols. The glee club sang "Old Home." Historical addresses about Tecumseh township, very accurately prepared, were given by S. C. Stacy. Esq., and Hon. B. L. Baxter. Interesting remarks were made by Hon. J. J. Adam, Judge Stacy, Gen. Brown, Mr. Enoch Tindal, and John Richards, Esq. Nearly all of the oldest residents of Tecumseh were present, and seventy-five new members joined the association.

The sixth pioneer meeting, and third annual, was held in Dean's opera house, city of Adrian, March 10th, 1877. President Dewey called the meeting to order at 2 o'clock P. M. Secretary's and treasurer's reports were found correct. The officers elected were, F. A. Dewey president, Wm. A. Whitney secretary, T. J. Ludlow treasurer; Executive Committee, G. W. Moore, W. M. Graves, John Richards, G. H. Kedzie, and Orson Green. A. L. Millard read an address on the first settlement of Adrian; Orasmus Lamb read an account of the pioneers of Woodstock; F. A. Dewey read an account of the pioneer pleasant homes of Cambridge, going back to the first location of land in the township. At this meeting seventeen names were recorded.

The fourth special meeting was held in the town hall in the village of Clinton, June 22d, 1877. A generous dinner was provided by the citizens. The new banner was here displayed, of *Welcome, Pioneers.* There was a large attendance of the first settlers; also, a band of music, and a full choir of singers, with Mr. Wells as leader. At two o'clock the meeting was called to order by the president; prayer by Rev. E. N. Nichols, and singing by the village choir. A very interesting historic address of Clinton township was read by Rev. W. P. Mastell, and a poem, composed for the occasion, by Mr. R. Randall. Interesting remarks on the early settlement of Clinton were made by Hon. F. S. Snow, John Smith, James King, Esq., Mrs. Frary, Mrs. Hixon, and Rev. J. T. Husted, with others. Forty-one members joined the society.

The fifth special county meeting was held in the church in the village of Hudson, September 25th, 1877. The pioneers were splendidly entertained. At two o'clock, P. M. the meeting was called to order by president F. A. Dewey. The room was beautifully trimmed with banners and flowers, and there was a good attendance of citizens. Hon. J. J. Hogaboam read a very interesting historic record of the western and southern portion of Lenawee county, with the early beginnings of Hudson. I would here remark that J. J. Hogaboam is the author of a well composed and authentic book of the early history of Bean Creek valley, in Lenawee county. Short remarks were made by Gen. Montgomery, Noah Brown, Esq., Jabez Briggs, Gen. Brown, Thomas Iverson, Hon. J. K. Bois, H. A. Barrett, and A. H. Coomer. At this session thirty-eight persons joined the society.

The sixth special county pioneer meeting met at East Raisin church on Tuesday, October 23d, 1877. The attendance was a surprise to many. Over two hundred partook of a bountiful dinner prepared by the honored citizens of Raisin. The arrangements were very complete, showing that the pioneers and their posterity were not lacking in a well-spread table and generous liberality. The Raisin band discoursed very excellent music. At two o'clock the president called the meeting to order in the audience room of the church. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. N. Nichols; then an address was given by Mr. Alexander Richards, which was very carefully prepared and authentic in its details of the early settlement of East Raisin township. At the close of the address a poem, written by a pioneer lady, was read by S. C. Stacy. Short and timely remarks were made by Isaac Adams, Justus Lowe, Hiram Raymond, E. N. Nichols, J. W. Brown, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Bowerman, Mrs. Wickware, Mr. John Richards, and Wm. A. Whitney. Mr. Isaac Adams sang an original and appropriate song; title, "Ease Me Down Gently." There were present twenty persons over seventy years of age. Sixty-two joined the association.

The seventh special meeting of the county pioneers met in the village of Ridgeway, January 15th, 1878, at the large and commodious church. It was estimated that there were over five hundred persons in attendance. Three hundred sat down to a bountiful dinner. Long tables were loaded with every variety of good things. On every hand there were substantials, the growth of the county, arranged by willing hands. To make the feast more welcome, the tables were waited on by the good ladies of Ridgeway, which called out the admiration and thanks of all who sat down to the genuine pioneer thanksgiving. The meeting was called to order by the president, F. A. Dewey. Prayer by Rev. Peter Sharp; music by the band. Mr. Sharp delivered the address of welcome, in which he thanked the society, for in meeting the pioneers it was a great day for him, such an one as he never expected again here below. He closed his remarks by extending to all a joyful welcome, hoping that they all might meet in heaven. The president responded.

The historian of the day, Justus Lowe, Esq., delivered a very interesting address on the early history of Ridgeway. Short and timely speeches were made by Mr. Adams, George Price, J. L. Kniffin, L. Ormsby, W. H. Osborn, Mr. Exelby, M. Goodrich, E. F. Blood, D. W. Lowrie, John Richards, Gen. Brown and Alexander Richards. At this meeting seventy-five names were added to the list of members—among the ladies' names was Catherine Zebble, ninety-eight years of age, cheerful in conversation, smart and healthy.

We now have enrolled in the Lenawee County Pioneer Society four hundred and seventeen historic members, and we delight to call their names. Many a one came here forty or fifty years ago, looked lovingly back to their old homes in the eastern states, but they came to lay the foundation for a new state in the wilderness. Nothing can now look any better than the fertile fields and the lovely farm-houses and intelligent citizens of the beautiful county of Lenawee and our adopted state of Michigan.

I now recall to mind a forest pioneer meeting of nearly forty years ago. The place of holding this meeting was in the township of Cambridge, near the junction of the LaPlaisance bay military road with the Detroit and Chicago turnpike. In the pleasant month of September, by previous notice, a large platform had been erected beneath the branches of three towering trees, with an amphitheater in front, with accommodations for twenty thousand persons. At an early hour of the appointed day teams began to arrive from the north, south, east and west. One team of twenty yoke of oxen from Jackson county was driven by that veteran pioneer, Elijah Webber. The team was hitched to a chariot with a log-cabin raised over the wheels. There were also six beautiful Troy coaches, of four horses each, from Tecumseh, Ypsilanti and Detroit, with one six horse carriage driven by that Jehu of a pioneer, Luke Spafford. Then from the west came a large and beautiful team of forty yoke of oxen with a log-cabin drawn on wheels. The teams and pioneers at noon numbered thousands. With that company it was rather fashionable to drink hard cider, and display coon-skin banners. On that platform, supported by giant oaks, was the president of the day, Gen. J. W. Brown; also several men from the rural towns and the city of Detroit. Among them was Mr. George Dawson, editor of the Advertiser, Capt. Bob Wagstaff, the dauntless navigator of Lake Erie, and George C. Bates, who was the orator of the day, who with unwearied voice tried to make that vast company believe if Tippecanoe and Tyler were elected each able bodied man and woman would receive two dollars a day and roast beef for dinner with hard cider extra.

When we look back to that mild September day, thirty-eight years ago, and see that multitude in the woods, with hundreds of teams resting in the sunshine of nature's loveliness, with the great achievement that was brought about—*it seems like a hard cider miracle.* Those teams, the log-cabins, and the platform, with many other objects, have gone down with the shades of time. Many of the active pioneers of that day are at rest from their labors; that forest and the towering trees that supported the platform of 1840 are now standing as monuments of olden times.

REUNION OF THE STATE AND COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETIES.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE REUNION OF THE STATE AND LENAWEE COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETIES, HELD IN TECUMSEH, JUNE 12, 1878.

At the last annual meeting of the Lenawee County Pioneer Society, held at Adrian, it was decided to hold a special June meeting at Tecumseh on the fifty-fourth anniversary of the settlement of the county. An invitation was extended to the state society to hold a reunion at the same time and place, and Wednesday, June 12th, was the day fixed upon for the joint reunion. The meeting had been well advertised, and as the weather was exceedingly fine the attendance was beyond all precedent. It was generally conceded to be the largest pioneer gathering ever held in the state. It was certainly one of the largest crowds that Tecumseh ever saw, or ever attempted to feed.

Nearly every town in Lenawee county was represented, and there was a large number of distinguised guests present from abroad. Detroit sent Levi Bishop and J. C. Holmes, and Gen. James Pittman and wife; Salter Cleveland and A. B. Waite and wife were here from Toledo, Ohio. Rev. J. O. Bancroft came from Saginaw. S. Van Ness, a former resident of Tecumseh, came from LaPorte, Ind. St. Joseph county sent a good delegation, viz: H. H. Riley, an early settler of Constantine, Wm. H. Cross, who lived in Tecumseh from 1826 to 1830, and then "went west," Geo. Thurston, the first settler of Sturgis prairie, John W. Fletcher and Andrew Good, Samuel Frankish and wife, Mr. F. being the man who ground the first grist of wheat in Calhoun county. An extra train came from Adrian in the morning, bringing a large delegation from Adrian and other towns in the southern and western parts of the county.

As for the towns of northern Lenawee, they were poured into the village *en masse.* Franklin, Cambridge and Woodstock sent wagon loads by the score; Ridgeway and Macon followed suit and went several dozen better, and Clinton came swooping down with half a hundred teams, headed by the cornet band. Raisin must have been well nigh depopulated. The procession from that town numbered sixty-six teams, six of which were four-horse and headed by the Raisin cornet band. There were two banners in this delegation, one of which contained the words, "The Pioneers of Raisin, 1830," and the other, "Honor to the Pioneers," the letters being formed from the stalks and heads of ripe wheat. The delegations as they arrived were escorted to the grove by the marshal and his aids, and when the hour had arrived for the exercises to commence Hanford's spacious grove was literally overrun.

Several hundred feet of tables had been prepared, and a large platform erected capable of holding about two hundred persons, which was reserved for the choir of singers, the oldest pioneers present and the invited guests from abroad. The building of the platform and tables and kitchen was given to A. A. Kennedy, and it is needless to say that the work was well done. We heard many favorable comments made upon it during the day. All the available seats in the village were on the grounds, sufficient to accommodate about one thousand people, but only a small portion of the crowd could be seated.

The meeting was presided over by F. A. Dewey, Esq., president of the county society, assisted by Hon. John J. Adam, president of the state society. Upon the stage were seated Gen. J. W. Brown and Ezra F. Blood, the only two representatives now living, except Peter Benson, of Traverse City, of the original pioneer party which arrived at Tecumseh in June, 1824. Besides these there were—but we forbear. If we attempted to enumerate all the old settlers by name, who were present, it would fill the whole side of a newspaper; and so we content ourselves with relating what was said and done,

The vast assemblage was called to order shortly after ten o'clock, and the exercises commenced with music by the Clinton band. Then followed a chorus entitled, "Song for the Old Folks." The choir was composed of about fifty of our best singers, under the lead of Mr. J. S. Strong, with Miss Maggie McConnell and Mrs. Dr. Fisher presiding at the organ. Mr. Strong had his choir well drilled, and the vocal music throughout was well selected and rendered with splendid effect.

Rev. E. N. Nichols, who has the honor of being the oldest resident clergyman in Tecumseh, then followed with an appropriate prayer. The choir sang the chorus, "America," with thrilling effect, the whole audience joining in the old patriotic hymn.

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

was then delivered by Hon. Perley Bills of Tecumseh, who spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is a very common thing, when old friends meet after a long absence—intimate friends, friends of early childhood—for each to tell how very pleased they are to meet again. This pleasant duty has been assigned to me. We have assembled here to-day to recount some of the pleasant memories of the past; we have assembled here, fellow-citizens, at a large picnic, and I desire to call your attention to a picnic that occurred a little to the north of us fifty-four years ago on the second day of this month; that picnic was improvised and organized and started in Jefferson county, New York; that picnic was attended by Musgrove Evans and family, with Peter Benson, his wife, and Ezra F. Blood. Picnics have always been in fashion in the state of Michigan. On that occasion I understand they sent forth two of the party who reached Tecumseh on the first day of June, and made arrangements for the picnic, which took place on the second. Mr. Evans and wife and five children, and two hired persons in his employ, Peter Benson and wife, and Ezra F. Blood, sat down at that first picnic under the shade of a tree to the north of the place we occupy to-day, at which period Michigan was a dense forest. On the 4th day of March, preceding that date, Austin E. Wing had purchased eighty acres of land on this section which we occupy; a little later he purchased the section just south, and on the 26th day of the same month, Wing, Brown and Evans made a village plat and put it upon record, in which they dedicated that piece of land for village purposes, "The Village of Tecumseh;" that village was 80 rods one way and 127 the other, and is now the principal part of the business portion of Tecumseh; it was the first village organized in the county. The land which was purchased on the 4th day of March, 1824, was the first entry of land under the government survey in the county. During the summer of 1824, now fifty-four years ago, 6320 acres of land were entered in this township, and settlements were made very rapidly.

The following persons purchased lands in Tecumseh in 1824:

James W. Cole, David Hand, Wm. Gannung, Ira Goodrich, Stephen P. Bracket, Luther Dawson, Thomas Y. Howe, Sam'l W. Dexter, Daniel Pitman, James Smith, James Patchin, Austin E. Wing, Horace Wolcott, James Stetson, Russell Lampkin, Jacob Ketchum, Peter Lowe, Charles Lewis, Joseph Bangs, Wm. H. Sabin, Josiah Nelson, Solomon Norton, John Bangs, Henry Bacon, Joseph Fullson, John Collister, Abner Spafford, Geo. Spafford, Ezra F. Blood, Truman Adams, Jesse Osborne, Alvin Glass. Whole number of acres purchased, 6320. I call your attention to this fact, for the reason that, in anticipation of this anniversary of the Historical Society of the state the pioneer society of Lenawee county thought it would be very pleasant to have it held in Tecumseh. In pursuance of that idea greetings have been sent abroad, and we witness here to-day this most hearty response to that greeting. I say to you, then, in behalf of Tecumseh especially, that we are glad to greet you face to face. We are glad to meet you. We hope it will not be unprofitable to call to mind and recount some of the early history, not only of Tecumseh, but of the county and other portions of the state, not so especially to recount its toils, its privations, its afflictions, its hardships,—but its blessings. And it occurs to me just now that the happiest circumstance that can occur to any people is that they emigrate from one country to another and start into new life. And if half of the New England states and the state of New York and all the older states could start anew on pioneer life, leave their homes behind them, sacrifice half their fortunes, locate in a new country, with the fertility of Michigan, it would greatly improve their condition; they would not only be much happier even though they suffered some privation and experienced some unusual toil, but they would develop into much greater vigor of manhood, much greater vigor of life, and a much higher type of society. There is something so staid, so stereotyped, so entirely finished in those old settlements, that there is small opportunity for development; but let the persons that are there struggling for an existence amid those old fossilized, stereotyped institutions, start out into a new country, and they can get into a position in which they participate in the organization of society, the organization of states, the organization of counties, the organization of towns, the organization of villages, the establishment of schools and churches; and thus it is by being brought in contact with this necessity the opportunity is afforded to develop into a higher type and a greater vigor of life than is possible in the old country. Hence, fellow-citizens, we are not to look back to-day with regret that we were forced, by stress of circumstances to seek a new country, and have been blessed in so doing, and we rejoice that we are here to-day to recount the blessings of the past. A kind Providence has been with us. The goodness of our

Heavenly Father has ever been round about us. We look back to-day, and call to mind many of our companions that have fallen out of the ranks and have been called to their final rest, and as I look upon the whitened locks of those around me to-day I am reminded that in a few more summers there will be no one here to recount the early history of this county. There are with us to day two I know, I think there are not more than two, of those who constituted the first picnic party to which I have called your attention. One is Joseph W. Brown, the other Ezra F. Blood; the latter immediately after his arrival here, entered a piece of land on the southeast of the village and there pitched his tent fifty years ago, and that tent has never been struck; remaining there now. He is the oldest continual resident of this county; he has there reared his family and is still there in good health; he is with us to-day upon the stand, tall, straight, athletic, past 80 and able for service. But it is no part of my purpose, Mr. President, to do more than to bid those who have attended from abroad to-day a most cordial and hearty welcome on this occasion.

We feel ourselves honored by your attendance; we welcome you to our hearts; we welcome you to the festivities of this occasion. In the old pioneer cabins of this county the latch-string was always out; it is out still.

President Dewey then said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It brings to mind many pleasant remembrances to see this vast assemblage of Michigan pioneers. Can we let the opportunity pass without extending, in behalf of the Lenawee county pioneers, a bountiful welcome to all, with a hope that we shall meet many times more? Let the glad tidings go forth that old Tecumseh's camping grounds shall not be forgotten, and that the fifty-fourth anniversary of the first settlement of Lenawee county may be remembered as a holiday to the latest generation.

He then read the by-laws of the county society, and stated that all who desire to become members could have the opportunity of doing so.

Next in order was old "Sherburn," which was given by the choir in fine style, and then music by the Raisin band.

Next came a chorus by the choir, entitled "Pilgrim Fathers," which was finely rendered. Then followed the

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

by Hon. Levi Bishop, of Detroit. He said:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I was certainly surprised when I saw the announcement that I was expected to make the principal historical address on this occasion; and I was considerably embarrassed also, because I expected that if I should come out here I should find, as I have found, a great many men who were far my seniors in age and in pioneer life in this state, that are far better qualified than myself to entertain and instruct this vast assemblage. But, although I am not the oldest pioneer present, I am old enough to "face the music" whenever I am asked and expected to do so; I face the music now. I am happy to meet you here. We are all happy to meet here to-day, I have no doubt, and I believe that we shall have an exceedingly pleasant time in enjoying the hospitalities of this old village of Tecumseh.

In thinking over what I could say, or might say on this occasion, I tried to think of something that would be local in its character; but I could think of nothing, as this is the first time I ever happened to visit this village. I could think of nothing but the name—the name of that great chieftain from whom I suppose your village derived its name—that Indian chieftain who I suppose stood second only to the great Pontiac, if he was not even his equal. We are all familiar with the name of your village. Every industrious student of American history is familiar with the chieftain who spread terror for years in the American settlements of the west, and finally received the great shock to his power when he was absent from home on an expedition, and his brother very unwisely brought on a battle against Harrison and his volunteers. We are all familiar with him, and there was nothing I could say about him that would be interesting here. It did rather occur to me, as Tecumseh used to sing his war songs and dance his war dances in this locality, preparatory to his onslaught upon the American settlements, that it would be eminently proper here if a dozen gentlemen and ladies, or young men had dressed themselves up in Indian costume and given us a specimen of the old Indian war songs and war dances, to render this occasion perhaps of a little more interest. I know they have a habit of doing so in other places—of coming together in large numbers and dressing themselves up in Indian costume and painting themselves, and having their war songs and war dances, as near as they can in imitation of the great war songs and war dances of the Iroquois and other Indian tribes. I think it would be a pleasant thing for you to get up a thing of this kind here. A voice—"We'll do it next time."

Bishop—"You would enjoy it, I have no doubt."

Well, I could not think of anything local or any particular state subject that I wished to discuss here; so I will talk about matters and things in general, or rather speak generally of pioneer life.

About forty years ago—I believe that is old enough for me to set myself—I read an old book that some of you people have read. It was an old book then; it was called Morse's Geography and History. I was a boy then; I beg you to believe that I was not a very large boy. Well, in Morse's geography we find something like this—I have not seen the book since—"The section of territory of the Michigan peninsula is one vast swamp, or marsh, filled with lakes, covered with sand hills; is positively incapable of cultivation, and which, in all human probability, never will be settled and cultivated." And speaking about the lower grounds about the Maumee river, below and above Toledo, the historian remarks: "On a warm summer day, or spring day, if you go out and look in the vast marshes, in the grass, you will see myriads upon myriads of venomous reptiles basking in the sun." I read that as authentic history, and I got a very strong prejudice against the whole territory and peninsula of Michigan. Well, after that time I began to hear more favorable account of the territory of Michigan. In 1835 I heard men give glowing accounts of the richness, fertility and natural advantages of the territory. I made up my mind to come here. I started from Buffalo the last of May, 1835. I have been in Michigan forty-three years. I came up on the old "North America."

We started from Buffalo in the evening and touched at every port, Dunkirk, Silver Creek, Erie, Ashtabula, Cleveland, Norwalk, Huron, Sandusky and Perrysburg. It took three days to get to Detroit. We had a successful passage; arrived at a little French town of about four thousand people; went around in it; among other things saw away out about three-quarters of a mile on the common a large building with an old-fashioned steeple upon it; went in. There was sitting the first constitutional convention, which formed the first constitution of the state of Michigan, with the late John Biddle as president; and among the members, I am told, was our distinguished citizen, president of the State Pioneer Society, Hon. John J. Adam. I am prepared here to say, and I believe every good lawyer will unite with me in saying, that that constitution of the state of Michigan, with some amendments that would be necessary from the change in circumstances, was the best constitution we ever had in this state; and if we could go back and sweep away the tinkerings we have had since we should have a better constitution than we have to-day. That was when such men were in the settlement as John McDonald, Conrad TenEyck—old "Coon," as we used to call him—and John J. Adam and their associates. I found out that Morse was mistaken. I do not suppose there is a better section of country of its size for agricultural and general purposes on the face of the globe than the lower peninsula of Michigan.

It is admirably suited for manufactures, with power for all kinds of machinery, and an abundance of coal, iron, copper, lumber and everything. Perhaps you have towns in your county in which there is not a foot of waste land. Perhaps you have not. We have in Wayne county a township in which there is not one square rod of waste land—in which the assessor in making up his roll did not deduct an acre or solitary rod from his assessment on account of waste land. That is the townof Redford.

I started west from Detroit in a stage coach. I had to secure my seat three days in advance. That was when the land speculation fever began to rage somewhat extensively. When the time came I started west on the old Ann Arbor road. We broke down once on the way, but there happened to be a wagon maker on board and he repaired the damages in about fifteen minutes. We made nine miles the first half-day. We got to Conrad TenEyck's tavern—old "Coon," they used to call him. Many of those here knew him under that name. They used to relate this story of him—it is an old joke: The stage used to stop there every day. It was sometimes very full, and in order to play a joke upon the passengers when the stage stopped and they began to get out and come in, he would call to the cook in the kitchen, so they could hear him, "Sally, cook a little of that old wolf we have got on hand for these passengers."

We reached Ypsilanti the first day at sundown, and put up for the night. The next day we reached Marshall, in Calhoun county. I went out and found some land that suited me at ten shillings an acre, and I wanted to get to Kalamazoo to the land office to pay for it; but there was not a solitary public conveyance of any kind from Marshall to Kalamazoo. I and two men, mechanics, walked from Marshall to Kalamazoo in one day! It was the hardest day's work I ever did.

And now I want to talk about the type of the people that settled here. First came the old French settlers, who settled along the Detroit river, and took up little farms of an acre, or two or three acres wide, according to the amount of money they had. Sometimes they would buy an acre on the river, and two or three acres back from it. The French settlers, however, did not constitute the principal settlers of the state of Michigan.

There were other foreigners, some English, some Germans, a few from Hungary, some few from the sunny shores of Italy, some from Poland, some from Sweden and Norway. We had a large delegation from New England; but this was not in the majority. It was not the controlling element. The bulk of the population came from the state of New York. The type of character which makes up this vast assembly now, more than any other, is the type that came from New York. The French population of course exerted its influence; New England exerted hers; but the controlling type was from New York. The same general intelligence, the same industry, the same frugality, the same inclination and capacity for thrift, and general personal prosperity is here to-day. It partakes more of the stae of New York and its people than any other.

Well, I was here forty three years ago. Settlers and land speculators were then pouring in. They went into the openings, girdled the trees, and put in a crop of wheat, potatoes, corn and oats as quick as they could. If they had to go into the forest, they had a long and hard labor to perform before they could get in a crop at all. If they went upon the prairies they had no wood; so the openings—the white oak and burr oak openings—were most sought after and settled first.

The first they did, after they got the log-cabin fixed, was to find a place to hold religious meetings. Read Father Pilcher's recent "History of Protestantism in the State of Michigan," and you will find that the missionary came along with the pioneer, and with him he brought the Bible, and so the gospel was preached from the first in the settlements of Michigan. The Christian faith was planted here by the old pioneers forty and fifty years ago. They were generally Christian pioneers. I do not mean to say that there were no skeptics here. There were, just as there are everywhere; but the bulk of the population brought with them the Christian faith and planted it here among us.

They also brought along the free school with them. The next thing, after they had a cabin up and a place to hold religious worship, was to have a school-house. Our system of popular education came from the early pioneers of this state. We have improved upon the idea extensively by establishing the union system in place of the old district system. We all understand this. I went to school two months in the year, where A, B, C's were taught in one class, and algebra in another; where the classes were small and large in number. The union system gets a large number into one building, or into the same neighborhood, but divides the labor, so that the same amount of money carries the cause of education a great deal farther than the old system did. We took our educational system from New England, the district system; but I know that we first established in this state the union system of schools, as contradistinguished from the old district system, and we sent back the example of the union system to the state of New York and to New England.

The Christian faith and the school system lie at the foundation of our society; and I call upon you, old and young, to cherish and protect until the day of your death, as the apple of your eye, that glorious system. We also have normal schools. They have sprung out of the union system; and I hope our governor will see this, for I want him to know that we need four or five normal schools--one here on the Southern road, one in Detroit, one in the western part of the state, and one in Saginaw. The normal school takes the girls and boys from the union school, enables them to learn the higher branches, and sends them back as teachers in the primary schools. I hope some one will report what I say, so that Gov. Croswell will see to it, for I want him to recommend the establishment of four or five normal schools in this state. While I am speaking of the educational system, let me say that at the head of that system stands the state university—a noble institution. Cherish it with the rest of our broad system, and as the culminating point—the grand, mighty superstructure of the common school education in this state. It has its foundation upon the beneficence of the nation—upon the liberality of the United States. It receives from the state legislature, the state treasury, donations from time to time for its support. They have their trouble there sometimes, it is true. There are between forty and fifty professors there, all educated men, all ambitious men, who are striving for promotion and advancement, and it is nothing strange that there should occasionally be a little difficulty among them. I have no doubt there has been pilfering going on there sometimes, on a pretty large scale; but that does not strike at the root, or even very near the real prosperity of the university. Some men ask me, "Oh, Mr. Bishop, are you not afraid these fights over there will hurt the university? Somebody has been stealing and they are quarreling to ascertain who did the stealing, and this turmoil coming from the university is like a rushing mighty wind. Are you not afraid this will hurt the university?" Not one particle afraid. The trouble they have there merely opens the doors and the windows and lets in the freshness, as you open the doors and windows of the house in the morning to let the fresh air in, which makes you all feel more vigorous and active, and will make the university more active as an institution. There is not one particle of danger about it. It is a mere agitation of the air. It draws the attention of the people to it. They see what an institution it is. It has no more effect on its general prosperity than a little flurry on the deck of a seventy-four gun ship at sea. It stirs the ropes and rigging, it makes the passengers gather their overcoats a little closer about them, but while this is going on the deep-hulled, majestic vessel is moving on steadily, strongly and sublimely. Just so with the university. These things are not going to hurt it at all.

It will increase the attendance. You may rest assured in this, my friends, that the intelligence of the American people and of the people of this state will cause them to protect the university and stand by it. For, in the end, sooner or later, every question and every difficulty there is to come home to the people and to the ballot box, and there they will be decided. You need never fear but that the flurry there will add vigor and strength to the institution.

My friends, I have alluded to the first constitutional convention, in Detroit. I want you to remember that the political organization of this state, from the road district up to the congressional district, was in the hands of the people, forty or fifty years ago. My friend, John J. Adam here, is a living example of those old pioneers. They did their work well. We have heard a great deal, in the last few years, about personal rights, and personal liberty under the political system that they established. Every man and every woman is equal in the law. I know there are advantages of wealth, of family connection, of ancestry, perhaps. But under the political system established in this state, by the pioneers, there is personal equality. They are all citizens of the state—and for all of this you have to thank the pioneers of forty and fifty years ago.

The spirit of equality pervades the whole political system which they established; and the same religious and school system prevails throughout the state of Michigan. Our people are intelligent. They are industrious and frugal. They are ready to engage in and promote any enterprise which the public interests seem to require.

This we see in the one hundred noble regiments of men that were sent into the field from this state, then only about 1,200,000 people, to maintain the Constitution and the Union, against a threatened dissolution from rebellion. And this sprung from the healthy public spirit that prevails in Michigan, as a heritage transmitted to us by the pioneers of forty and fifty years ago.

Another thing I wish to impress upon you: the type of our civilization is a Christian type. I know there are sceptics, and infidels; but the general type of civilization, that which controls our institutions, the spirit of our legislation, is a Christian type, as contra-distinguished from the atheistic, the Deistic, the Mahommedan, the Hindoo or Pagan, or any other type. We, as a people, hold to the Christian faith, and enjoy the hopes of a happy immortality. I am not preaching a sermon, but I believe what I say, and that without this hope "we had been of all men most miserable." In this state perfect equality exists. I wish to say to every boy within the sound of my voice that in the spirit of equality and liberty which we enjoy, every boy, however poor, may aspire to and reach the highest political positions, and attain to respectability and influence among his fellow citizens. I want you to realize, in its full magnitude and power, the privileges of political equality and liberty which you enjoy. I want you also to remember that we are indebted, for all these things, to the old pioneers of thirty, forty and fifty years ago, who went into the wilderness, encountered all its hardships and privations, and literally made it to bloom and blossom as the rose.

My friends, let me give this sentiment in conclusion: Let us ever honor and respect the memory of the old pioneers that have passed away and gone to their long home, and let us honor the pioneers who are living among us, who have honored us with their presence on this occasion.

At this point an address was expected from Gov. Croswell, but he was unable to be present. The following letter of regret from the Governor was read by Mr. Bills:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
ADRIAN, June 11, 1878.

HON. P. BILLS, Tecumseh, Mich.

My Dear Sir:—It would give me great pleasure to be present at the meetings of the Michigan State and Lenawee County Historical Societies to be held at Tecumseh, but I regret to say that engagements that I cannot put aside will prevent my attendance. We have a state to which we are deeply attached and of whose history and growth we are justly proud. We should keep fresh in remembrance the events that have marked its progress, and the men whose energy, wisdom and patriotism have made it a heritage of liberty, order and substantial comfort. I, therefore, rejoice that measures are being taken through organized effort to preserve more fully recollections connected with its history.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES M. CROSWELL.

After the letter, a quartette entitled "The Old Fashioned Farmer," was sung by Geo. P. Wright, Drs. Steinhoff and Fisher, and Rev. C. E. Conley. The quartette was composed by Mr. Wright expressly for the occasion. It was a good hit and was finely sung.

After the music, Judge H. H. Riley, of Constantine, was introduced and delivered a brief address.

JUDGE RILEY'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am not a very old pioneer, I am one of the new sort; have been in Michigan but thirty-one years, and yet I can greet you to-day, coming from St. Joseph county, and am glad that I have the pleasure of meeting with you. When I came into St. Joseph, my friend John J. Adam was even then almost an old pioneer; but I had the pleasure of meeting some of his friends, and among them was John S. Barry. Many of you have not forgotten him. (Applause from the older pioneers.) I regard him as a prince of pioneers, as a man who ought not to be forgotten here to-day; for no man worked harder to lay the foundation beams of this state on which you have built than John S. Barry. I submit to my friend John J. Adam if this is not so; but we are apt to forget those who have worked in the heat of the day and who are now gone, when we meet to celebrate the glory of our own state. I remember a good many things about John S. Barry, and so do you. You remember that he sold hay, cut in the old capitol grounds in Detroit, for two dollars.

A voice—"For three."

Judge Riley—That is a dollar better. I wish to say another word about him; but as I said before, he should be remembered here today, and I am the only one from that county where he lived who is ready to bring him to your remembrance. I remember when those laws that my friend Mr. Bishop has been talking about, were framed; and I believe that John S. Barry had a great deal to do with framing them. John S. Barry had confidence in the people of the state of Michigan: when the state was poor and we were pushing our internal improvements; when we were trying to get money to buy the iron to lay the road from Marshall to Kalamazoo; when the state of Michigan did not have as much credit abroad as it did at home; when he said to the owners of the iron, "Gentlemen, I care not, I know the people of the state of Michigan, and if you wont give us the iron on their credit, I will give you *my* name for all the iron you will sell us, and *I* will trust the people of the state of Michigan." And he did it, and they took his name, he got the iron, and we laid the road. Should John S. Barry be forgotten? You remember him also as a man who always stood up for justice; you remember him as the prince of pioneers; and no man ever lived that was more closely identified with, and looked closer after, the interests of the state than he. I cannot say anything about the local history of Lenawee county, or of our own county, but what I wish to do is to preserve the memory of this old pioneer, and the history of other old pioneers.

What is the pioneer? You know very well. He is the man that goes through the country, breaking up the ground and raking up the rubbish, plowing under the old leaves, and when others come after him, he sells out to some one else, to some man who has more money, one who will reap the fruit of his hands and of his toil. Look over the state; see an old log cabin standing beside a fine new house, and remember those who lived in that old log cabin, who helped lay the foundations of the wealth and prosperity we enjoy. The pioneer goes before the others; you will find them still in the newer states—in Iowa and Wisconsin. The older ones are dead and some of them forgotten.

The pioneers are a necessity; if they do not go before to fell the trees of the forest, there would be no place for the flowers and for the bountiful harvests that come afterwards. And God bless them; they are useful; and they have a great deal to do with the prosperity of those who come after them.

Greeting you once more, and hoping that this meeting will cement us all together as one, not only the people of Lenawee county, but of this state, and that the good old pioneer society will live on—for by-and-by it will be the only source from which the history of the state must be written—I bid you adieu.

"Yankee Doodle" was then sung by the choir, in a manner which "brought down the house;" after which John J. Adam, in behalf of the state society, introduced Mr. J. C. Holmes, of Detroit, and stated that he would explain to them a few things in reference to the history of the State Pioneer Society, when it was founded, what its object was, and what it had accomplished. Mr. Holmes spoke as follows:

The State Pioneer Society was organized at Lansing in March, 1874. It has held annual meetings in the same place the first Wednesday in each February since then. We gather up a great deal of information from the different county societies, and the object of the state society is to bring the proceedings of the county societies, and all the information that can be gathered from the pioneers of each society, together. At the annual meeting we have papers read by pioneers from different parts of the state, and these are published in a volume like this—(holding up a book). This is the first volume of the pioneer collections of the state society. In it you will find the proceedings of the state society from its commencement down to June, 1876. You will also find in it a description of every county that has been laid out in the state, its location, its name, and when necessary the meaning of the name, and when changes have been made they are here recorded. There is a very full index in the back part of the book, so you can turn with ease to any name mentioned, any county that you wish to turn to, or any town in any of the counties. This volume is made up entirely of pioneer matter which has been gathered by the committee, of which I happen to be chairman; and all the matter has been carefully revised. We had 1,500 books printed, which are sold at the cost price, $1.50 per copy. No person connected with the work of compiling the book has had any pay for his services, with the exception of a clerk who was employed to copy some articles from the state records. Any person who will present his name to the president, Mr. John J. Adam, at the same time paying him the sum of one dollar, will then be a member of the state society,

The next in order was a chorus entitled, "Just as of Old," and music by the Tecumseh band. At this point

THE DINNER

was announced, and then came "the tug of war." Ample arrangements had been made for a large crowd, but the attendance was so much larger than was expected that the table committee were taxed to their utmost to feed the hungry multitude. Fortunately there was a bountiful supply of provisions, and all who desired dinner were finally provided for. It is a moderate estimate to state that four thousand people were fed within one hour's time. Good judges declared that never before had they seen such a vast quantity of eatables disposed of in so short a time. Before the attack began the tables presented a splendid sight, loaded down as they were with all the substantials and delicacies which the housewives of northern Lenawee know so well how to prepare. The people of Tecumseh responded generously in furnishing provisions, and they were indebted to all the surrounding towns for their bountiful donations in the same direction. In one hour after the first assault began the tables looked as though an army had passed over them on a foraging expedition. The table-waiters were considerably worried beforehand, for fear they could not properly wait upon the multitude, but their task was an easy one. All they had to do was to place the provisions on the tables, and the crowd very expeditiously and unceremoniously helped themselves.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

During the dinner hour the bands in attendance furnished the crowd with plenty of good music, and shortly after two o'clock the audience was called to order, and the exercises proceeded. The afternoon's programme consisted of addresses and speeches by several persons, interspersed with music by the Raisin Band. Hon. C. A. Stacy was first introduced, who spoke as follows:

JUDGE STACY'S SPEECH.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—After the very eloquent remarks of my friend Bishop, to which you listened this forenoon, it may perhaps weary you to listen to what I have to say, but I will make it as interesting as I can, by portraying some of the incidents of the early settlement of this county, and will endeavor to recall to your mind and to fix through the records of the society, facts that a few years from now may not be remembered at all by any one.

The great object of our society is this: To recall to the minds of the old settlers who remain among us, many incidents and facts that very soon will be forgotten. I will endeavor in what I have to say to allude as little as possible to things that have already been referred to by previous speakers to-day and on other occasions, before our society. It is singular, when we look at this wave of immigration that has gone on step by step, from the first history of the county, when we see the motives that induced men to start out on settlements, to organize new fields of adventure, and to carry out the great traits of American character—enterprise, energy and industry—how alike we find these motives.

The settlement of Tecumseh, that was made in 1824, is an example of one of these. A young man, a Friend, or a Quaker, as we ordinarily call them, was born in the state of Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia. His father gave him as good an education as the schools of that time would allow, and then had him educated as a civil engineer. He went from Pennsylvania into northern New York, into what is now Jefferson county. He there met a Quaker family named Brown, of a large number of sons and daughters. Why did he go there? A Frenchman came into northern New York and bought some land, and wanted surveyors. The young Pennsylvanian went there as a surveyor. He became acquainted with this family, that of Samuel Brown, father of our General Brown, and married one of his daughters. Then, as time rolled along, a Yankee from New England, whose name was Wing, moved up into northern New York, also. He was a lawyer. That man was Austin E. Wing, and he became one of the early pioneers of this state. Mr. Wing also married one of Samuel Brown's relatives, the cousin of Mrs. Evans. They talked matters over, and what did they do? Wing concluded to go to Detroit and settle there, as it would be a good place for a smart young lawyer. So he went to Detroit, and settled finally at Monroe. Then he went back to Jefferson county, and said to young Brown—our now revered Gen. J. W. Brown—"This country up in Michigan, that geographers tell us was good for nothing, that government agents pronounced a swamp, is a beautiful and fertile one, and when developed it will be one of the finest agricultural countries in the world." He says to the surveyor, young Evans, who was just completing his job for the Frenchman—"You are a surveyor. Come into that new country and it will open up for you new fields for work, year after year." He said to Brown—"There is a beautiful country not far from Monroe, a fine stream; you can get a mill privilege. Now," says he, "Joe Brown, you come along with us with your wife. You are a farmer; you can get a mill privilege and run a mill for the settlers. I am a lawyer, and I want to go into politics. You can give me a few votes, and elect me to congress. Here is Evans; he is a surveyor, and he will have plenty of work to survey the growing country there, for years. Here is Brown, who is a farmer, and that beautiful country is as good farming land as the sun of heaven ever shone upon. Now, let's go out there—let us make this settlement, with as many friends and neighbors as we can."

So they came here, and that, I believe, is about the way the bargain was made by which Tecumseh was first settled. The lawyer wanted to be a congressman, the surveyor wanted a job, and the farmer thought if he could get up a mill, he would make a first-rate miller, and all benefit themselves, their families and the new state. They came on. Let us look and see what an enterprise it was. To-day it is but a fourteen or fifteen hours' ride from Jefferson county, N. Y., to Tecumseh. When they came here, Ezra F. Blood came with them. He was a bachelor. He is an old man now. Then he was a young, active, energetic man. He is active still. Mr. Benson came with them, with his wife. They came first to Detroit. Then the men took a trip out to Saline, with an Indian pony, and then across north of where Clinton is now, thence down to Evans creek, and down the little creek to Tecumseh. Here they found a good place. They located eighty acres of land—the eighty, if I recollect right, upon which the main part of Tecumseh now stands. Young Brown had a wife and family at home, and concluded to go back to Watertown. Evans and Blood and Benson and his wife and Stetson came down to Monroe in a small sail vessel. They had been nearly a month coming from Jefferson county to Detroit. They came to Monroe, and were three or four days traveling that distance, that now takes three or four hours. When they got to Monroe they bought two yoke of cattle. On the 2d day of June, Evans, wife and family, Benson and his wife, and Blood and Stetson stopped with their teams but a few rods north of where we now are. See what a situation those people were in. Let us young men—and I claim to be a young men yet, if I do have the rheumatism—let us young men look at the enterprise required for this month's journey. They came here in their wagons. The next day but one they plowed a piece of ground. They had brought two or three hundred cabbage plants from Monroe, and they were set out. A few potatoes were planted, a few oats sowed, and a little corn put in the ground, the second day after they got there. They kept on planting summer crops; as Mrs. Evans naively says, she thought they would plant all summer. These men were willing and ready to perform the great work that was necessary for them to do to make this then vast wilderness to "blossom like the rose."

If I figure it right, the first day of June was Wednesday. When Sunday came they were tired. They rested. All the next day they worked again. There were some logs rolled up. They sent and got some neighbors to help them—neighbors who lived fifteen or twenty miles off. They helped roll up the logs for their house and split the shakes to cover it. There was no saw mill here. I have ascertained what occupied the leading ones the second Sunday after they came here, the 13th of June, 1824. Here is a letter they wrote back. I look on the outside and there is no envelope—they were unknown. But here is a mark, "Twenty-five cents, Frenchtown, M. T., June 18." I look at the inside of the sheet. The paper is coarse and rough, compared with the paper we use to-day. I will take the liberty of reading this letter, as it will interest you all:

MUSGROVE EVANS' LETTER.

TECUMSEH, 6th mo., 13, 1824

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I wrote thee a day or two before we left Monroe, giving thee a little account up to that time, with a little sketch shewing the entries made, &c. We set out from Monroe on the first day of this month about noon. We encamped at the Macon, and arrived here next day about four or five o'clock. Deborah set out with Peter the day before us in an ox team, and arrived here a few hours before us. All in good health and spirits. I have been so very busy since I have been here that I have not had time to go down yet. There have been a few exploring parties up since we have been here and went away well pleased. How many have entered, or where, I don't know. I expect to go down before long and see how things are going on. I have not heard from Wing since I wrote last. I expect him daily, and want to see him about the mill, which ought to be commenced as soon as possible. I have had so much to do fencing and fixing about the house, that I have not done much yet at farming, but have finished planting corn have sowed about two acres with oats and grass, and planted a little garden, &c. The garden was planted the second day after we arrived. The peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, melons, lettuce and some other things are up, and are looking finely. We brought some cabbage plants with us from Monroe, and although they were three days or more out of the ground they all lived and look well. We succeeded much better with ploughing than I had any idea we should, and I find that by mowing the bushes and weeds with a scythe, which is soon done, that two yoke of oxen will plough an acre a day with ease, with the Smith plough; but the cast iron plough don't do so well for the first time. They will suit this country very well after the ground has once been broken up, but at first they are not sharp enough to cut the little roots which the ground is full of. I did not know till I came to try, that there was so much difference, and would not now take $40 for the Smith plow that I have here. I think that thee had better bring one or two of them, made strong for that purpose. I suppose I need not remind thee every time I write of the seed wheat. I shall like to have a few bushels in time to put it in in good season and in good order, that we may see what it will do. I hope it will be of first quality. I must leave the rest of the paper for Abi and bid thee farewell. We are in good health and always desire to be remembered to all.

Sincerely thine,

M. EVANS.

I requested Noble to send thee a copy of the report of the commissioners, and hope he has done it.

MRS. EVANS' LETTER.

Musgrove has left a blank place for me to fill up, but I don't know what I shall put in it, as he has given thee an account of all transactions; but I would wish thee to have thy mind prepared to meet with more fatigue and hardship than it has ever been thy lot to pass through, but hope your removal to this country will be for the best, as your situation there is in some respects not very pleasant; but at the same time I would have thee bear in mind that by removing thee will not ensure every comfort; although a fine soil and climate, it is as yet in a state of nature and will require a steady perseverance to make it what we would wish it to be, and thee must expect to undergo thy share of fatigue and anxiety, as no new settlement ever yet was formed without a great deal of exertion; and I sincerly wish the combined exertions of Wing, thy husband and Musgrove will be competent for the undertaking, as we are on the spot and must expect to remain here. I feel very anxious to have a sawmill that we can have a more comfortable house, for at present we are not sheltered from the wind and rain. The building we have put up is designed for a stove instead of a fire-place, and as that is at Monroe, when it rains we have to make a fire in the spider with some chips, but hope in the course of this week to have one brought up from Monroe. Stetson has gone down after his wife. When he returns he contemplates sawing with a whip-saw to fix his house. Patchen is plowing for potatoes. I don't know but our folks will keep putting in spring grain till frost comes, for we cannot tell from the looks of our neighbors' fields whether it is too late or not. We had for the week past considerable rain and some heavy thunder. To-day it is cool and cloudy. Our men have all gone to look at the country. I suppose you have been to church. Perhaps I may yet see the day when the gospel will be preached at our place. Among the the number who have purchased there are two Methodist ministers, who expect some of their families will come on next spring, themselves the spring after. Our men have returned from the woods and have seen so many good farms that if they had the money to purchase, they say they would be at a loss which to choose. Up the river they gave the preference. It is a fortunate circumstance that we brought Peter with us, for I cannot imagine any way we could have got along without him; he has driven four loads from Monroe here without even being stuck fast in the mud, which I think is doing well, considering the extreme badness of the roads. For the want of ink I must bid thee an affectionate farewell. I intended before this to have written to my dear mother, who I often think of with fervent desires that we may yet see each other, and I sincerely hope that brother Jacob will make her a visit this summer.

I remain thy affectionate sister,

CORNELIA BROWN. ABI EVANS.

I have read these letters for the purpose of showing the position these people were then in—the hardships and privations they were compelled to endure, and the difficulties they had to encounter. They were without mills, without boards, even the roughest boards to cover their houses and protect them from the rain. Finally they built their mill. It was near where our red mill-dam is to-day. They got help from Monroe for the purpose of raising the mill. They got a saw and started their mill, and we can imagine the great pleasure they took in getting the first boards with which to cover their houses, to make doors and sash, and to make floors. The next spring they found stone on the opening near, and from them they made stones for their grist-mill. You have heard of the condition of affairs when their grist-mill ground the first flour on the 4th of July, 1825.

Upon a field near where I live there was wheat raised that had been sowed the fall before. One day they harvested the wheat, threshed it with a flail, took it over to the mill where it was ground, and Mrs. Brown made the cakes they had for supper on the 4th of July.

There are a few other incidents connected with the settlement of Michigan that I wish to call your attention to. The mill ground grain for this settlement, and finally people from west of us over fifty miles "came down to get their grists ground." Young Brown got to be quite a miller. They did not know how they could get along without him. The grain fields increased in size and number. The next spring, (1826), there was a freshet; they had got considerable wheat, and it was necessary it should be made into flour. The freshet came and took the mill-dam off. They did not know what to do. Evans was engaged in surveying, and the General went to Monroe. Wing said, "I have not got any money, but I guess we can get some in Detroit, and I will give you my own name and get another name as security on your note." So he put his own name on a note for $400 to pay for repairing their dam and fixing the mill for the benefit of the inhabitants. They went to Mr. Trowbridge, who managed the affairs of the Bank of Michigan. The other name on the note will be recognized by some of you when I say that it was Shubael Conant. They got the money, and Mr. Trowbridge waited till they had made money enough to fix up their farms and building and had money enough to pay the note. I allude to this fact to show the stern necessity—the great poverty that existed among the people—to show how they were dependent upon the people of other sections of the state—to show the kindness of such men as Conant and Wing and Trowbridge, and later Mr. Owen, to the people of Tecumseh and the other new settlements.

I have been told by Gen. Brown, Judge Blanchard and Judge W. H. Hoeg, and other old settlers, that there was not a time in the early history of the state when the wealthy men of Detroit were not willing to extend to the settlers a helping hand in all times of emergency. Fifteen or twenty families came to the county in 1824. In the spring of 1825 fifteen or twenty families more; in 1826, thirty or forty; and then scattered along, twenty or thirty, or one hundred families a year down to 1834, when speculation commenced, and settlers came into Michigan rapidly, because the people of the east found that Michigan, instead of being a swamp, as represented in the geographies and reports of commissioners, was indeed a beautiful and fertile state.

The history of the settlement of other parts of the county, of the settlement in the south part of the town of Raisin by the Friends, and of the coming of Darius Comstock to Raisin, and of A. J. Comstock to Adrian, has often been repeated in your hearing. The coming of John Tyrrell, Capt. Kies, and the Clarks, and Daniel Hixson to Clinton—though we claim Hixson settled in Tecumseh first—the coming of Kedzie, Clark and Bliss, and Giles, and the other men that settled in Blissfield, is already upon the records of our society. I now come to some of my own experiences.

It may seem egotistical, but I do it for the purpose of enumerating some names of the early settlers of this county with whom I was acquainted. I came here in August, 1836, nearly forty-two years ago. I came to Detroit in the night. I came down upon the boat and stopped at the old Steamboat Hotel. As I came up on the boat I met Stephen Fargo, Charles Strong and Lewis Hubbard, and became acquainted with them. I came on a rough covered wagon to Ypsilanti and stayed all night. They had a bountiful rain a few days before; it was about the middle of August. The country, as we came along, was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We came to Clinton, and then I started along the line of the old road from Clinton to Tecumseh, across the school section. I thought then, what I have frequently thought since, when I have looked on those beautiful fields, now improved with beautiful buildings. I *knew* then that it was the most beautiful country my eyes had ever looked upon—that God had never made a more beautiful country than this,

I came to Tecumseh a boy nineteen years old. I was a stranger, and I knew but one single family in town. I recollect meeting with Gen. Brown; he came to the office where I was studying law with Peter Morey. He treated me kindly, more as a father than a stranger. I recollect Dr. Patterson; I recollect the kindness of his heart and hand toward me, a boy and a stranger. I recollect Judge Blanchard, Judge W. H. Hoeg, and Abner Spofford, who owned and run the mill near E. F. Blood's. I recollect Stephen Fargo, with whom I first got acquainted in Detroit. I recollect Walter Welch, who was working then in the foundry; he was afterward one of the justices of the peace of the town. I recollect Jesse Ballard, in whose house I lived six months as a boarder after I came to Tecumseh. I remember another thing, that from every settler here, from every man in the village of Tecumseh, from .every farmer around here, if he had but a house with one room, if that room had not a chimney, if it was not even enclosed with lights of glass in the windows—I, a poor boy and a stranger, met a hearty and heart-felt greeting and kindness and most unbounded hospitality. Why, fellow-citizens, those of you who have not seen this country when it was new, when it was a mere little hamlet, can hardly realize these things.

I recollect in 1839 or 1840, going down into the town of Medina with my friend Judge Beaman. We stopped at a farmer's house, Chas. M. Baldwin's. He said "come in." Well, they gave us something to eat; we had a cup of tea; I believe that Beaman got a cup, but I had to take a tin dish. The man and his wife each took a tin dish. They drew up a bench on their side of the table, and they gave Mr. Beaman and I each a chair. That was the spirit of hospitality with which people were met in every section of the country. There were no exceptions. I recollect going in later years to the same man's house; it was then one of the finest of farm houses; and they treated me with the same hospitality because they never forgot the custom of treating strangers kindly. But I do believe that I enjoyed that meal when I drank the tea out of the tin cup and sat in one of the only two chairs in the house, and that it was as heartily bestowed by that family, as the most bountiful repast spread before me upon china dishes, with all the pastry and fine cooking of thirty years afterward.

I wish to tell you that I have a contract between Joseph W. Brown and Musgrove Evans and Austin E. Wing with reference to the plan of this village of Tecumseh, a contract in regard to the mill property and the village property, dated December 6, 1824. These old records will be preserved by the families in whose possession they now are as long as they live, and then they will go into the archives of the county society for the purpose of being perpetuated. Well, I speak of these things and I may be egotistical in doing so, but how can I forget them? I remember the kind invitation of Samuel Satterthwaite, when I was a boy here and the family with whom I was living (Mr. Morey's family) had gone away, to stay two or three days with him. I received the most bountiful hospitality. How can I forget the stright-forward, honest course of all the old settlers? Reuben Satterthwaite, a brother of Samuel, later Mr. Comfort, again Darius Comstock, who was one of the old settlers when I came. All these things come across my mind with the most pleasurable recollections; but I cannot forget that these men are most of them passed away. Samuel Satterthwaite has gone to the other shore before us; there were Satterthwaite and Comfort, and Judge Blanchard and Dr. Patterson, and George Spafford; I recollect especially his kindness. Why! there is no one of us but remembers him; it was his boast and pride as long as he lived, that no poor person from the village of Tecumseh had ever been sent to the poor house. I recollect how he would go around with a basket and say: "Can't you do a little for this family?" He would gather what he could, and what it lacked he made up himself. I recollect Charles Spafford who, to the last day of his life, preserved his good spirits and his other happy qualities. I recollect Darius Comstock. In '37, when wheat was up to three dollars a bushel and corn to twenty shillings a bushel, when a man came to him and asked: "Have you got any wheat to sell? I want twenty bushels," he would say, "You can't have it." When a man came and said: "My family is starving; I have got to go to Ypsilanti unless you give me one bushel," he got that bushel, and he got it for one dollar. He had no wheat to sell except to men who had no money to pay the high prices for it. I recollect many others. There was Captain Davis, and here among us to-day, also, John J. Adam, among the first settlers of Franklin. He was then a young man. And I recollect Deacon Conklin, whose white head is still among us, and who is a source of consolation to his family. We may look on his life and learn of him what it is to live. I recollect William Tilton and his acts of kindness to myself and others. I could go on all the afternoon telling recollections that I have of these men; but then comes the thought, how many of them are gone. There was my friend, Captain Kies; he has left sons behind him; he was a good old man. He kept a tavern; almost everybody kept a tavern then; and no hungry man ever went out of his house because he had no money.

There was Ebenezer Anderson, a Scotchman, who owned the A. D. Hall farm. He had the best library in Tecumseh, which was always free to all. He was kind and hospitable, genial and social, one of nature's noblemen.

In addition to these I have mentioned were the Penningtons, Dr. Howell and the Hendershots, of Macon; Miller, Van Vleet, Palmer and Kennedy, of Ridgeway; the Boyds, Richards, Holloway, Holdridge, John Lovett, Samuel Bryan, Smith Laing, of Raisin; Mosher, Walker, Ayres and Wheeler, of Cambridge; Wilson, Hyde, the Reynolds, the Camburns, and Henry Tripp, of Franklin; Snow, Keyes, Miller, Fisk, and others, of Clinton; and many others in all these towns, whom I should like to mention particularly, but time forbids.

The lawyers here at that time were Peter R. Adams, who is still with us enjoying the fruits of a life of industry, Peter Morey and Andrew Backus. The physicians were Dr. Patterson, Dr. Gallatin, and Dr. Baldwin, all of whom have passed away.

When I look at these men, at the recollections I have of them and see what they have done: as was so beautifully expressed by my friend Bishop this forenoon; how they have built school houses, how they have raised up churches all over this country and scattered the boon of Christian civilization; when I recollect that they have gone before us to their reward, I remember that what is our loss is their gain. There was my friend Boughton; he was one of the men with whom I first became acquainted in Tecumseh; for six years we were in the same office when he was first acting as justice of the peace; a man in whose heart there was no guile; who was as honest as any man that ever lived. Some of those men are here to-day. Montgomery, I see him here to-day; when I first came here he lived at Dundee. Here is my friend George Sheeler. When he came here, he was poor; he brought all he had on his back. And now he and his sons have got one of the most beautiful portions of God's footstool for their heritage. Then here is my friend Van Tine. I know you pretty well, don't I Van? (turning to a man on the platform). I think a good deal more of him than some men of that age, because Van and I got married about the same time, and we did our courting about the same time, and that is the most interesting portion of a man's life, they say. But, fellow-citizens, I have detained you too long.

Many—most of these old pioneers—have passed the river before us, have gone, we firmly believe, from "their labors on earth to the joys and pleasures of heaven."

Those who remain show by their whitened locks that "the weight of years and of labor is upon them."

Grateful as we all are, and ever must be, to the old pioneers of the county for their great worth and noble work, the highest tribute we can pay to their memory is to continue the noble work they commenced, by imitating their example and emulating their virtues.

At the close of Judge Stacy's remarks Mr. G. P. Waring, of Ridgeway, was introduced, who had an original poem dedicated to the early pioneers.

Mr. Waring's effort was received with applause, and at its conclusion Deacon Isaac Adams was introduced.

ISAAC ADAMS' REMARKS.

It furnishes me a great deal of gratification to meet with all my friends here, young and old. There is one thing I wish to say to my young friends, and that is, when you meet us, *recognize* us. We may not know you; our eyes are becoming dim, and you have grown up out of our knowledge; but you know us, and when you meet us it gives us great pleasure to have you recognize us. Say, "How do you do, Mr. Adams?" Speak to us and say a pleasant word to us when you meet us.

Ex-mayor Geddes, of Adrian, was then introduced and spoke as follows:

MR. GEDDES' ADDRESS.

In a paper I had the honor of reading before this society at its meeting at Adrian, some two years ago, I gave a brief sketch of four of the pioneers of Franklin and Cambridge, who, attracted by the beauty of the country about Sand lake, settled upon its banks while all that part of the county was an unbroken forest. Of those remarkable men two, the Rev. Henry Tripp and the Rev. Wm. N. Lyster, have gone with the majority, leaving behind them the record of lives well spent in the performance of noble deeds, and of sacrifices made for the good of their fellow-men. They deserve more than a passing remark; but having spoken of them at some length in the paper referred to, I leave it for others to do such further justice to their memory as their services in developing the best interests of the country of their adoption entitles them to receive.

Two of those distinguished pioneers are still living—one, Jas. King, who, with his lovely and accomplished wife, will be remembered by those of us who were familiar with the lake region while it was yet a wilderness, is living at Kingsville, Canada, a town founded by him and named in his honor, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, as fitting for a man of such rare culture and refinement who has reached the ripe age of seventy-five, after having so honorably discharged all the various duties of a public and private career—and but for the infirmities of age and a recent paralytic attack, rendering it difficult for him to write, we should to-day have been favored with some reminiscences of pioneer life from his facile pen. His son, Dr. L. A. King, writes me as follows: "My father desires me to say, that the period of his residence in Michigan has always been looked back to by him as one of the bright spots in his life. The beauty of the country around Sand lake, and the kindness and hospitality of the few inhabitants settled there at that time, are among the pleasant memories of a somewhat chequered career. During his residence in Canada he has held several offices under government—has seen the country develop from a wilderness to a condition of prosperity and wealth."

The other, Dr. Benjamin Workman, who will be better remembered for the reason that he remained in the county much longer, and filled while here a more conspicuous place in the public eye, being for some time the editor of the Constitutionalist, the first Whig paper ever published in this county, and I think the second in the state, and also having been a teacher in this village and at Springville, has kindly sent me a letter, which with your permission I will read. Before doing so I will state, for the information of those who did not know Dr. Workman, that he was an Irishman, and one of the ablest and most cultured of our pioneers, having received a liberal education in the old world before coming to the wilds of Michigan, which he did while it was yet a territory. A thorough classical and scientific scholar, he stamped himself as but few men could upon the community where he lived. During his residence in the Dominion of Canada he has occupied important positions, the last being that of chief officer, or medical superintendent of the insane asylum at Toronto, which position he resigned some three years ago. The Dominion parliament, as a recognition of his eminent and valuable services in that position, granted him by a *unanimous vote* a gratuity of $2,000—a method of rewarding faithful official services that does not prevail to any considerable extent in the states. As I stated in the paper referred to, "I knew these men at a time when education and culture, above and higher than that afforded by our common schools, was rarely met with in the neighborhood where I resided, and my boyish imagination invested their names with a sort of halo, which advancing years has tended to increase rather than diminish."

But I will not detain you longer with any remarks of my own. The letter of Dr. Workman is as follows:

UXBRIDGE, Ontario, June 3d, 1878.

DEAR SIR—I have the pleasure of thanking you for your esteemed favor of 20th ult., announcing that the state and county pioneers will meet in Tecumseh on the 12th inst. The first impulse, on reading your letter, was a desire to be with them on that occasion; but the infirmities of advanced age (eighty-four) render long journeys impracticable, and I must therefore content myself with asking you to present my salutation and to wish them a pleasant and interesting meeting. Michigan is written upon my heart in indelible characters, as the country in which I, though a stranger, was treated with hospitality and kindness by all its citizens with whom I came in contact. Gratitude remains on memory's tablet in relation to my sojurn in your state, and will never be erased or forgotten so long as memory holds its seat. I go with them in cherishing a deep interest in the reminiscences of the days of old, when we looked each other face to face, and took counsel together for the public weal.

I settled in Michigan in 1834. It was then a territory. No house was seen in going in a straight line from my residence at Sand Lake to the school section at the center of the town (Franklin); and on the section line running eastward from that lake, only three log houses were to be seen between the lake and the center line. Nature stood out in her almost undisturbed rudeness. In the words of the poet, "All looked charming, wild and sweet."

The Monroe turnpike had been made some acres past the center town line, and squads of Frenchmen were at work between that and the Cambridge town line. I well remember coming upon one of those squads at work on the part of the road which crosses the Geddes farm, when in pursuit of a stray cow, and upon asking them if they had seen an estray cow in the woods, was surprised to find that they could not speak English. I had to fall back upon my French to obtain the information I sought for.

The territory then, to a person looking down upon it from a balloon, and taking in the landscape from lake Erie to lake Michigan, would have presented the aspect of an unbroken forest, with only here and there, at long distances, an embryo village with meeting house and mill and a few rather primitive houses in garden-like clearances, and numerous small lakes set like crystals in the deep green field of view which the forest presented. How different the appearance of the country (as I saw it at my last visit some years ago); the log house has given place to the frame or brick house of ample dimensions, with the necessary suite of out-houses. The forest, thanks to the energy and industry of intelligent and skillful citizens, has given place to fertile fields, waving with rich crops of the requisites for human sustenance, intrinsically more conducive to the welfare of society than mines of gold or fields of diamonds. The hardy axe-men of bygone days have "scattered plenty o'er a smiling land;" and now, a few of the survivors meet to celebrate their jubilee, and to describe with honest and patriotic pride the triumphs of their perseverance. May harmony be in their deliberations. While I picture to myself their assembly, and the achievements and improvements accomplished, I am inclined to apply to them the words of the poetess:

"Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky."

There was no edifice dedicated to the worship of God, nearer us in Franklin than Clinton or Tecumseh, distant about nine miles, and roads so bad that attendance there was impracticable. So we gathered together a few neighbors in a private house; and one of them, a local preacher among the Methodists, officiated in leading our devotions. Those simple reunions in an humble log house were, I believe, as acceptable to the great object of man's worship, as if breathed forth from the gorgeous cathedral in pealing anthems. I will never forget the first attempt at going to meeting, that I made. My nearest neighbor invited me to accompany his family and his sister's family, and I readily consented. Our outfit consisted of an ox-team yoked to a very rudely constructed ox-cart. Seats were extemporized for the women and children; and I, as the stranger, was pressed to take a seat with them, whilst the other males of the party walked alongside. It was the first time I had the honor of riding in an ox-cart. I thought it a dreadful slow business; however, we wended our way through openings along what could hardly be called a road, and every now and then we had to hold fast to escape falling off, as we passed over logs or dipped into mudholes. In an unlucky moment, in passing over one of those impediments, the wooden axle of our cart gave way, and we had a practical experience of the properties of the mechanical power called the inclined plane. We all descended from the dilapidated cart as quickly as possible; and there we stood, the forlorn crew of a *dry land shipwreck*, looking wistfully at one another. Soon the question was asked, "What's to be done?" We were still about a mile from our destination, and about as far from our homes. After a brief pause it was concluded that the men should carry the children, and that all, both male and female, should proceed to the place of meeting on foot. We had an axe with us. The axe, in those days, was almost always the accompaniment of every vehicle leaving home for a journey. The man of the party known to be the most dextrous in handling that instrument was left with the oxen and cart, with an understanding that the oxen, as they had their bell on, might be turned out to feed, while the axe-man cut a stick, although it was Sunday, and shaped it into an axle to replace the broken one. To make the repair complete an auger ought to have been at hand; but on examining the repaired cart, when I subsequently saw it, I admired the ingenuity of our mechanic in making the new axle secure without the necessary pins which would have been inserted had there been an instrument at hand to make holes for them. A backwoodsman is never at a loss, if he have his axe with him. Our cart was repaired, the oxen yoked in, and set in motion to meet us on our return after meeting, and all were glad to get on board for whom sitting room could be found, and our Sabbath day's journey thus brought to an auspicious termination.

I may note another incident of early bush life, characteristic of those times. Two of my neighbors started at early morn with a horse team from Tecumseh, leaving directions at home to have tea ready for them on their return at 5 P.M. Rain had fallen on the previous day, which made the road very heavy. So bad was the turnpike, although but lately made, that the day was far spent before they reached the village. Several times were they obliged to procure handspikes from the adjacent woods to apply to the wheels of the wagon to assist the team in getting it out of the mudholes. This caused such delay that the sun went down before the party were ready to start homewards. The night was dark and they were unable to see the dangerous pitholes that had given them so much trouble in the daytime. About four miles west of the village the wagon became so deeply mired down that their most strenuous efforts could not extricate it. To pass the night in a wagon stuck fast in a mudhole, was not among the pleasant things of life, either for man or horse, and, consequently, one of the men started off west to the nearest house to solicit assistance. The assistance was readily and cheerfully given, and when they reached the house, the probability of being again mired down in the dark was suggested, and they were invited to remain all night. The invitation was thankfully accepted, the horses put up, and a good supper of home-like fare prepared for them. But now came up a very grave difficulty. There were three men and their wives in a log house with only one unoccupied bed. The trundle-bed could not be thought of for one moment; as the children had established their pre-emption right to it hours before the arrival of the wayworn guests. The dilemma was finally adjusted thus: the three women to take close quarters in the bed, and the men to sleep on buffalo robes before the log fire on the hearth, and it was done.

Let not those who now, in the same locations, dwell in spacious houses, in chambers of ample dimensions, ridicule those scenes of old-time life; rude and rough were the belongings of the occasion, but Christian hospitality casts a halo of light on them, and we may in the fullness of our hearts say:

The hand that aids the wayworn man,
Or to the thirsty gives the cup,
Is blessed by Him that all things scans,
And lifts the sinking spirit up.

In those early days, considerable amount of sickness prevailed. The new settler, in breaking up the virgin soil set free the miasma which had been accumulating for centuries, as year after year the falling leaves added decaying vegetable matter to the surface. As the natural consequence of breaking up the new soil in large areas, this miasma produced remitting and intermitting fevers, lightly in the openings, but very gravely in the heavy timbered lands. The first settlers in Tecumseh had a heavy experience in that line: Mrs. Griffith, a respectable widow lady, informed me that at one time she and Dr. Patterson were the only persons in the village exempt from sickness, and that they were obliged to go from house to house daily to take care of the sick.

I find I have put your patience to a great stretch. When I get to thinking or writing about Michigan, I am almost sure to dwell long on the subject. I could say much more. I could enlarge upon the efforts of those early settlers in the temperance cause, their pleadings to God for the poor slave, and their zeal in promoting the religion of Christ, but the propriety of not being more tedious suggests that I ought to close. I would like to make a passing note of the men I acted with. The gentle, meek Rev. Wm. Lyster, the conscientious Christian, Henry Tripp, the energetic, honest Major Mills, the humble and fervent disciple James Miller, the always cheerful and obliging James King, and many others. Some old friend will no doubt do justice to those men, who were truly the salt of the earth.

Read this to the meeting or make extracts from it to be inserted with anything of your own composition, and believe me ever

Your sincere friend,
B. WORKMAN, M. D.

REV. J. O. BANCROFT,

of East Saginaw, was introduced. He said he had been a pioneer. For forty-seven years he had lived in Michigan, and during that time had only been absent for three weeks. It was hard to get up pioneer societies where he lived, for hardly any one had lived there twenty years He settled in Tecumseh forty-three years ago. The country had changed much in that time. He stated that at one time, when he was about eight years old, while out milking with his brother, a wolf ran by them, they supposing it to be a large dog. He also told of going to mill, the old Spafford mill at Tecumseh, frequently. He said he had lived in St. Clair, Lapeer, Sanilac, Macomb, Flint, Livingston, Oakland, Tuscola, Lenawee, and Saginaw counties. He hoped to see some of those present in Saginaw county some time. His remarks were well received.

S. C. Stacy then read a poem, by Mrs. H. E. Wilson, of Raisin, as follows:

PIONEER RELICS.

BY MRS. H. E. WILSON.

These queer old relics of pioneer times,
Now carry us back and recall to mind
The varied scenes that we then lived through,
So distinctly again brought out to view.

Our scanty stock of household goods
Were implements roughly made of wood.
We had no carving or patterns fine,
But with ax, or knife, and our skill combined,

Were hewn and whittled these implements quaint,
Wholly regardless of fashion's restraint;
And with our supply so limited then,
We were better content than ever again.

When plenty and wealth and a selfish greed,
Came in the place of our simple needs,
And to me these comforts so roughly wrought,
Have value greater than money has brought.

This rolling pin of the long ago,
That has rolled out mountains of puffy dough
For the hungry flock, both lads and lass,
With a knife was whittled and smoothed with glass.

And this queer old tray, such as few then had,
Was hollowed to shape with a common adze,
And could it detail its many uses,
The aged housewife might make excuses.

Then this pestle of wood we should not let pass,
That mashed our potatoes and pumpkin sauce,
Which then we considered quite hard to beat,
But now would hardly be deemed a treat.

And this ancient wheel that so faithfully spun
So many long threads since its race begun,
Has nearly finished its work, we feel,
And soon its last thread shall wind from the reel.

For the ancient spinners of woof and web
Will soon be numbered among the dead;
Only remembered as what has been,
While the wheel of time for others shall spin.

President Dewey then read the subscription for the first court-house in Lenawee county. This paper is given in full below.

A letter by Mr. Daniel T. Lewis, of Macon, was then read by S. C. Stacy, as follows:

DANIEL T. LEWIS' LETTER.

Forty-seven years! What fond memories cluster around us as we wander back, in our mind's eye, to the days of "auld lang syne." My mind goes back to the days of my early manhood, when at the age of twenty-four I left the old home of my childhood to seek my fortune in the far west. I landed in Wayne county October 20, 1831. I remained there two years. I then removed to the township of Macon, in Lenawee county, where I have resided ever since. Railroads were unknown then. Bears and wolves were plenty. It took me three days to cut a road to what is now my farm. We had to ford the Macon for a year before we had a bridge. Our shanty had neither doors nor windows, and not a single board in our whole house, the roof consisting of a series of troughs. For doors and windows we used blankets, with a large log in front of the door to keep out the pigs. We had twelve hogs, but the bears caught them all the first winter. I have been repeatedly chased by wolves at night. I will here relate an incident of those days. While harvesting a small piece of wheat one mile and a half away, I heard a hog squeal. I immediately ran to the house of Mr. Burleson, but found no one at home. Seeing two guns hanging by the wall, (one of which I observed was primed), I seized it and ran to the scene of action. My dog immediately commenced business, but the bear proving more than a match for him, he retreated and the bear came for me. Being well armed I had no fear, but waited for his bearship to approach; and when within four feet of me I deliberately raised my gun, took deadly aim, pulled the trigger, when lo, my rifle flashed in the pan! We used flint locks then. I was now in rather close quarters, but my dog coming to my assistance we succeeded in driving the bear away. One more incident. Having to go to Ypsilanti for provisions, Mrs. Lewis requested me to load the rifle for her, which I accordingly did, giving her at the same time some instructions in regard to its use. I had been gone but a short time when three stately deer made their appearance a short distance from the house. Mrs.

Lewis seized the rifle, ran to a port-hole in the side of the shanty, took aim at the largest, pulled trigger, and behold *her* piece flashed. Nothing daunted she reprimed the gun and fired, this time killing the deer almost instantly. She then succeeded in dragging the deer into the shanty, and then went one mile and a half to secure help to dress the animal, which was said to be the largest ever killed in the town of Macon. *And then we had meat again for some time.*

After music by the band,

VOLUNTEER SPEECHES

were called for. Mr. VanNess spoke for a few minutes. His acquaintance with Lenawee pioneers dated back to 1816. He knew them in Jefferson county, N. Y., before they moved to Michigan. He knew Joseph W. Brown then, Timothy Nash, and others. He came to Lenawee county in 1830. He bought property where the town of Dundee now stands. He built a house there, but in 1834 it was burned and he was again as poor as when he came there; or, as he expressed it, "so poor that he had to lean against a post." The next year the fire got into his mills and burned them down. So he was still very poor. When his house burned he sent his family down to Monroe, stayed himself at Dundee and lived six weeks on mush and milk. He related an "experience" of his with a mad dog which bit his pigs, and also a hired man of his. The pigs went mad and died. The hired man put salt on the bite, and the next morning the salt had turned green, but the man lived and is alive to-day.

The chairman called for more volunteer speeches.

Mr. Cleveland responded. He said he came from New York here forty-seven years ago. He came without any furniture or much else. He lived in the old court-house a while; married in Otsego county; told what a hard time he had for the first few years, and how the settlers helped him. After all, he thought they enjoyed themselves better in the old times and wished he could live them over again.

Mr. S. C. Stacy then read an extract from a letter written by Thomas Clark, of Monroe, as follows:

THOMAS CLARK'S LETTER.

MONROE, June 10, 1878.

To the Officers and Members of the Pioneer Society of Lenawee County:

As I have received an invitation to attend your meeting of June 12th, at Tecumseh, but am unable to be present, I thought a few recollections of the early settlement of Monroe and Lenawee counties might be of interest to you.

I landed in Monroe in September, 1823, with my father, who was register of the land office of the southern district of Michigan at that time. There were no white inhabitants west of ten miles of Monroe. The few settlers were mostly French, and dressed more like Indians than white people. Farming was done in the most primitive style. The oxen were broken to draw by their horns, and instead of wagons they used horse carts, without tire or a particle of iron about them. There was only one wagon ironed off in the county, and that was left here by the army of 1812.

My father, Robert Clark, was one of a party who first went to view the country where Tecumseh now stands. The party consisted of my father, Col. Anderson, Mr. Evans, Gen. Brown, and I think the Spaffords. They followed an Indian trail through the woods, taking their camp equipage with them, with provisions for the trip. My first visit to Lenawee county was in the fall of 1825. I went with a young man who wished to see the country with a view of settlement. We found the people nearly all sick with chills and fever, and very homesick. The young man concluded not to settle where there was so much ague, and not much of anything else but cheap land and mosquitoes. The first settlers got all their supplies from Monroe, and it would take four or five days to make the trip with a wagon and two or three yoke of oxen. They generally camped on what was called the "Big prairie," which was almost impassable in wet weather for teams. In fact, the whole distance from the Macon to Ridgeway was one continued swamp.

With the best wishes for the success of your society, and that the members may live many years yet to tell the story of pioneer life, is the prayer of

Your humble servant,

THOMAS CLARK.

Among the last speakers of the afternoon was

AUNT LAURA HAVILAND,

who was introduced by the president amid loud applause and great enthusiasm. She said: I will have resided in this county fifty years next fall. It has been my home during the most of that time. All these privations of which others have spoken I know about. I have been through them, when we went three or four miles to assist the sick and afflicted, and we were neighbors then and we enjoyed our neighborhood friends; neighbors we called them, though they lived six or seven miles away. When Darius Comstock was our nearest neighbor, we at one time lost track of the day of the week and we worked hard all the Sabbath day, thinking it was Saturday, preparing for the Sabbath; and we did not come out to Quaker meeting during the day as was our custom. At night my father, Daniel Smith, and Darius Comstock thought there must be some sickness in our family, which was the only reason they could think of why we were not out to meeting. During the night they came down to see what the matter was. My sister came with them, and they found me with the floor mopped, and I was baking, and I had got my Saturday's work just finished up. My husband was out splitting rails to make a calf pen, and he had split about a hundred rails that day. She came in and said, "It is the first day." "First day," said I, "that can't be; it is a mistake; to-day is the seventh day." She said, "Our folks have been to meeting, anyway." And I went out to my husband and said I, "To-day is the first day." "Oh, no," he said, "it is not." "Well," said I, "our folks have been to meeting, and Phœbe has come down to see what the matter is," and then he began to reckon up. Said he, "It surely is so." He remarked, "That if we had missed the other way we should have kept the seventh part of the week just the same, but now we have put the whole eight days in." We concluded that the will would be taken for the deed, for we knew no better. Our next neighbors, Mr. Comstock's family, missed the Sabbath too, once, but they got Saturday for Sunday, and Sunday they did the washing and ploughing, and raking up brush and burning it; this was when they were clearing up their place, and some of the neighbors called on them during that night and said, "Why, you have been washing to day." Mrs. Comstock says, "Yes, I generally do my washing on Monday." "Why, to-day is Sunday; to-day is first day." Then she called in her husband and they reckoned up the days, and found that they had kept the Sabbath, the old Jewish Sabbath, without intending to do so. As to those privations, some of us here know how it was; how, when we got a board from the mill for a shelf, we could not get it planed, but would take a little stone and scour it smooth for the shelf, for our dishes; and the best house we had was about sixteen feet wide and less than eighteen feet long, and it was made of hewed logs, and we had a little stone fire-place in the corner so as to take up as little room as possible; that was our first housekeeping in Michigan, in Raisin. A few years after we concluded we must have an educational institution; and we got up some little buildings. My brother spent about $1,000 there; and it was near the place where some of the buildings of Valley school are now. And how I rejoiced to see them; and some of those who went there are getting to be grey-headed men and women; some of our first scholars are actually grandfathers and grandmothers. And I have been Aunt Laura all of this time from that time when I was only about twenty-five years old, and it has come to be my established name; excepting when the slaveholders gave me another name, and that was "Nigger Thief." Those slave-holders used to say I was crazy. They used to shake their pistols toward my face; but through the help of the Lord we defeated them. I remember especially one time when they were plotting to take a colored family in Toledo back into slavery; but we saved the family from going back. Well, the people up north here thought I judged all slave-holders by them, and they thought Aunt Laura was crazy, too, but the time came when our whole nation was crazy as Aunt Laura was. And I rejoice to-day to meet those old pioneers and to look back at the past and listen while you have recounted our adventures and our troubles and experiences, and recall the memory of our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters that have left us and gone to the spirit world; and then I look forward to see those few of us that are left, and the thought has come up, what will the harvest be with us? It is for us to settle the question. I am so glad to meet you here to-day; I am glad to see those whose heads are whitened like mine with the frosts of many winters. But a few more will transplant us to a fairer world, to fairer lands than these, and we look forward with bright hopes, with bright anticipations; and may the Lord bless you all.

I hope to see the day when we shall have a pic-nic from the old Raisin institute schools, and I shall be so glad to see them once more; for I have always claimed them as my children. The interest that I have had in that old institution never has ceased; the link never has been broken; and whenever I see them my earnest wish is may the Lord bless every man and every woman. Here they are with their families around them, and may God bless them and their children's children. May He bless us all.

MRS. DIBBLE,

who was 99 years old last Friday, June 14th, was introduced, and related how she came near starving when she first came here. Her daughter lived at Clinton, when she first came, and she went there, but her daughter was very poor, and could do little to help her. The citizens of Tecumseh were her friends, and she spoke in terms of especial praise of Dr. Patterson. She said she had enjoyed her life very much.

Rev. W. P. Wastell, of Clinton, then pronounced the benediction, and the exercises of the day closed. The programme was a very lengthy one, and the crowd in attendance numbered several thousands, and yet during the entire day not an accident of any kind occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion.

There were quite a number of

RELICS AND CURIOSITIES

on exhibition, only a part of which we have room to mention. Among them was a commission to James Culbertson to raise a company of men in the French and Indian war, dated May 1, 1758; also a subscription paper to raise the salary of Rev. Ezekiel Glasgow, of Steuben county, New York, which footed up a total of nine dollars and twenty-four bushels of wheat. These are owned by C. W. Culbertson. The diary of E. Webb, an officer of the revolution, which was kept in the year 1777, was on exhibition; a piece of Continental money, the face value of which was twenty-five dollars; a pair of steelyards, over two hundred years old, supposed to have come over in the Mayflower, now owned by W. E. Doty; a gun, now owned by A. H. Raymond, which was carried through the revolution by a member of the Raymond family; a chopping bowl sixty years old, owned by Mrs. G. E. Carlton. There were several very old books; one was "Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion," printed in 1810, owned by H. H. Keyser; a copy of the Bible printed in 1802; a book called "Astro-Theology," printed in London in the year 1715. The old

COURT HOUSE SUBSCRIPTION

was found a few days ago by B. J. Bidwell, of this village, while overhauling a lot of Judge Blanchard's papers which had been left in his hands. The original copy is now in Mr. Bidwell's possession. It is drawn up on three half sheets of letter paper, fastened at the ends and pasted on cloth. The paper is faded and spotted, but the writing is still legible, and as the document is not only an interesting relic, but a valuable historical memento, we insert the same entire:

WHEREAS, The present situation of the county of Lenawee absolutely requires that a court house and goal, for said county, be erected in the township of Tecumseh. We, the undersigned, deeply feeling the necessity of such a measure, do hereby guarantee to pay a building committee, consisting of M. Evans, S. Blanchard, D. Pitman, M. Smith, and Thomas Goodrich, Esqr., the several sums annexed to each of our names, on or before the first day of May, 1829, in such funds, consisting of materials, labor, produce, cash, or articles which shall be signed, as this committee shall demand from time to time, as the prosecution of the object may require.

April 7th, 1828.

Musgrove Evans,	$150.00
Wing, Evans & Brown, bond,	600.00
Daniel Pitman,	75.00
Stilman Blanchard,	100.00
David B. Reed, in labor on the building,	15.00
J. W. Brown, materials	75.00
Thomas Y. How, $50 in cash, the remainder according to the caption,	250.00
L. A. Holbrook,	35.00
John Huyck, in timber,	10.00
Jas. B. McRay,	25.00
Morgan Lewis, in grain,	10.00
D. Hixon,	15.00
Jacob Woodard, in grain,	10.00
Horace Cage, in lumber,	15.00
James Coats, six days labor on the frame,	4.50
Geo. Taylor, lumber and three days labor,	30.00
Gersham Reed, in accordance with caption,	15.00
Isaac Spalding,	20.00
Gideon C. Reed, in labor,	15.00
Jas. T. Boralnd, labor, grain and board,	50.00
Jacob Ketcham, labor,	25.00
Stephen Ketcham, labor,	15.00
Ebenezer Baker,	20.00
M. A. Patterson, cash and materials,	50.00
Robert Pitman,	25.00
John Teyrill,	50.00
Moses Smith,	40.00
William H. Hogg, grain and lumber,	40.00
Silas Benson, carpenter work,	15.00
Jacob E. Schosh, work,	50.00
James Young, in cash, labor and material,	25.00
Jesse Osborn, team work, if wanted, and grain.	50.00
Artunedoras Fuller, grain or work,	25.00
Jonathan Clark, work or lumber,	30.00
Thomas Griswold, work and lumber,	50 00

William N. Smith, work,	10.00
J. T. Schmall, in grain,	10.00
Thomas Goodrich, lumber and materials,	20.00
Thomas Sisson,	50.00
William Moxly,	25.00
John Roberts, in work such as I can perform,	10.00
Theodore Bissell, materials,	50.00
Giles Hubbard, in lumber,	5.00
Hugh Hillick, in labor, self and team,	15.00
James & W. H. Patchen, in produce, work or materials,	75.00
E. F. Blood,	50.00
John Gragg,	26.00
Calvin Brown, grain and lumber,	5.00
Peter Low,	100.00
Timothy Mitchel, materials and labor,	20.00
Joseph W. Gray, materials and labor,	15.00
Alanson Bangs, in lumber or work,	25.00
Alexander L. Gaylord,	5.00
R. J. & Wm. H. Cross, materials or work,	50.00
Thomas Nelson & Son, in lumber,	60.00
Jonathan Hall,	10.00
Wm. McNair, materials, &c.,	50.00
Ashbel Robertson, material,	25.00
Joseph Bangs, to be paid in the course of one year,	5.00
Isaac Bangs,	5.00

CONCLUSION.

In concluding this report, we desire, in behalf of the Lenawee County Pioneer Society, to extend our thanks to all those friends who assisted us; to John J. Adam, president of the state society, for his untiring efforts, to Mr. Strong and his choir of singers, to the three bands in attendance, to the different local and township committees for their efficient labor, to the marshals and the ladies' committees, and to all who generously donated supplies for the dinner. Our call for assistance met with a hearty and universal response, and resulted in the largest pioneer gathering ever witnessed in the state. We are proud of old Northern Lenawee. She added new laurels to her well known reputation for generosity and hospitality, and June 12, 1878, will long be remembered as a red-letter day in the calendar of the state and county pioneer societies.

S. C. STACY, *Secretary.*

A PIONEER SKETCH.

BY JUDGE WILLIAM H. CROSS, OF CENTREVILLE, ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

The following sketch was prepared for and intended to be read at the pioneer reunion at Tecumseh, Wednesday, June 12th, 1878, but was omitted for want of time:

In the month of June, 1825, just one year from the time of the first settlement of Tecumseh, now fifty-four years ago, my brother, Robert J.

Cross, entered four hundred acres of land on section eight. Before making this selection he had been through the south part of Oakland county, the northwest part of Wayne county, and all the settlements of Washtenaw county, and finally made choice of a farm in Tecumseh.

On the last day of September, 1826, we came to Tecumseh to make it our home. On Sunday morning, the first day of October, we started up the river on the west side to find our land. We passed Jacob Woodward's place, found Squire Goodrich's and his son Ira's, and then crossed the river, and after some trouble found the lines of our lot and selected the spot where we would build our cabin. We then went in search of lodgings, and at about sundown reached Gen. Brown's house, where I had stayed the night previous, and there asked for supper and lodging. The general sent us word that it would be impossible for him to keep us, for his wife was quite sick; he had no female help, and was really landlord, nurse and housekeeper. Inquiry being made for a probable resting place we were directed to Peter Low's house, as all his family were in good health. We went there and asked for supper and lodging. We were told that they were out of meat and flour. We said we would be thankful for a dish of bread and milk, or a bowl of mush. The reply came that they had neither milk or butter, their cow having strayed away off in the woods and had been gone several days, but Mrs. Low thought we would find supper and lodging at Mr. Jacob Ketchum's, a mile or so distant. On our way to Mr. Ketchum's we heard he was very sick with fever. Of course we did not go there, but ventured to try to find Moses Smith, who came from the state of New York with us, and Timothy Mitchel, whom we knew in Ontario county, N. Y. We had the good luck to find them at the house of Luther Rawson, about two miles west of Tecumseh. On stating our situation to Mr. Smith, and he to Mr. Rawson, he said: "Boys, I have yet something to eat, and you need not go hungry; it may not taste as good as what your mother would get for you, but it will stop hunger." These were kind words, thankfully received by two boys who had never been much from home and knew nothing of pioneer life.

Soon after this Mr. Rawson left Tecumseh and was lost to us; but in 1854 a daughter of mine was teaching a district school in Mendon, St. Joseph county, and there she met Luther Rawson, who, hearing the name of Cross, inquired of her where she was from, and found by the answers that she was a daughter of one of the Cross boys of Tecumseh. I at that time being in California, did not see him to acknowledge my obligations to him, and never afterward met him; but this last winter (1877–8), I, as judge of probate, closed up the estate of my kind friend, and then told his daughter, the executrix and residuary legatee of his will, the obligations her father had placed me under more than fifty years before.

During that fall and winter (1826), we built our log cabin, and for more than a year and a half it was the extreme cabin of the settlement on the east side of the river, and on the main trail up and down the river, and at least a score of Indians passed our place to one white man. At this time there was only Thomas Griswold, William Smith, Hugh Hillick, and Timothy Nash on the east side of the river above Brownville.

In 1828 Col. Hixson built over the line in Washtenaw county, and then we ceased to be the outskirts of the settlement.

In 1827 Musgrove Evans, being superintendent of the Chicago road, petitioned the secretary of war to straighten the great bend in the road caused by following the trail up the river. Permission being given, Mr. Evans went east about three and a half miles from the river, and bearing a great deal southerly brought the crossing of the river in Lenawee county, although it bent up north some after crossing and struck the old line about five miles west, near Evans lake. This line being approved by the department gave us the crossing and the village of Clinton in Lenawee county.

In the winter of 1828 Hugh Hillick, Timothy Mitchel and myself went through from Tecumseh to Dexter, which was the west settlement on the Huron river, and I think we were the first in either settlement that ever went through on nearly a direct line.

Judge Dexter had some very fine timbered land just above the Brownville saw-mill, and there was when he bought it a large number of whitewood trees on it; but the nearness of the mill and the pressing need of the settlers for a little soft lumber was lessening the whitewood pretty fast, and the Judge felt that he ought, in justice to himself, have an agent on the ground to protect it from waste, so he appointed Mr. Hillick to act as such, which he did. Notwithstanding his care and close watching, the whitewood trees would get off from the land to the mill, until, as S. Stetson told the Judge when inquired of whether any one was stealing logs from his land, his reply was, "Judge Dexter, I do not believe any one is stealing logs from your land, but I think you are getting the stumpiest piece of land there is in the township of Tecumseh."

In the autumn of 1827, my brother and myself were taken down with the fever and ague, and on writing back to our mother that we were ill, she determined to come and see her sick boys; and in November of that year she came and kept house for us—we having kept bachelor's hall till then; but when the winter was over it was the wish of our mother to go to Tecumseh on the Sabbaths to attend meeting, for once in six, then four, and ere long, two weeks we had preaching, and I being the youngest must provide a way to go. So, on Sunday morning I must start out and find the oxen and yoke them to the large lumber wagon; then get mother into the wagon, and start for the school house, which was also the meeting house, and by the time we reached Brownville we would have a wagon load of women and children, and the men were walking alongside. On arriving at the school house we would chain the oxen to a wheel of the wagon, seat ourselves on the slab benches, and perhaps worship as fervently and acceptably as those of us now do who have cushioned pews to rest in, and a hired choir to sing our songs of praise for us. After the service we used to ride home leisurely in the strong carriage, and get home before night.

The first minister of whom I have any distinct recollection, who had a regular stated appointment, was Rev. Mr. Walker, of the Ohio Methodist conference. His circuit was very extensive. It extended to the Auglaize river in Ohio, Fort Defiance, Maumee, St. Lawrence and Vistula (now Toledo), Erie, Monroe, Tecumseh, and Blissfield. In making his circuit he traveled a distance of about twelve hundred miles, and was obliged to ford or swim the Maumee river twice. He was a muscular, sturdy, earnest, devoted preacher, and had a voice that could be heard for a half a mile or more when preaching, or singing his songs of praise in the forest temple.

At our first town meeting, after the governor and legislative council had auhorized us to govern ourselves by townships, what is now Lenawee county was the township of Tecumseh, county of Monroe, and when we met to select a man for supervisor, on the morning of town meeting day, the voters residing on the west side of the river had talked of George Taylor as a suitable person for the office, and those residing on the east side (Sand town) were in favor of Thomas Griswold. And when we got together it was decided that the two should toss up a copper to determine which should be the candidate, and they did so. George Taylor won, and received every vote of the electors.

At that time Tecumseh township was the extreme western settlement of farmers; all others farther west being either attaches of military posts, missionary schools, or Indian traders in the territory north of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Look now, this 12th day of June, in the year 1878, at the mighty Northwest, with its millions of inhabitants, its wealth and political power, its railroads, colleges, newspapers, and intelligence. Is it possible that all this has been accomplished in the space of one man's lifetime, not including his childhood at life's beginning or ending?

In the spring and summer of 1827 settlements began west of us along the line of the Chicago trail at White Pigeon, Allen's Prairie, Pokagon, and Young's Prairie, and spread out on the prairies of southwestern Michigan and northern Indiana. The settlements in Michigan being then in the legal jurisdiction of the town of Tecumseh, and the county of Monroe, until the town of St. Joseph was set off, composing that portion of the territory of Michigan ceded to the United States by the Indians at the treaty of Chicago.

In 1829 I took a trip to White Pigeon and Mottsville to haul a load of goods to Mr. Taylor, an Indian trader, located at the Chicago trail and the St. Joseph river, and then I first saw a western prairie, but while the trip was a rough and tedious one, the country so pleased me that my brother and I sold our farms the next year, and in the autumn of 1830 we bought land, and removed to Coldwater, in Branch county, only returning to Tecumseh in 1832 to take to my new home the girl who had agreed to share life with me in the pioneer's cabin.

The first physician who settled in Lenawee county was Caleb N. Ormsby, who came in 1824, and he was the only physician in Tecumseh until the spring of 1827, when Dr. Michael A. Patterson came. Soon after this Dr. Ormsby moved to Adrain, where he resided several years and where his wife, a very estimable lady, died. He afterward moved to Ann Arbor, where he became largely interested in milling and manufacturing, and was an active leader of the Free Soil party.

Misfortunes crushed him financially, and in 1849, on the of the rise gold excitement in California, he started overland for that region, but was delayed all winter at Salt Lake, and in the summer of 1850 he reached California by way of Los Angeles. He was in San Francisco in the time of the cholera and the first vigilance committee. He soon went to the mines near Hangtown, in Eldorado county, where for several years he worked in the mines, but was never successful as a miner.

In the summer of 1856 we met for the first time subsequent to our parting in Tecumseh in 1830, on the banks of Cosumnes river in Sacramento county. We remained there in company for several weeks, until he received news from Ann Arbor that caused him to leave California and start for his old home in Michigan. When in Panama he wrote me that he had a pleasant time on the Pacific ocean, and hopod soon to be in Michigan. A few weeks later came the news of the foundering of the "Central America" off Cape Hatteras, on board of which he left Aspinwall, and where he found a watery grave.

As I look around me here to day and ask for the old veterans, I find very few are with us. I see only Joseph W. Brown, Ezra Blood, William Tilton, Timothy Mitchel, Mrs. Tilton, and Mrs. Blood—all the rest have gone to the other shore, and we are fast approaching it, and will soon pass over. We may now say with our friend, E. Lakin Brown, of Prairie Ronde:

"Yes, everything is changed, friends;
There's nothing seems the same;
And yet it was not long ago,
The time when first we came.
But the years have passed by swiftly,
My hair is white as snow,
And not a white hair when I came—
It's fifty years ago.

Then came days of trial and toil,
But we weathered them bravely through,
For our mothers and wives had cheerful hearts,
And were always brave and true;
And our brothers and friends were stout lads then,
And Nancy, Cynthia, Aryna and Kate
Could lend a hand in cabin or field,
And we all worked early and late;

And the Indian seemed half sad, half pleased,
As our cabin logs were laid,
For he dreaded the white man's grasping hand,
Though fond of white man's aid;
His sullenest moods we ever beguiled
With the hand of welcome and cheer;
To his sunniest smile we trusted not,
And the loaded rifle was near."

Now there comes to my mind the memory of two of the sons of men who first came here fifty-four years ago to-day. Samuel Evans, who did not go with his father's family when in 1833-4 they moved to Texas, but when he heard there was danger surrounding them he went to share it with them, and his life went out while with Col. Fanning, in the bloody slaughter at Goliad. And his gallant cousin, John Brown, who went with Gen. Scott to the halls of the Montezumas and led the first band of our army within the gates of the city of Mexico; but the glory of his noble daring was gathered up and appropriated by the colonel of his regiment, and the brave lieutenant who arose from his sick bed that day and braced himself for the charge by the use of tonics, was forgotten in the official reports. He then returned home to die from the effects of that effort and that campaign.

MACOMB COUNTY.

CELEBRATION OF THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE ROMEO CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, AUGUST 16TH, 1878.

An account of the proceedings of the Congregational church in Romeo on Friday, August 16th, 1878, in commemoration of the completion of fifty years of history by that church, the first church organized in Romeo, and the second Congregational church organized in the state.

To-day marks fifty years since the Congregational church of this pleasant and thriving village of 2,500 inhabitants was organized. All this region was then almost an unbroken forest, and the little handful of log houses was known by the significant title of Indian Village. Hither came Rev. Isaac W. Ruggles, one of the pioneer home missionaries of the state, and gathered together into a church seven persons, a little seed corn of the kingdom whose fruit has since shaken like Lebanon. They met in a log school house, for already had these early settlers from New England brought her institutions, and this new organization was but adding another to the number. Of these original members but one survives—Mr. Zelotus Stone. To-day the church numbers 260 members, and there have been on its rolls from this small beginning no less than 600 names of earnest and devoted men and women, whose influence has not only permeated this entire community and aided powerfully in molding and controlling it, but has gone out into all parts of this and even in other lands. Its active agency in multiform works of good here and hereabouts, and the reaching out of its hands in the spirit of a true Christian benevolence, even to the ends of the earth, have been known and read of all in this community, and it closes its half century of existence with a record that powerfully attests the untold and inestimable value of such organizations to the state and to the world.

The church members gathered to-day to bring the former times and things to mind, to recount the mercies of the past, and to note the good hand of their God visible in all their way. The ladies had beautifully adorned the pulpit with flowers and trailing vines, making the pleasant auditorium doubly attractive. A good congregation of resident members and visiting friends from abroad were present to participate in and enjoy the exercises, which were, of course, of a deeply interesting character.

After the introductory exercises, Rev. A. Hastings Ross, of Port Huron, delivered an address, full of historical and expository interest, on "Congregationalism—Its principles and workings." We give a concise abstract, showing its line of thought:

Rev. Dr. James Bannerman, in his elaborate work on church polity, says: "It is not in the church system—or rather, no-church system—of Congregational independency," etc. It is to the principles and workings of this "no-church system" that we invite your attention on this happy day.

The word Congregationalism has a double reference. It sometimes is used of a denomination, sometimes of a polity. When used of a denomination it includes the historic faith as well as the form of government of the body. We treat of it to-day only as a polity.

The principles of this polity spring logically, it is believed, out of the kingdom of heaven, which Christ came to set up, and of which all true churches are visible manifestations. Yet men view these principles in their relation to the manifesting churches differently, and hence different polities arise, which should be studied chiefly in their fundamental conception, and which will be found to have many principles in common, while each has and must have one peculiar to itself. It is this peculiar principle that constitutes the polity what it is, determines all its distinctive practices, and dominates the common principles into a harmonious development about itself.

The nature of the kingdom of heaven, as well as the New Testament, presents the following principles: (1) subjection to the will of God, however revealed; (2) fellowship, which unites holiness and churches; (3) purity, which excludes unholiness from the church; (4) unity, which makes all holiness and churches one in visible manifestation; and (5) independence, by which each local church has full power to manage all its affairs. The last is peculiar to our polity, the preceding four we share in common with all other polities. Hence we differ from them only in making the local church independent under Christ, and in what this involves. To Congregationalism each principle has a development into practices which we will now consider.

1. Practices arising from the principle of obedience, or subjection to the divine will. This principle is common. The Roman Catholics find that will revealed in the Bible, in tradition, in the decrees of general councils, and now in the Pope. The Greek church finds it in the Bible and tradition; the Quakers in an inner light; but the Protestants generally find it exclusively in the Bible. We make the Bible the final authority in polity as in faith. Manuals we need and have, that the facts and teachings of the Bible may be formulated in them for ready use; but these manuals are not final—the Bible stands open for appeal, not a book of discipline.

2. Practices arising from the principle of fellowship. Love draws believers together, and fellowship forms the local churches and binds them together into some form of ecclesiastical union. On this principle we

form conferences, state associations, national councils, and will some time have an ecumenical or pan-assembly.

3. Practices arising from the principles of purity. On this principle we guard the local church from the admission of the unconverted; we discipline the unruly; we guard the sacrament from the unworthy; we guard the ministry by critical examinations at ordinations and installations, and by discipline; and we exclude heretics from our fellowship.

4. Practices arising from the principle of unity. This principle seeks to manifest the oneness of the kingdom of God in visible union, to heal all breaches in the visible churches. It would make fellowship complete. We present a form of union in our conference system which can make the churches of the whole earth one without the loss of their liberties.

5. Practices arising from the principles of independence. This is the constitutive principle of our polity. It subordinates the preceding into harmony with itself; it makes the local church the depository of all ecclesiastical authority; since the apostles it has the power of the keys; a church manages its own affairs, gives the final issue to discipline; in short, acts as an independent body under Christ.

From this brief exposition we learn (1) that Congregationalism is "a church system" as consistent, as logical, as complete, as adequate, as symmetrical as any other system, while it has a divine warrant in Matt. xviii: 15-18; (2) that this system is to be maintained in its simplicity while carried up to completeness; and (3) that it will ultimately prevail, for it is the conceded polity of the apostles.

The address of Mr. Ross was followed by a paper by Rev. M. W. Fairfield, the present pastor, on "The History, Equipments, and Outlook of the Church."

The church was organized here in a log school house, August 16th, 1828. The town then consisted of a handful of houses of most primitive architecture, and was called the Indian Village. Rev. Isaac W. Ruggles, a missionary, bearing a commission from the "mother of churches," the American Home Missionary Society, and residing at Pontiac, came into this settlement and looked up the few scattered sheep, and organized them into the church, and from time to time thereafter came, always on foot by an Indian trail, from Pontiac, and broke to the little church in the wilderness the bread of life.

CORPORATE MEMBERS.

The corporate members were only seven in number, viz: Zelotus Stone, Gad Chamberlain, Deacon and Mrs. Rogers, William Abbott, Mrs. James Leslie, and Chauncy Thorpe. All these have finished their earthly pilgrimage except Mr. Stone, who resides in the town of Ray, on the same farm on which he then lived, a hale octogenarian with us here to-day, adding not a little by his presence to the interest of the occasion.

MINISTERS.

The church has had, for a longer or shorter period each, the services of eleven different ministers: J. W. Ruggles, L. Shaw, P. Barber, J. B.

Shaw, S. Hardy, R. R. Kellogg, G. W. Newcomb, P. R. Hurd, H. O. Ladd, T. B. Haskell, and the present pastor, M. W. Fairfield. Four of these were duly installed, Mr. Kellogg, in 1843; Mr. Hurd, February 12th, 1851; Mr. Ladd, February 16th, 1870, and Mr. Fairfield, May 4th, 1875.

DEACONS.

Eight brethren have served in the office of deacon: Nathan Rogers, Dexter Mussey, Seth L. Andrews, Araunah Gilbert, Asa Holman, Watson Loud, M. A. Giddings, and H. O. Smith. Of these three have "fallen asleep." Deacons Rogers, Gilbert, and Holman.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday school was organized early in the history of the church, but at what precise date is unknown. It has always been a prominent and flourishing department of the church work. Fourteen different brethren have served in the office of superintendent: Rev. L. Shaw, Mr. Giles, O. Archer, J. R. Taylor, D. Mussey, Prof. Poor, M. T. Lane, Mr. McIntyre, U. T. Nichols, W. F. Abbott, N. Dickinson, C. F. Mallary, W. Loud, and M. A. Giddings, who is the present efficient and popular superintendent in his tenth year of service. Brethren Giles, Lane, and Dickinson have been transformed to the Great Teacher's school above.

REVIVALS.

In addition to ordinary religious interest and increase of membership by conversion from time to time in connection with the usual means of grace, there have been six seasons of special revivals, when considerable numbers have been hopefully converted and gathered into the church, and the church been specially strengthened. These revivals occurred in the years 1832, 1838, 1852, 1866, 1871 and 1876. At these times the pastor has been acceptably aided by ministerial brethren from abroad, both pastors and evangelists. The special meetings resulting in these revivals have sometimes been held by the church alone, but ordinarily and the most powerful have been union services.

PATRIOTISM.

It is with satisfaction—proud though sad—that we recall to-day the fact that this congregation has not been wanting in self-sacrificing *patriotism.* For the preservation of the integrity of the union, and for the maintenance of the national life against armed rebellion, we furnished thirty-six brave men, whose names we do well to cherish: Amos, Elam and Sabin Abbott; Lyman B. Holman, Nathan D. Mussey, Jeduthan Predmore, Jacob T. B. Skillman, Henry Wells, Jr., John S. Raymond, William A. Frazier, William Chandler, R. F. Selfridge, Frederick Rath, S. D. Raymond, Cyrus Y. Durand, G. L. Crawford, William Hulsart and his three sons, Dexter, Robert and Charles; A. H. Leete, Thomas and James Moreland, Hannibal Nims, Jacob Rawles, C. P. Dake, I. D. Hanscom, David and Dwight Smith, Frank Barber, Eugene and Oscar White, W. H. Pool, and Thomas, James and Albert Weightman. Of these the three Abbotts, L. B. Holman, A. H. Leete, Robert Hulsart, Thomas Moreland, Hannibal Nims, Dwight Smith and Eugene and Oscar White died in the service, nearly one-third of the whole number. The names of all these soldiers, and especially of these eleven dead heroes and martyrs for liberty—the liberty of their country and of all mankind—are a most precious and highly prized legacy of this Christian congregation.

SINGING.

The service of song has always received special attention, and there has been brought to it more than ordinary musical talent and culture. Great harmony has, for the most part, characterized the choir, and marked fidelity and enthusiasm in their work. When such names as, in the earlier choir, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Newbury, Mrs. N. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Lane, A. Bailey, A. B. Rawles, W. Hulsart, Dr. Leete, H. O. Smith, S. H. Ewell, Charles Farrar, Dr Loud; and in the late choir Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Owen, E. C. Newbury, John Ford, J. Vaughan, H. O. Smith, Dr. Loud, Miss Mary Smith, Miss Mattie Owen, Miss J. Mussey and Mrs. Rolls are recalled, this fidelity and success will occasion no surprise.

Nor even in this hasty review must we forget our faithful bell ringer, Mr. Cyrus Hopkins, who now for thirty-three years has called the people together for divine worship.

Only this very brief outline of the history of the church can we take space to give.

Of the present equipments and outlook of the church, Mr. Fairfield spoke as follows:

THE KIND OF A CHURCH THIS IS.

This is a genuine orthodox Congregational church, both in polity and in doctrine. This church was organized on the "accommodation plan," sometimes facetiously, but felicitously called " Presbygationalism." After a few years of unsatisfactory experience in the use of this "accommodation plan," the church settled down on the simple Congregational basis, and on that good old Puritan, and what is far better, gospel foundation, it stands to-day.

The *historic faith* of the Congregational churches of our country is one faith, modified, perhaps, to this extent, that we *require* of our members an assent to what are commonly recognized as evangelical doctrines only, with satisfactory evidences of Christian character.

We believe in the old Bible, and in the whole Bible; we believe in the "old, old story," in the old Christ, and in the old salvation from sin and hell. We have not switched off into Unitarianism or Universalism, or infidelity. In our organization and beliefs we rest on the old foundations, which seem to us as reliable as ever. We have no inclination to abandon the rock and build on the sand.

MEMBERSHIP.

Since the organization of the church about six hundred different persons have been connected with it. The present membership is two hundred and sixty—one hundred males and one hundred and sixty females. Two hundred and forty-five are resident.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

We hold on Sunday preaching services morning and evening, Sunday-school at noon, and young people's meeting an hour before the public service of the evening. These services are all attended by encouraging members.

We maintain a weekly conference and prayer meeting, formerly held on Wednesday, but now on Thursday evening, which has an average attendance of between fifty and sixty.

On the Friday evening preceding the first Sunday of each alternate month, beginning with January, on which Sunday we celebrate the Lord's supper, we have a preparatory lecture, which is fully attended. We also observe the concert of prayer. This takes the place of the weekly prayer meeting one evening in each month.

We have occasionally a Sunday-school concert in the place of the usual Sunday evening services, which always attracts the people.

WORKING COMMITTEES.

In addition to the pastor and deacons and co-operating with them, we have six committees: Standing committee, committee on church finance and charities, committee on visitation, committee on evangelization, committee on Sunday-schools, and a social committee. These are found convenient and useful arrangements. The officers of the Sunday-school are chosen by the church annually, on the nomination of the school.

BENEOVLENT WORK AND ORGANIZATIONS.

We statedly contribute to the foreign missionary cause through the American Board, to the home missionary cause through the American Home Missionary Society, to the Southern work through the American Missionary Association, to the church building cause through the Congregational Union, and to the bible cause through the American Bible Society. Our contributions to these various causes have been considerable, but could be wisely increased, as we hope they will steadily be.

There are connected with this church a woman's missionary society, a Dorcas society, and children's missionary society—"Little Sunbeams." These societies are all in good working order and doing satisfactory service.

HOW WE RAISE OUR CHURCH EXPENSES.

Means for meeting our home church running expenses are raised by the annual renting of the pews, and by renting them on such a plan as obviates largely the objections ordinarily felt to raising church revenues by pew renting. Our plan is to have the abler members of the congregation pay prices for their pews that will meet their personal convictions of what is their proportion for current expenses, and thus leave seats to be rented to persons of smaller means, at small rents. It is a principle with us to see to it that every family in the congregation has a pew, every one paying something for its occupancy, what he thinks he is able to pay and that belongs to him to pay. This plan is working very happily with us. Seats rent from two dollars to two hundred and twenty dollars. On this system all our families are supplied with desirable sittings, and none are burdened, and an adequate revenue secured to meet all church expenses.

CHURCH EDIFICE.

We have had three meeting houses, the first erected in 1833, the second in 1842, and the present commodious and tasteful one was completed in May, 1877. These have all been on the same lot, and no location could be more desirable in the town.

The house is gothic in style, with a commanding tower, and all most thoroughly and satisfactorily built. The work is first-class work from foundation to turret, inside and out. The building embraces this audience room, 65 by 52 feet, seating 600 persons, and can easily accommodate 800 people by bringing in extra seats; a chapel which seats 200, and can be made to seat 300 by throwing back the sliding doors; a ladies' parlor, a library room and a Dorcas room; all these on the first floor. There are furnace and domestic apartments, cisterns, etc., in the basement. The building is lighted throughout with gas.

The entire cost of this structure, including the furnishing, gas works, clock in tower, etc., is about $32,000. It is probably as good and as handsome a building as has ever been erected in the state for this amount of money. We are particularly happy in saying that it is all absolutely paid for, and paid for in voluntary contributions in sums ranging from twenty-five cents to sixty-two hundred dollars.

From the beginning to the completion of this great enterprise, there has been the utmost harmony in counsel and execution. All have had a "mind to the work," and so "built the wall." I think I am warranted in saying that not a dollar has been given to this service which the donor is not glad he gave. For this rare unity, cheerfulness and success in so large an undertaking, we are called upon this jubilee day to give thanks to Almighty God.

THE OUTLOOK.

What is the outlook for the church in the future? What *should* be its future, in a general way, requires no prophetic faculty to indicate. What *will* be that future, it is more venturesome to predict. Of one thing none can doubt: With such antecedents as we have in the Congregational line, and with such a polity and doctrines, and with such resources and arrangements for Christian work, and with such promises of the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, the Master has a right to expect of us some good and large work for his kingdom.

The pastor concluded his address by indicating in three or four particulars what he hoped and believed the future of the church could be. "There is no reason why, under such favorable and hopeful circumstances, the future activities and usefulness of the church should not be greatly enlarged and increased. It needs only the personal consecration of its members to their high and sacred duties, and the presence and blessings of God's spirit to insure this larger success in the future, and if there is a genuine and hearty consecration, the Divine favor will not be wanting.

With singing and benediction the morning exercises were closed.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The people in enhanced numbers assembled in the afternoon, when there was promised a still more interesting and popular programme, as the history of the church, with many stirring reminiscences was to be passed in review. After devotional exercises and singing, the Rev. P. R. Hurd, D. D., so long the laborious and useful pastor of the church, delivered an address on "Reminiscences of Romeo Congregational Church." We give herewith a summary of this address:

DR. HURD'S ADDRESS.

After some appropriate remarks upon the occasion of the semi-centennial, Dr. Hurd said:

"Something ought to be said as to the beginning of this church-life, which has survived so long, and which is so healthy and vigorous today, and something of the man through whose agency it was brought into being.

"In 1824, when this now great and wealthy Peninsular State was yet in its infancy, with but few inhabitants, with scarcely an organized church except the Roman Catholic, or an ordained minister of the gospel, there came into it, among the rush of settlers, not for worldly gain, nor for the gratification of human ambition, but for the purpose of preaching the gospel, a man humble and unprepossessing in his appearance, of no rare gifts or extensive learning, but simple and self-denying in his habits, and thoroughly in earnest in his purpose of doing good. That man was the Rev. Isaac W. Ruggles, a graduate of Yale College and a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Dwight, for whom he ever entertained the highest esteem and even reverence. A descendant of one of the earliest ministers of Connecticut, he was an inheritor of the promises. He belonged also to a missionary family. A brother and a sister were among the early missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and the desire had seized him to be employed in like work. And so, like the ancient patriarch, taking his staff in his hand he came forth alone, into what was then little better than a wilderness. Pontiac, because of the Indian post there established, was then the principal place outside of Detroit, and thither he bent his steps and there he settled. * * * On a bright summer's day in August, just fifty years ago to-day, this saintly man might have been seen threading the forest between here and Pontiac, guided by an Indian trail, and communing with nature and nature's God. What is his errand? By previous visits the fact had been ascertained that here were to be found a few believing souls desirous of entering into covenant relations as a Christian church, and it is for the purpose of consummating this desire that he is wending his way hither on foot in this August sun. Look into that little log school-house where this small company of believers are assembled. They are but seven in number, the same as the pillars hewn out by Wisdom in building her house—fewer than the first company of disciples, but still the worthy seed from which has grown this now large and prosperous church. * * * * * *

Most fortunate was it in its location. In this corner of the state the old Puritan way of the churches early took root, and the region soon became the very seed-plot for its wider dissemination. Under the leadership of this same Father Ruggles and the Rev. John Taylor, one of the pioneer settlers of Romeo, another staunch New Englander, the association and the conference were established, and the whole machinery of Congregationalism, as known in its native haunts, put in motion. The results of their sagacity may now be seen in the two hundred and twenty-five churches of our order which dot the state, and which are rapidly increasing every year."

Dr. Hurd spoke of the struggles and adversities of the infant church. In 1833 a small house of worship was erected, which now forms part of the old academy building; but that soon proved too small, and in 1842 another church was built. In passing Dr. Hurd paid a tribute to the Romeo academy and its influence upon the town, giving it an air of intelligence and refinement which distinguishes it from any other village. After some allusion to other matters, Dr. Hurd proceeded to speak more particularly of his own personal ministry in the church.

"My first Sabbath with you was November 12, 1849. * * * Your village was then by no means the pleasant place of residence it now is. Not a rod of sidewalk had been built, and as the winter proved to be an open one the mud was of course deep, and navigation in the streets on foot difficult. It required a good deal of courage to get to church on the Sabbath, and it could only be accomplished by wading. The houses on these streets, too, were anything but the elegant residences you now see. Most of them were of a very humble order. But the people themselves were joyous and comfortable. Scarcely was extreme poverty known among them."

Dr. Hurd proceeded to describe the old church, with its inconveniently high galleries, its pews with their locked doors, and the uncarpeted floor. It was, moreover, a joint-stock association, many pew-owners being members neither of the church nor of the society, and renting their pews for their own profit.

"The new pastor soon penetrated the difficulty, and resolutely undertook its removal. The plan hit upon was to induce the owners interested in the welfare of the church, to relinquish their pews to the society for a single year, as an experiment, to be rented for that period at auction to the highest bidder. The plan was cheerfully adopted, and worked so well the first year that it was concluded to try it another. The next year was still more successful, the current expenses, heretofore raised with much time and labor by subscription, being thus easily provided for in the short space of a single hour. The way was now open for a permanent arrangement of the same kind. A majority of the pews were formally deeded to the society, and the policy of purchasing the rest, as they could be obtained, inaugurated. From that time success was assured. The growth of the congregation was steady and healthful. The interior of the house was soon torn out and rebuilt, the gallery lowered, the pews re-arranged without the troublesome doors, the walls frescoed with paper, the floor carpeted, and the stoves exchanged for a furnace."

Dr. Hurd spoke of his early experiences with the Romeo church, his permanent installment after the six months, and the healing of the old divisions in the church. He said:

"Twenty years and upward did this pastorate, thus begun, continue—nearly one-half of the church's entire existence, quite one-half, fractions excluded, up to the time of its close. And now what shall be said of it? On looking back upon it it is to be gracefully admitted that, though one of unceasing anxiety and toil, it was to me by far the pleasantest period of my life. It embraced my chief life work, and was replete with substantial enjoyment. During all these years we dwelt together in the utmost harmony and love. I am sure that I loved you, and I was not without many tokens of its return."

Dr. Hurd did not attempt to review the history of the church after his own pastorate, but congratulated the church upon its present prosperous condition, and especially upon the completion of its beautiful and commodious house of worship, "without the questionable luxury of a debt." He spoke at length upon the dangers which at present especially assail the church, and concluded as follows:

"You will not doubt me when I express to you, on this joyful occasion, my best wishes, my most fervent prayers, for your future prosperity. God grant that, as one after another, you join the happy throng that have gone before to glory, there may never be wanting those of a like spirit to take your places; and that the lapse of another half-century may find this dear church, for which I was permitted to labor and pray so long, still remaining the same bright and shining light that it ever has been, only enlarged in numbers, and reflecting with increased brilliancy the lovely graces of the Christian character."

DR. HOLLISTER AND THE ROMEO ACADEMY.

Dr. Hurd's address was followed by another on "Romeo Academy—its Men and its Work"—by Dr. J. H. Hollister, of Chicago, an old resident of Romeo. There was added interest in this address from the fact that the speaker was the first child baptized in the church.

The Romeo Academy has been one of the most notable schools of learning in the state. It was the development, after the New England pattern, of the district school into a higher institution of learning, and was in its day well known and patronized throughout all this region of the state. From its halls have gone forth many men and women now active and prominent in all the walks of life. This academy was opened in 1835.

The substance of Dr. Hollister's address is as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: CITIZENS OF MY BELOVED OLD HOME—The Hebrew bondsman rejoiced in his freedom at the end of fifty years, but it is otherwise with me, It is your semi-centennial, your year of jubilee, but I find myself a captive here to-day, bound to this spot by ties which the years have not broken, by memories that may not be severed.

I stand before you to speak of the events of other years, and as I review them, one by one, there is a kind of mournful sadness in their very silence. Those years that so pulsated with living activities are mute as marble to-day, and if I call to them and bid them recount what they beheld, they only echo back to me the words I speak.

I ask, will they come back to use no more? And their plaintive murmur comes back to me in reply, "No more."

Are their pages all turned and their records in all the future to be to us as a sealed book? And they reply, "As a sealed book."

Are those that lived and walked beside us, and cheered us on the way—those that slumber on the yonder green hillside—are they to meet us here never again? And they answer, "Never again."

And again I ask them, Is there an utter severance of ourselves from all that has gone before? Will they not speak to us by tender memories, tried and true? And the years are answering, "By tender memories, tried and true." And this is the language of this hour, as the breathings of affection wake those tender cords to harmonies which this day has the right to inspire.

Is it not meet then, that I with unskilled hand should hesitate to touch the delicate strings and seek responses befitting the hour? And I am grappling with another question here and now, that of my own personal identity. Am I not a stranger in your midst? How then shall I, a stranger, subserve the object of your gathering? The thoughts that come to me from out the past seem like veriest dreams. And can you not understand me when I say that I seem to dream that I am dreaming? Is it real? Are these the streets I first began to tread? Was it on yonder hillside that I first lingered to behold the glories of the setting sun as the lengthening shadows spread their beautiful yet sombre drapery on all the woodland far away, stirred in heart by strange emotions I knew not how to formulate?

Yes, there is that hillside, crowned now as not then with beautiful homes, and there far away stretches that grand old forest, wasting and waning before the hand of toil, and there are faces here and there before me that tell me of the former years, and brows that are frosted by the silvery touch of time, so that despite the changes that have come to me and to all I see around me, I am constrained to the conclusion that this is verily my childhood home And so I, your child of other years, come back to rehearse to you my childhood memories—memories that have stood the test of time, while my work was otherwhere, till my form is growing old, and my locks are growing gray.

The doctor then spoke without manuscript as follows:

My friends, I have been requested to give to you to-day my remembrance of the old Romeo Academy, to speak of its work and of its men. This is a work which I hesitate to attempt, for while there is much of that early history that I do well remember, there are many events that escape me after forty years, and many names that should here have place, that mine at best must be an unfinished work to be completed by other hands as they perfect the records of the "Olden Times."

Let me then place in brief review the persons and the events which, as my memory serves, should stand related to that early time.

The speaker then recalled the names of Asahael Bailey and Mr. Finch, of Gad Chamberlain, Gideon Gates, and Roswell Webster, and the location of the old school house nearly midway between them, while farther north was Sewell Hovey, northwest was Deacon Rogers, east was Erastus Day, southeast William Abbott, south Mr. Foot and Gurdeon Hovey, and a few other families active in the formation of the first district school variously located, in the spring of 1828. He spoke of the success of the district school, of the growing needs of better advantages as the children were coming on to riper years. He said the academy that came to be demonstrated its *reason de'etre* by a strong and vigorous being and showing success by succeeding.

When in the fullness of time, the academy was to be, he recited the names of many of the old citizens whose families were already growing up and in present need of such an institution. Among those named were Mr. Jacob Beekman, Mr. N. T. Taylor, Asahel Bailey, the Gilbert family, Willard Guild, Samuel Elwell, William Abbott, Captain Chamberlain, Elijah Look, Henry Wells, Asa Holman, Mr. Standish, Erastus Day, Jacob Skillman, Sr., the Buzzell family, Mr. Raymond, A. W. Sterling, and many others.

And then he gave a list of the younger married men, who, while yet their families were young, still gave to the new enterprise their hearty support. Among those named were M. T. Lane, Charles Farrar, Dr. Jeremiah Sabin, Dr. J. P. Whitney, Amos Palmer, Dennis Scranton, Martin Southwell, Mr. Winans, Mr. Sage, John Maitland, Henry Howarth, William Hulsart, Martin Buzzell, Linus Gilbert, Isaac Gilbert, Amos Hewett, Darius Elwell, Owell Rix.

And still another, was a class of young men, all marriageable, whose needs were all prospective, the very mention of whom is to-day a little amusing, as coming under this list. Among them as named were: Aaron B. Rawles, John W. Dyar, Calvin A. Shaw, D. C. Walker, Dexter Mussey, Asa and Jerry Ayers, Dr. H. B. Teed, Orin Southwell, Abijah Palmer, Nathan Palmer, Allen Buzzell, Carlton Sabin, Silas McKeen, Charles Chamberlain, Sidney M. Kidder, Horace Bogart, James Snover, Jacob Smith, Blake Barrows, Joseph Gilbert.

Under the head of teachers, reference was especially made to Miss Jerusha Shaw, later Mrs. Owen, as the originator of the first private school, and to her personal agency in securing a principal for the academy that was to be.

The speaker then referred very fully to the coming to Romeo of Ornon Archer as the first principal of the Romeo Academy, and to the organization of that school in the fall of 1835. He spoke first of Mr. Archer's manner, second of his methods, third of his peculiar power as a teacher, and of the eminence and popularity of his teaching, making brief reference to his political aspiration which finally paved the way to his failure.

The Doctor ventured to recount, as far as memory would serve, the families represented in that school. Of the Abbotts, Franklin, Norman, Isaac, Jane, Elizabeth and Mary; of the Beekmans, James, Caroline and John; of the Buzzells, Allan and Stephen; of the Baileys, Prudence and Maria; of the Chamberlains, Joseph, Nelson and James; of the Days, Daniel, Levi and Lucinda; of the Dodges, Julia; of the Ewells, Holbrook, Hall, Jane and Nancy; of the Gilberts, Joseph and Ira; of the Farrars, Merrill and Charles; of the Holmans, Sumner, George, Laura, Elizabeth and Cynthia; of the Looks, Asher, James and Eliza; of the Raymonds, Samuel and younger sisters; of the Skillmans, Jacob, Abram, Isaac and the three sisters; of the Standish, Susan; of the Wells, Henry, etc.

From another list of those coming from out of town he noted the following: The Thurstons, Stockton, Bancroft, Hurd, Freemans, Fuller, Benedict, Peter Myers, Ducing and others. Among the young ladies mentioned were Miss Juliette McKean, the Misses Burbank, the Misses Comstock, Miss Westbrook, Miss Louisa Benedict, Miss Bancroft, Miss Lucinda Markham, and perhaps others.

Dr. Hollister next referred to the school exercises, referring first to the morning hour of prayer, before which the scriptures were read and each pupil was accustomed to recite from memory a single scripture text. He gave a graphic description of the inner working of the school, the blackboard exercises in mathematics, and the classes in the classics and philosophy.

He dwelt especially upon the exercises of Wednesday afternoon, which was declamation and composition day. Among the declaimers he cited Nelson Chamberlain as coming down to the front and reciting, with all the gravity of Webster himself, Webster's speech, commencing with the words, "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation." Then he pictured Green Freeman and his animated rendering of Pitt's reply to Fox in the words, "Sir, the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate or deny."

And then he brought Harvey Fuller to the front, the natural born orator, recalling his recital of Absalom, by Willis, commencing thus: "The waters slept; night's silvery vail hung low on Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled their glassy rings beneath it like the still unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse."

Then came James Beekman and his splendid recitals of the chase and of the encounter of Fitz James and Roderic Dhu. Edward Taylor again gave the rendering, "The boy stood on the burning deck." James Chamberlain was at "the burial of Sir John Moore."

Henry Wells was associated with Byron's Waterloo, and Franklin Abbott's recital of the scripture text of Judah's plea before Joseph for the release of Bejamin was remembered as one of singular beauty and power.

Next came the reference to compositions, with a brief recital of the struggles and trials, of the successes and failures which were incident to that exercise. He would not give the name or subject of one composition, but it was very like one just given by Gen. Nettleton, as having been read after a desperate command in the General's school at an early day in Indiana. The composition ran thus: "About virtue. Virtue is a good thing to git holt of. If a feller gits a holt of virtue he'd better keep holt."

The Doctor also referred to the school paper named "The Aurora Borealis," edited by N. P. Chamberlain. His description of the literary efforts were amusing, and he could recall snatches of what there appeared. He said Holbrook Ewell was the poet laureate, and cited several fragments as he recalled them to mind. One a heading to an article written in a hurry, for which the press was waiting:

"Here comes a single line for the Aurora,
Hot pressed and writ in a hurry."

Late at school one afternoon and muddy at that, he wrote:

"A long road that never turns,
A soggy stick that never burns,
A curious man that never sighs,
And THIS road that never dries."

This was another of the poet's drives:

"When Adam first beheld his wife
He gratefully called her woo-man,
But when the apple made his stomach ache,
He changed that name to wo-man;
But now the women are so full of whims,
The people call them *whim-men!*"

Closing his references to school exercises, the speaker next referred to the Romeo lyceum as closely related to the academy, and asked Mr. Dyar if he remembered how he used to officiate as reader of communications in that august assemblage, to which Mr. Dyar, who was present, replied that he not only remembered the fact, but had some of the identical articles still preserved.

Reference was then made, in a most feeling manner, to the great revival in the spring of 1838, and to the great number of persons coming under its influence, citing the names of many who dated their conversion to that time, and who now, though widely scattered, still gave evidence of the genuineness of that work.

The Doctor then spoke of the ladies' school of Miss Martha Makepeace, later Mrs. E. W. Giddings, referring to the beautiful culture of the lady, and of the loving remembrances that are to-day still cherished by her pupils. On the fly-leaf of many a small Bible is that name written.

He then spoke of his three years absence pursuing his studies elsewhere, and of his finding upon his return the school reorganized and flourishing under the direction of Prof. Nutting and his estimable wife and his daughter Miss Marcia. He named some of the pupils in Prof. Nutting's school: Andrews, Johnson, the Trowbridges, the Parks, Wattles, Allison, Donaldson, Cooper, Poppleton, Welch, Hall, Lane, the Holmans, Farrars, Sexton, Leete, Ames, the Chandlers, the Hodges, the Harts, Kerchival, the Brownrows, the Burts, the Taylors, Nuttings, Wells, Newbury, Beckmans, Parmalee, Owen, and of the young ladies, Misses Dickinson, Mary Taylor, Delia Newbury, Mary Mack, Lorissa Prentiss, the Misses Leete, Maria Holenbeck, Kate Trowbridge, Caddy Beekman, Augusta Abel, the four Windiates, Miss Henry, Melissa Crittendens, the Bronsons, Miss Cole, Miss Calkins, and others whose names did not recur to him.

He said the description of the academy under Prof. Nutting's administration and its later history must be committed to other hands.

His closing words were, in substance, these: It remains to say in closing, that to me the memories of that olden time are very precious. Precious, the remembrance of that noble band of young men and women who went out from that school to bless the world.

Precious, those many youthful gatherings where joyous mirth and innocence went hand in hand.

Precious the early history of our village, where the seeds of infidelity and intemperance and of impurity had not been sown.

Precious the privilege of such a birthright as was here the common heritage in the earlier days of Romeo.

Blessings upon those noble fathers and mothers who builded so much better than they knew, and blessings upon the children who shall follow in their footsteps.

Dr. Hollister, in his address, lived over again those brightest days of life, childhood and youth at school, and as he recalled the many actors in this little stage of earnest struggles and efforts, with many a scene, amusing or pathetic, brought vividly back to mind, his audience were forced to share in his interest, and were delighted and entertained beyond measure by the lively and graphic recital.

At the conclusion of Dr. Hollister's address, which was the crowning feature of the day, a few remarks were made by Father Stone, the only surviving member of the original church, and the afternoon exercises closed with singing.

EVENING SERVICES.

At six the ladies of the church served a most bountiful and elegant collation in the spacious parlors of the church, which were crowded with members and visitors. An hour was given to delightful social intercourse.

In the evening letters and telegrams were read from former pastors and members of the congregation, expressing great regret that they were unable to be present, and sending their congratulations, and very interesting remarks were made by some of the older resident members and by the pastors of the neighboring churches, closing with a song service given by a remarkably well trained choir and a most charming bevy of boys and girls representing the primary department of the Sunday-school, which was full of interest and very enjoyable. It was listened to by a large audience. This closed the exercises attendant upon this semi-centennial, which was in every respect a great success.

OAKLAND COUNTY.

HISTORICAL ESSAY READ BY ROBERT YERKES AT THE DEDICATION OF THE TOWN HALL, AT NOVI, SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1876.

Perhaps most of us under-estimate the importance attaching to the inception and early growth of the township. Each anniversary of our national birthday is heralded with all the "pomp and circumstance of war," and greeted by the enthusiasm of a vast population; yet the Union is made up of states, the states of counties, the strong abutment of which is the township. Besides the primary value of the town as the unit in our political system there are other reasons why we should honor its birth, and place that period of time on the list of our gala days. The early history of every community is inseparably connected with the trials and struggles of its founders. Here it may be they have fought the battle of life in the first ardor of youth—with the trained courage of man or womanhood, or the gravity of old age. There are many who know no other land as their birthplace; its current history has been their household talk; its ways and by-ways their frequented haunts; its green spring time and glorious autumn their familiar sights, and its six miles square of field and woodland the *dearest spot on earth.* Let us then for an hour leave our politics, our fields, the daily round of work, and give that time to the early and fast fading history of our township.

I do not propose to give that history in full or carry it down to the present time in all its minutia. Such a paper would require weeks to write and a day to read. But I will sketch as rapidly as I can its early history, and give some anecdotes and events which serve to illustrate the condition and spirit of the times. That community is fortunate indeed which after the lapse of fifty years retains among its first settlers enough with memory intact, who, by their concurring testimony, can establish beyond dispute the facts of its history.

The first settlement of Novi can thus be established and clearly verified. On its southeastern border are two men, Thomas Pinkerton and William Yerkes, who came into the town in the early spring of 1825. At this time there was no clearing, house, or white settler within its present limits. They then entered the land on which they now reside; returned east and moved from the shores of Seneca lake, in the state of New York, upon this land the next spring, and have lived on the same farms without interruption until the present time. They had, therefore, a good standpoint from which to witness its early growth and later progress. They are men of undoubted truth, of more than average observation, both of good, and one at least, Thomas Pinkerton, of superlative memory—recalling the events of his past life, both in matter and date, with the accuracy of the written record. With these two men came fourteen individuals, making sixteen in all, eleven of whom are alive at the present time, and from some of these I have gained valuable information.

Without further preliminaries we will come at once to the first entries of land made in this town:

September 3d, 1824, John Gould, N. E. ¼, section 36.

September 20th, 1824, Pitts Taft, on sections 33 and 34; Joseph Eddy, on section 34; Erastus Ingersoll, on section 24; Benjamin Bentley, on sections 23 and 25.

September 26th, 1824, Benjamin Bentley, on section 25.

October 7th, 1824, Timothy Farles, on section 25; N. C. Prentiss, on sections 15 and 22; Cornelius Davis, on section 15; Robert McKinney, on section 23.

1825 ENTRIES.

March 12th, John Powers, section 26; John Hiles, section 26.

March 18th, Samuel Mansfield, section 35.

April 22d, Millard Wadsworth, section 23.

April 30th, Wm. Yerkes, sections 35 and 36; Thomas Pinkerton, section 25.

May 10th, Samuel Hungerford, section 27; Erastus Ingersoll, section 24.

May 16th, Philo Hungerford, section 34.

June 1st, Reuben Fitzgerald, 34 and 36.

June 7th, Samuel Hungerford, section 34; James Wilkinson, section 34.

June 13th, Ricmond Simmons, section 15; Ephraim Hicks, section 14.

June 22d, Ebenezer Stewart, section 33; Nathan Powers, E. ½ S. E. ¼, section 32; Wm. Tenney, section 3.

October 8th. Thomas Watts, sections 26 and 27.

1826 ENTRIES.

June 29th, Joseph Yerkes, section 25.

September 1st, John Spinning, W. ½ S. W. ¼, section 35.

September 5th, John Spinning, section 12.

September 25th, Joshua Philips, section 14.

October 31st, Benjamin A. Hance, section 2.

November 16th, Charles C. Reynolds, section 12.

1827 ENTRIES.

March 22d, David A. Simmons, E. ½ N. E. ¼, section 23; Mary McComber, E. ½ N. W. ¼, section 24.

May 24th, James Vanduyne, section 26.

June 6th, Wm. B. Garfield, section 25.

June 23d, Gamaliel Simmons, section 27.

June 25th, Samuel White, section 28.

June 26th, Ira Crawford, section 1.

September 18th, William Rice, W. ½ S. E. ¼, section 32.

1828 ENTRIES.

June 2d, Randall Chapman, section 28.

June 5th, Abraham Vandyne, section 35.

August 1st, Thomas McGould, E. ½ N. E. ¼, section 26; Thomas McGould, W. ½ S. E. ¼, section 23.

December 23d, Lyman W. Andrus, section 27.

1829 ENTRIES.

March 23d, Lucy Hungerford, section 23.

June 16th, Lyman W. Andrus, section 21; Samuel Hungerford, section 11.

July 25th, Samuel B. Mufford, section 13.

September 19th, David Guile, section 23

October 21st, Charles Thornton, section 27.

In 1830 there were 23 entries.

A majority of these entries were made by persons from three counties in New York, namely Seneca, Ontario and Wayne.

Number of entries: 1824, 10; 1825, 18; 1826, 6; 1827, 8; 1828, 5; 1829, 10; 1830, 23.

The first white settler in Novi was Erastus Ingersoll, who in 1825 moved from Ontario county, New York, upon the E. ½ of S. W. ¼ of section 24, on what has been known since as the Bishop place. The next was John Gould, who came the same spring upon the N. E. ¼ of section 36. Pitts Taft and Joseph Eddy followed the same season, making four settlers in 1825.

In the spring of 1826 Wm. Yerkes and Thomas Pinkerton came, one on section 35 and 36, the other on section 25. In the fall of that year Samuel Hungerford came on section 27; Daniel Bentley on section 25; James Wilkinson on section 24, and Benjamin Hungerford on section 33.

In 1827, John Hiles on section 26; Sarah Thornton on section 27; Benjamin Hance on section 2; Mary McComber on section 24; Thomas Mulford on section 13; Myra Garfield on section 24.

Among those who came here in 1828 were Smith Parks, Isaac Vanduyne, Philip Shaw, Randall Chapman, Lyman Andrews, John Renwick, Col. Spencer, Cornelius Austin, James Mallory, Deacon Vaughn, John Mitchell, Stanton Hazzard, etc.

The first assessment made in this town was in 1826, Wm. Morris and S. V. R. Trowbridge were the assessors. Thomas Pinkerton had 240 acres of land and paid three dollars tax and one and one-half days' road work.

In the winter of 1827 the legislative council organized the township of Farmington; and Novi, Lyon, Milford and Commerce were attached to it for township purposes. Novi was called West Farmington, and Lyon was called Farmington, jr. The first justice of the peace in this town was Wm. Yerkes, appointed by the governor of the territory, Gen. Cass, in 1827.

The first township meeting held under the organization just alluded to, was at Robert Wixom's, on the first Monday in April, 1827; three assessors were elected at that time, Samuel Mead, Philip Marlatt and Wm. Yerkes. The election was held in Farmington four years, once at Robert Wixom's, once at Philbrick's, and twice at Soloman Walker's.

In the fall of 1830 the inhabitants assembled to choose a name for the town, and petition the legislative council for a separate organization. The name of Novi had been suggested by Mrs. Dr. J. C. Emery, and was presented to the meeting by her husband. Other names were offered, among which were Republic and Benlake. A ballot was taken and the present name chosen. Most of the settlers were tired of a long name, such as Farmington, it was a bother to write it. They wanted a short name, and any one who has had much town business to do will readily assent to the wisdom of their choice.

The name was sent on to the council, together with the petition for organization. The request of the inhabitants was granted and the town organized and named.

When the matter was before the council, one James Kingsley, of Ann Arbor, growled terribly about the name, remarking that if he had not forgotten his Latin, it meant, "Was known, unknown, or forgotten."

The first town meeting held in Novi was at the house of Cyrenius Simmons, where George Dennis now lives. Samuel Hungerford was elected supervisor and Lyman Andrews clerk; Stanton Hazzard, Asa Smith, and Samuel Hungerford, justices of the peace. The first training (they used to train in those days), was when Novi was attached to Farmington, and was held at Robert Wixom's. Thomas Pinkerton warned out the men, John Gould, Wm. Yerkes, Erastus Ingersoll, M. Vanamburg, Henry Harrington, C. Austin, Benjamin Hance, were all. Think what an army to defend the town!

The first white child born in this town was Mary Gould, Jan. 2, 1826; the first death, Mrs. Polly Gould; the first marriage, Benjamin Welch and Susan Boughton; the first store, John Brown, at Novi Corners; the first saw-mill, David Guile, on the outlet of Walled lake, one-half mile south and one-fourth mile east of Novi Corners; first blacksmith shop, David Guile, on the west side of the F. & P. M. R. R., where it crosses the south line of section 23; the first cooper shop, Joseph Eddy, on section 34, by the old cider mill on Benajah Aldrich's place; first frame house was built by Saville Aldrich on section 34; first frame barn, Wm. Yerkes, on section 35; first church, the Baptist at Novi Corners. The first school house was built on section 33, on the Pitts Taft place, base line. The first school was kept by Hiram Wilmarth, in the winter of 1827-28. This school house and school are described by a brother historian somewhat as follows: The floor and seats were made of slabs split from basswood logs; the seats were elevated by means of iron-wood poles called legs, driven into two-inch auger holes bored through the slabs, and were thus easily made to accommodate scholars of every age and size. The writing desks were made by boring holes in the logs at the side of the building and driving in pins, on which were fastened rough boards.

Mr. Wilmarth was an excellent teacher; he taught three months, and twenty-six days to the month; holding school from sunrise till sundown without intermission, boarded himself and furnished firewood to warm the house, for the sum of seventy-five cents per scholar during the term. There was another school house erected a little later, further down the base line, just where that splendid row of maples comes up to Clark Griswold's barn. This house was built on contract by Bela Chase; was well done, the floor made of hewn logs with a trap door in the centre, all seated and ready to *run* for the sum of thirty-five dollars. Under this trap door, mentioned above, was an excavation, the dirt being thrown back against the logs on either side. By whose order this infernal pit was made I do not know, but I do know that it was the cause of much anxiety to me in my very early days. Just down the bank from where the school house stood was a low, wet piece of land, the haunt of countless Massasaugers, and it was industriously circulated by the scholars and teacher, too, that they made a stopping place under the floor of the house. Well, this pit was used as a place of punishment for the scholars. You will say that is a *snake story*. So it is, but it is true nevertheless. When but three years old I have looked on things there which I can never forget; dark pictures that will hang on memory's walls until those walls are ruined by death. I have seen boys, and girls even, resist their introduction to that second *Hades*, with all the determination that convulsive terror could inspire, and when forced at last beneath the trap door by far superior strength, they would sink away with a wail of utter despair. Right glad am I that this relic of a barbarous inquisitorial age has passed away; that in the increasing light of the nineteenth century it has faded into a thing of the past, never more to becloud life's young day, or blot with infamy the chronicles of modern times.

The first physician was J. C. Emery, from Seneca county, state of New York, who arrived here in 1830.

The first postoffice was established at the house of John Gould, in 1828. After Mr. Gould removed from the town Dr. J. C. Emery was appointed in his place and held the office until it was discontinued.

The first hotel was kept by R. Sherman, one mile west and north of Novi corners, by the old Gardner stand. The first sermon was preached at the house of John Gould, (section thirty-six), by a Methodist circuit rider, whose name is unknown to me. The first wagon shop, Ruleph Sebring, on section thirty-six, northeast corner. Shoe shop, Zachariah Eddy, section thirty-five. Furnace, G. W. Pinney, West Novi. Distillery, Pitts Taft, section thirty-four, base line.

The first plank road in town was built by Erastus Ingersoll. It was located on the town line east of section twenty-four on a low, wet piece of road; was constructed of hewn timbers, each piece about fifty feet long, placed lengthwise of the roadway. The space between the timbers was filled with cross-pieces for the team to travel on. On each side of the squared timbers were rolled huge logs to keep the wagon wheels from running off the track. It worked nicely when it was new; those who drove over it thought the teamster's millennial had come; but by and by the timbers shrunk away from each other, leaving crevices into which the wheels would run, and then a pull sideways would break the wheel or throw the team on the logs outside the road. It became quite dangerous at last, and was entirely removed.

The second plank road was laid through the town about 1850. It was constructed on what used to be the United States military road, laid out from Detroit to Grand Haven. The third plank road was from Novi to Commerce, was remarkable chiefly for the loss it occasioned the stockholders and for giving the lawyers the case of Pettibone *vs.* the Novi and Commerce Plankroad Company, and to jurisprudence the celebrated decision affirming the divisibility of contracts.

The first and only railway was laid in 1871.

The first mowing machine in town was invented and used by Erastus Ingersoll. It consisted of a section of a hollow buttonwood log, about thirty inches long, placed in a vertical position on wheels, or rollers. The motive power was in the inside of the hollow section, and consisted of several cog-wheels, one or two bands, and some other fixtures that are now forgotten. The cutting knives were short pieces of scythes, fastened close to the lower edge of the hollow log. The team was hitched to a tongue made of a long crooked limb, in order to place them on the mown grass, and the machine behind that. When the team started the motion of the rollers forced the gearing into action; this gave a rotary motion to the hollow section, and the knives went around with a buzz, cutting everything before them. Mr. Ingersoll carried a model of this to Washington in 1827 and got a patent on it. He came home and called his neighbors together for a trial of the new machine. The mower was placed on the "Ingersoll swamp" and started. It cut first-rate for three or four rods, when the keen edge of the knives disappeared, and not having any shoulder or guards to work against they refused to do duty. The genius of the deacon was equal to the emergency, (in prospective at least). He proposed to attach a grind-stone in a way that would make the knives sharpen themselves as they revolved. A platform for grain was to be added, a threshing machine following would deliver the grain ready cleaned into bags, which one man would tie up and tumble off, and the work was done. He had a recommend already made out, which his neighbors signed after cutting down a good deal. He then went east among his old friends in the state of New York, and came back loaded with the spoils of victory.

There is an addendum to this piece of history, which it will not do to pass over. Mr. Ingersoll had a very fine young peach orchard, and in one corner of the field was an old basswood stump. A man going that way one afternoon set fire to this stump with his sun-glass, (to light his pipe, I suppose). That night some envious vandal cut down one-half of the orchard. The next morning the deacon, seeing the catastrophe, became exceedingly alarmed lest all his buildings should be destroyed. The story soon got round that Ingersoll's mowing machine had got loose in the night, cut down his peach orchard, set fire to a stump in the corner of the field and disappeared in the darkness.

I have ransacked the encyclopedia, have searched diligently through the one hundred years of American Progress, and it is my candid opinion that Erastus Ingersoll, of town one north, of range eight east was the inventor of the first mowing machine ever used in America.

There were mighty hunters in those days. The necessities of their situation, the scantiness of their larder, and above all the innate love of woodcraft which drew many of the settlers to their new homes, made them skillful in the hunter's art. And game was plenty; the bear and wolf were frequently found, while all along the outlet of Walled lake was a paradise for deer, and from thence they ranged over all the adjacent country. But my young friends must not think they were as easy to kill as a woodchuck. Then, as now, they were sharp-eyed, quick-eared and light-footed. They generally saw you before you saw them. A whistle would draw your attention to a white spot of tail, instantly disappearing in the brushwood. A successful hunter must move stealthily—must have a true rifle, and the will and power to use it with instant and deadly effect.

There were some who could not always do this. I have in my mind a story which I have often heard, and I will tell it to you as it was told to me, being careful that it lose nothing at my hands. One of the settlers, a rather slender young hunter—since rounded out into a portly, good-looking old gentleman—had a boarding place about a mile from his farm. It was all woods between the two places; through this woods a path was marked, over which our hero traveled every day with rifle in hand. Once he was to escort a young lady friend by this path to some place on the other side the woods. He had his rifle as usual, and before starting made some dire threats about what he would do if he saw a deer, giving orders to the effect, that if they heard his gun they might prepare for hanging up some venison. When about half way through the woods, sure enough a large buck walked square into the path ahead of him and stopped. Our hunter was very anxious to kill that deer; you know how it is yourself, young man. If you are trying hop, skip, or a square stand and jump, and Kate or Sally are looking on, you are greatly elated if you can land just about one foot over your opponent, and correspondingly depressed if you fall that much short. Well, our young Nimrod raised his rifle and pulled the trigger. Off went the gun and away went the deer; they always run, even when shot through the heart. But the hunter did not stop to look for any marks of wounded game. Close to where the deer stood was a maple sapling, which all at once turned its topmost branch silently, but quickly over, until it hung down by its side, displaying about ten feet above the animal's back the unmistakable marks of a gunshot wound.

You can guess the rest; how the maiden's laugh that rang music through the wood, sent discord into his soul; how he cursed the telltale bough that hung above his head; as with empty rifle he strode down that woodland path; and how in his reflections that night on the misadventure of the day, he came to the conclusion that the most uncertain of all things in this world was the way of a bullet in the air.

A good many years ago the raccoons were quite thick, commencing early to destroy the corn in the fields along the base line. Northville was then a straggling little place, and some of its clerks and others who had not much to do, expressed a great deal of sympathy for the farmers, and offered to come over and kill the *varmints.* Of course this was kind in them; they were invited to do so. They came with the moonlight nights, and their dogs and guns made a terrible racket along the corn fields. Sometimes, but not often, they would fall a tree in true coon-hunter style. I was young then and thought that when I got older it would be fun for me to hunt coon; but was sure if *they* kept on till the end of autumn there would not be as many raccoons left in Oakland county as came out of Noah's ark. However, it soon turned out that their dogs were trained to bark at nothing, their guns were fired at the same animal, and the farmers' melon patches told the rest of the *melon-choly* tale.

An incident has been related to me, illustrating how old practices are sometimes broken up in a hurry. When the first frame barn in this town was ready to go up, the owner on going round to ask the hands to assist, gave each one notice that no whisky would be used at the raising. It was a large barn with heavy timbers, and the opinion was confidently expressed that it could not be raised without the "flowing bowl." The day came, and when everything was ready the word was given to raise the first bent. The men who believed it could not be done without liquor were determined to make a test case of it, So they drew off in a body and refused to touch the timber. The temperance men seized the bent, raised it to its place and fastened it there amid the most deafening cheers; whereupon the other side rushed in with good humor, and the barn was raised in a hurry.

It had always been held by good men before this that you could not raise a barn or a baby without whisky, but from that time on they raised a great many of both without that article.

Those who have been much on the frontier readily agree that no place furnishes so many differing types of character as a new settlement; and any who have read Cooper's novels and made themselves familiar with that character which, under the various names of Leather Stocking, Hawkeye and Trapper, runs through several of his works, would no doubt have found his parallel in our own town, one who resided here in an early day. I had often heard his name spoken, coupled with remarks which led me to believe that he was an eccentric man, and since commencing this sketch have inquired more particularly and have learned the following:

Joseph Eddy emigrated originally from far up the Hudson river and settled near Auburn, N. Y. He lived here until pride, as he termed it, began to dot the country with frame *housen.* He then moved to Alleghany county, same state. Here he resided until there were too many openings in the woodlands, too much talk about "frame housen," and too much pride. He packed up again, and at the end of a tedious journey reached Wayne county, N. Y., where he settled near Sodus bay. Here he remained some time, but by and by emigration poured in; the scenes around his early home were re-enacted, "frame housen" began to appear and pride to show itself in other and, to him, offensive ways. Then, with a troubled heart at the long journey before him, but not a regret for the home which advancing civilization had rendered so distasteful, he repacked his household goods, gathered his large family around him and started on his long journey to the far west. In the first year of the settlement in this town he entered the land and built a log hut near the old cider-mill, on the Benajah Aldrich place. He lived here until about the time that Saville Aldrich built the first frame house in the town, when he gathered his effects and made for the Looking-glass river, in this state. He would doubtless have flown once more before the advancing wave of emigration, but old age was upon him. He became blind, and soon after died. Queer man, you will say, thus to rob himself and family of home after home for the sake of solitude and immunity from what to him were the discomforts of civilization. But who will cast a stone at him? He loved rude nature in all her untamed beauty, and he wooed her with a lover's ardor, constancy and devotion—the advance courier of emigration, the unconscious herald of "empire's westward way."

Beside his true but lowly record the fashion, folly and crime of high life to-day, as exemplified by Ralston Winslow and Mrs. Belknap, sink into insignificance and fade into worse than nothing. The saddest duty of the historian is to place on record the names of those who were once real factors in the population and progress of the town, but who have passed forever from its scenes of activity and life.

Beginning at its southeast corner going west, and then east up and down the section lines, I have compiled the following mortuary list:

Mrs. Dr. John C. Emery, Bela Chase and wife, Edson Chase, Peter Chase, Abel Case and wife, Zachariah Eddy and wife, Mrs. Cromwell Clark, Dexter Mitchell and wife, Saville Aldrich and wife, Benajah Aldrich and wife, Pitts Taft and wife, Wm. Taft, Hiram Wilmarth, Ansel Thomas, Asa Sha, Nathan Noyes and wife, Bethuel Howard and wife, Bishop Ovenshire and wife, John Blain and wife, Mr. Chapel. James Brown and wife, Mr. Gensman, Lewis Vradenburg, Mr. Patton, Aaron Vradenburg and wife, Willis Pardee, James Smith, Avery Lee, Wm. Wilson and wife, James Clark, John Ball and wife, Daniel Lee, Mrs. Jonathan Neal, James Wixom, James Palmer, Abel Eddy, Joseph Chambers, Daniel E. Mathews, Samuel White and wife, Samuel Jones, George Rogers and wife, William Rogers, Lyman Andrews and wife, Mr. Caple, Samuel Hungerford and wife, Cornelius McCrum, Joseph Eddy and wife, Mrs. Sarah Hornton, Jonah Knapp and wife, Henry Knapp and wife, Mrs. James Vanduyne, Mrs. Veltman, Mrs. John C. Emery, Isaac Vanduyne, Abigail Nelson, Thomas Watts, Watson Cronkite, Gabriel Cronkite and wife, James Rogers, Samuel Rogers and wife, Mrs. Deborah and Emma Pinkerton, Catherine Lowell, Thomas Craven and wife, Erastus Ingersoll and wife, Myra Garfield and wife, Clark Hazzard and wife, Stanton Hazzard, Henry Courter and wife, Mr. Vanamburg and wife, R. Sherman and wife, David Guile and wife, Deacon George Dennis and wife, Randall Chapman and wife, Mr. Philip Shaw and wife, Mr. Butterfield and wife, Mr. P. Sanford and wife, Mr. Whittaker and wife, John Parks and wife, John Crane and wife, Mrs. Daniel Gould, Mrs. Samuel Blackwood, Mr. Mitchell and wife, Smith Parks and wife, L. Bennett and wife, Mrs. Lewis Britton, Elijah Care and wife, Mrs. Deacon Vaughn, Mr. Shirtliff and wife, Mrs. Perkins, Joseph Vaughn and wife, Mrs. Whipple, Levi Bishop, his two wives, and father and two children, John S. Garry, Mr. Bloss, Mrs. Catharine Covert, Dr. Woodman and wife, Stephen L. Gage, James Wilkinson and wife, Mr. Graves and wife, Mr. Munn and wife, Nathaniel Clark, Mr. Richardson, Shubual Hammond, Lorin Flint and wife, Brayton Flint, Warner Smith, Asa Smith and wife, John Elmore, Jesse Hazen and wife, Edward Hazen and wife, James Maladay and wife, Mr. Pettibone and wife, Lyman Pettibone, Col. Spencer and wife, Mrs. Cornelius Austin, Henry Harrington and wife, Benjamin A. Hance, Apollos Cudworth and wife, Erastus Graves and wife, James Sanford, Mr. Colvin and wife, Ransom Reed, Mr. Needham and wife, Mr. Payne and wife, Daniel Johnson and two wives, Ransom W. Holly and wife, Mr. Farnsworth and wife, Deacon Lucas Wright. Lyman Hathorn, the father and mother of Benjamin Brown, Benjamin Bently, Mr. Norton, killed by lightning; Mr. Law and wife, and Erastus Phelps.

It is not always safe to eulogize the living, especially when your remarks are personal. You arouse so many slumbering enmities, so much latent jealousy and criticism, that it is often better to leave their praises for the hereafter. But let the faults of the dead be buried with their bodies, and let us remember only their virtues. All over this town, inside the inclosure of farms, you may see mounds of stone, brick and rubbish, splintered by fire. These mounds are sometimes upon rising ground; often by the banks of some stream, and almost always where two ways meet. How often you come across them when cultivating the soil; your team shies around them, your plowshare shows them to be quite deep in the earth. If you take the time and trouble to remove them you will find ashes, bits of coal and crockery, and other witnesses that here was once a living hearthstone. That solid walls of maple, beach or oak once rose around them, with garret and roof above them. Here were love and hate, joy and sorrow, struggle that brought victory. It may be indolence which came near defeat. Here prattled the infant, heedless of the future, and here tottered old age with thoughts bent on the past. Some of these homes went to ruin when their occupants "moved out of the old house into the new," many when they were taken to their last resting place. Of the long list which we have read, how many once lived where these memorial stones guard the ashes of the past? They lie in yonder churchyard, in the outlying cemeteries of the town, and elsewhere throughout the land. It is as true of them as it was of those over whom Gray wrote his immortal elegy:

> For them no more the blazing fire shall burn,
> Or busy housewife ply the evening care;
> No children run to lisp their sire's return,
> Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has spoke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field;
  How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The pioneer of fifty years ago, in a locality such as Novi then was, felt entirely beyond the reach of outside aid. He must bear alone his poverty, his misfortune, and severest trials.

The emigrant of yesterday or to-day rides to his prairie home on an easy car; his provisions are transported in the same way. If misfortune overtakes him the world is at his back; if drouth sear his corn, or grasshoppers light in his wheat field, his wail comes down the wires and an instant response is made.

Not so with our first settlers. When Thomas Pinkerton and Wm. Yerkes came here they walked 500 miles with their axes and knapsacks on their shoulders. When their families and friends came they were ten days on Lake Erie and four weeks on the whole journey. Some of them were taken sick on the way, and anxious days and sleepless nights filled up the measure of time, and theirs was not an isolated case. Scores of our pioneers repeated their struggles—went through their sufferings—perhaps in varied form, but still the same.

After the hardships of the journey had been endured they found themselves in an unbroken wilderness. The sun in its daily round scarcely shown upon its surface, save where Walled lake glanced and glittered in its light. Home and its comforts they had yet to create. They were sick and no physician; wanted bread, and flouring mill twenty mills away. In strength, in weakness, in health, in disease, through storm and sunshine, they must struggle on in the stern battle.

Why, you say, what could induce them to do this? I answer: they were men and women of limited means; they wanted a home for themselves and families after them, and hope hung her bow of promise, her glittering pennon in the far west of their lives. Between them and fruition all these trials must be endured—all these adverse circumstances met and conquered. And right nobly have they fulfilled their mission.

On some it may be the sun went down before they reached the goal, but a great majority have come out of the conflict more than Roman fathers, better than Spartan mothers. And have hope's promises been illusive? Could you take a birdseye view of our town to-day, you would see each section line running north, south, east or west thrown into a hard and, in most cases, well worked roadway on which pass and repass the travel of the town; you would see a broad graveled road like the Appian way of old Rome leading from the commercial metropolis to the political capital of our state; you would see a well constructed railway traversing its extent from southeastern to northwestern corner, over which rolls the car of commerce, carrying the products of the soil, the manufactory or the mine, with tireless energy and incredible speed. By its side stretches the electric wire—that wonder of the nineteenth century—over which the untamed but obedient lightning flies at the bidding of man; you will see parks of woodland, none too large, all over town. On every side are smiling farms, with green meadows, and orchards bending beneath their autumn bounty; all around are horses, cattle, and sheep in countless numbers; barns filled with garnered grain, stacks of hay and forage lifting their peaks skyward, and corn fields in rank after rank away to the horizon. Here are churches and there are school houses filled with apt and eager scholars; cottage homes, where the arts and refinements of civilization are known and appreciated, where industrious, enterprising men and noble, true-hearted women bear life's burdens and share its joys together. Is it an illusion? Look again: You may see the citizens of the town gathered to commemorate the deeds of their pioneers; they glance proudly back and joyfully forward. And why should they not? They stand shoulder to shoulder with twenty-five townships forming a county of supassing beauty, over which statistics have written in respect to agricultural production, the sixth county in the Union, and, if you equalize the acres, but the fourth.

They are citizens of a state whose resources and development have made it a marvel in this marvellous era, and whose benign government enfolds them in the arms of its love; while over all, embracing all, protecting all, floats the banner of a great and free republic.

The township of Novi lies on the north side of the base line, about twenty miles west and north from Detroit. It is in the south tier of townships, in Oakland county, within one of its western border, and is known as town 1 north, of range 8 east. It is (or was) heavily timbered with white and red oak, basswood, white and black ash, sugar maple, beach, hickory, and black walnut. The surface is slightly undulating, rising in several places into moderate hill; the soil is mostly clay loam, but there are localities where a sand loam predominates. Walled lake lies on its northern boundary, partly in Novi and partly in Commerce. The outlet of this lake runs in a southerly course through the township, and forms one of the main branches of the river Rouge. There are eleven school houses and two churches, one store, two blacksmith shops, one tile factory, two shoe shops, and one hotel, two post-offices, one sawmill, two cider mills, and one wagon shop.

The principal agricultural productions are wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, wool, apples, hay, and stock of all kinds.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

PIONEER SKETCH RELATIVE TO THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY, AND OTHER REMINISCENCES—BY DR. J. L. WHITING, OF DETROIT

From the Bay City Tribune.

At a meeting of the pioneer society, held on Saturday, the following interesting sketch of the early military occupation of the Saginaw valley was read. It was obtained from the venerable Dr. Whiting, by A. A. Dwight, Esq., to whom, as well as to Dr. Whiting, a vote of thanks was tendered by the society. In connection with the reading Judge Miller remarked, that the sickness spoken of in the sketch was the original cause of the report which gave to the Saginaw valley so unenviable a reputation of being unhealthy—reports which years of effort and the practical experience of the many thousands residing in the valley have scarcely eradicated to this day.

THE LETTERS AND SKETCH.

DETROIT, Mich., January 1, 1877.

To the Bay County Pioneer Society, Bay City:

Feeling in accord with your commendable efforts to preserve the early history of the Saginaw valley, I am enabled to hand you an interesting paper, clearly and concisely written by Dr. J. L. Whiting, a most esteemed resident of Detroit, whose pioneer knowledge of Michigan dates back to 1816, and whose mind and memory remain fresh and vigorous, though nearly eighty-five years of age—to him we are indebted for this early history of the military occupation of the Saginaw valley, and by his consent I am permitted to place it at your disposal,

Very truly yours,

A. A. DWIGHT.

DR. J. L. WHITING'S HISTORIC SKETCH.

DETROIT, October 10, 1876.

A. A. DWIGHT, ESQ.—DEAR SIR—In compliance with your request that I would give a "brief" statement of the military occupation of the Saginaw valley, I send you the following.

Very truly yours,

J. L. WHITING.

In the years 1821 and 1822 the Chippewa Indians of the Saginaw agency became restless and ill-tempered to such a degree that the war department, in the early part of 1822, ordered a detachment of the Third United States infantry (then stationed at Fort Howard, Green Bay), to proceed to the Saginaw river, under the command of Major Daniel Baker.

The companies were commanded by Capt. John Garland, company K; Lieuts. —— Allen and Henry P. Bainbridge; and Capt. Stephen H. Webb, of company I; Lieuts. Edward Brooks and Benjamin Walker; Adjut. Nelson H. Baker, a brother of the major commanding.

On the site of the present city of Saginaw they erected a stockade fort, and within the stockade were the company quarters, the officers' quarters being on the north side of the quadrangle, and on the three sides were the barracks for the soldiers' quarters and their families and the hospital buildings.

There were about one hundred and twenty enlisted men, besides women and children—all told perhaps about one hundred and fifty souls, including surgeon Dr. Zina Pitcher and the sutler and his clerks.

The summer of 1823 proved a very sickly one, a very aggravated form of intermittent fever being the universal disease, as only one of the officers and men escaped an attack of greater or less severity, and he an old soldier of three enlistments of five years each. Among the sufferers by the disease was the surgeon, Dr. Pitcher, who for sveral days was carried from his quarters to the bedside of his patients, and for whom he was the only person to prescribe. In this state of things the commanding officer, Major Baker, having been laid on a sick bed, Capt. Garland, next in command, made a requisition on Quartermaster Samuel Stanton for a surgeon to relieve Dr. Pitcher.

On the 29th of August, 1823, about ten A. M., the major called on me and desired me to go at once to Saginaw and assume the duties of surgeon of the post.

It was a very busy season with me, and at a great personal sacrifice I consented to go, and at two P. M. of that day, mounted my horse and under the guidance of a soldier set my face towards and through the wilderness to the ill-fated "City of Saginaw," distant one hundred miles.

We left on Wednesday, 29th, and at eight, A. M., Friday, I sat down to a most superb breakfast at the quarters of Capt. Garland, with whom I staid for about three weeks, when I was taken sick myself and took quarters at the officers' mess-house, where I spent three of the most harrassing weeks of my whole life, but through a kind Providence recovered sufficiently to leave with the other members of the command for Detroit on the schooner Red Jacket (Capt. Walker), about the 25th of October, and arrived in safety about the 30th of the same month.

I have given above the names of the officers in the detachment, of whom Lieut. Allen had died before I got to the fated city. Major Baker's wife, a daughter and a young son about fifteen years of age, (who was a cadet in Capt. Partridge's school at Norwich, Vermont, a most promising youth), and Lieut. Nelson Baker also died while I was at the post, and one enlisted man only.

The command reached Detroit in fair condition, and remained in the cantonments at the head of Wayne as it was, and north of Fort street. Dr. Pitcher continued so feeble that I continued to do his duty until the following spring.

While I was confined by sickness in the mess-house, attended by a Canadian soldier, there was a great Indian council held at Green Point, according to Indian law, at which Kish-Kaw-Kaw, the usurping chief, (he was by birth a Sac), was present. A Delaware Indian, intermarried with a Chippewa woman, was on trial for the killing of a Chippewa Indian in a drunken brawl. The offender had compromised the matter, and bought his life by paying the relatives a certain amount in Indian currency, viz: furs, skins and a little cash, and the matter was amicably settled between the relatives and the criminal. But according to the custom of the Chippewa tribe it was necessary that the arrangement should be confirmed by a council—the council being assembled and seated in a circle on the ground, when the delinquent was required to walk around within the circle, and if unmolested by any of the relatives of the murdered man the matter was to be considered as finally settled, and not to be reopened forever after. He had quietly passed all the relatives, near or remote, and was therefore restored to his former standing in the tribe; but in passing the old villain Kish-Kaw-Kaw, he rose and struck the offender dead at his feet. The whole circle were amazed at this audacious act, and the usual "Waugh" was uttered by the council, and the hereditary chief, Min-non-equot, said: "What does this mean? It is contrary to Indian law." Old Kish-Kaw-Kaw only deigned the reply: "The law is altered!" The council then broke up, and the old rascal took the body of the man he had murdered into the canoe, covered it with skins and furs and carried it to his village at the mouth of Saginaw river, (now Bay City), where it was buried. This old rascal was, several years after this, arrested for a murder in Wayne county and sentenced to be hanged, but one of his four wives brought him a vegetable decoction with which he committed suicide in jail, thus depriving the sheriff of the pleasure of stringing him up.

PIONEER LIFE IN MICHIGAN.

SURVEY OF THE STATE MILITARY ROAD FROM SAGINAW TO MACKINAW—BY B. O. WILLIAMS, OF OWOSSO.

Read before the State Pioneer Society at its Annual Meeting in February, 1878. Written originally for the Saginaw Courier.

At that early day both of the territory and of my life, when it was not possible for me to procure a suitable memorandum book to keep a diary, I well recollect providing myself with the thin layers of white birch bark, upon which I wrote with a pencil my daily observations, and preserved the roll many years for reference, and was sadly grieved one day upon examination in my log house, to find my papers converted by mice into a warm nest in the very box they were placed in for preservation.

Thirty-nine years ago the writer, while on a visit to his brother's at Saginaw during the month of June, visited the encampment of Lieutenant Benjamin Pool, of the Topographical Engineers Corps of the United States Army, then near the Indian village on the Tittabawassee river, called

Ar-be-toh-wach-e-wan, at or near the forks of said river. The party consisted of the lieutenant in full charge, with an interpreter and guide, a half-breed Indian chief from Port Huron by the name of Ash-ton-e-quet, but more generally known as MacCouse or Young Bear. He spoke the Indian, French and English quite fluently, and had been employed at the suggestion of Colonel Henry Whiting, of Detroit (who was the government officer under whom Pool acted and advised with), a younger brother of the writer, Mr. A. F. Williams, acting as commissary at the time, and about ten men, mostly French Canadians, who acted as axmen and the various duties of a surveying party. The lieutenant was quite ill and very much discouraged. He had then been upon the line a month and had only run the line about twenty miles. MacCouse was heartily sick of his position, as he knew nothing of the wilderness they were about to explore, and with true Indian instincts thought more of present ease than the success of the party. Upon conversing with the lieutenant and learning the real condition of matters, MacCouse, having freely stated to me that he considered the lieutenant entirely incompetent to give successful direction to the party, (the writer had been quite intimately acquainted with MacCouse and he was entirely unguarded in his expressions), and that nothing would induce him to remain with the party, that he should advise his friends, the Frenchmen, to leave before they got so far into the woods as to suffer from starvation, etc., the lieutenant having stated that many of the men were refractory, and insubordination was frequently manifested. (Let me here explain that Lieut. Poole had fallen into the error of having his party organized upon strictly military rules, with rations carefully weighed out by the commissary to the cook, who was a United States soldier detailed for that express duty.) Viewing the whole state of things, and wishing well to the enterprise, I at once told Poole that his expedition, as then organized, must prove a failure. He earnestly entreated me to accompany him and give direction to the party, which I consented I to do if permitted to remodel it by discharging all the French who were disaffected, and supplying their places with men that I would select, providing the government was willing to pay me what I considered my services worth, and allow me an assistant explorer, which necessitated his going to Detroit to consult with Col. Whiting. Thus another week was consumed, during which I had written to, seen and engaged as an assistant Mr. Frederick Riggs, who, also with brother, and myself, spoke the Indian language quite fluently. Upon Poole's return we had a full party made up, numbering in all thirteen persons, partly from Saginaw and Oakland counties, and a more surprised set of men are seldom seen than were the old party when told their services were no longer required by the government. We immediately proceeded with the survey toward the upper forks, myself, with assistant Riggs, with each a pack of provisions sufficient to last two weeks, making a tour of exploration from the last named place in nearly a due north direction. We proceeded through the dense pine and fir woods to within about twenty miles of the Au Sable river, striking the open plains and some yellow and Norway pine land, until we were fully satisfied that no obstacle insurmountable would be found, as we were convinced we were in a section drained by the Au Sable river. We then returned to the party and directed the running of the road line so as to avoid every swamp possible, even at the expense of very great divergence from a direct line, as Lieut. Poole said his instructions were to avoid swamps and high hills.

Let it here be understood that all the information that we could obtain from Indians and the traders about the country was that we should find and have to cross within the first hundred miles extensive shaking marshes, that extended great distances east and west, and that were from four to six miles in width, with small tamarack in places, and where a man could shake the marsh a considerable distance around. These marshes, if they existed, of course, would have to be avoided. So fully convinced was the lieutenant of their existence that nothing short of actual viewing of the country could satisfy to the contrary, and I confess that after consulting with my brothers, Messrs. G. D. and E. S. Williams, who well knew the Indian trappers of beaver and sable in those unknown and unexplored regions, they fully corroborated the reports, all agreeing that such marshes existed in the line of our route, as every Indian told the same story, and it was with considerable timidity that we plunged into those almost interminable forests. At this time no surveys had been made of the lakes, no linear lines run north of Saginaw, and no definite idea of where Mackinaw really was, except that it was in the straits at the north end of the peninsula; but whether east or west, and how far north of our starting point neither Lieut. Pool nor any one else could say. And I was requested that, if it became necessary to diverge from a due north, to make westerly when possible. In going forward we soon lost all evidence that man had ever preceded us, as no signs of fires were to be seen, except occasionally when unmisktable evidence showed that lightning was the cause. The density of some portions of the spruce, fir, and cedar lands exceeded any tropical forest I have ever seen, and my experience in Central and South American states has been considerable. On two different days to advance one and a-half miles and return the same day starting at sunrise from camp were among the most fatiguing of my experience. We passed through several windfalls, from quarter to a half a mile in width, always from west to easterly, bearing evidence of the tornado's track and force. In passing through one, myself and assistant were at times compelled to creep on the ground, and within a few yards were at least thirty feet above the earth.

On one spot we found a large open space of at least twenty acres, and possibly greater, where not a tree or stump could be seen. Amid a high surrounding forest, small poplar brush had sprung up, and in passing through the opening we found the timber gathered together in one vast pile, twisted and wisped together like a sheaf of grain or buckwheat. Here the whirlwind had done its work neatly—we felt our utter insignificance as we spoke of the powers of the wind. When we returned to the party our coats of fustian were covered with mould on the back, and after an absence of twelve days, upon reaching the upper Tittabawassee river one of my limbs was so inflamed from repeated bruises in among cedar roots and logs, that further travel on foot was impossible. With our hatchets we cut and fastened two dry cedar logs together, and floated down the stream as best we could, occasionally carrying our raft over or under fallen timber. By keeping my leg in the water the inflammation subsided, and at a camp an old Indian made an application of leaves, and soon we were ready to proceed. Finding Lieut. Pool ill, I then took the compass and ran the line for some distance over the explored route. Up to this time Lieut. Pool had run the road line with the compass and tripod and with a target, such as engineers of railroads use in leveling, with a man to carry each, and did a·tree stand in the line it was cut down; did it only stand partly in the way, a large notch was cut so as to sight the target. Each tree within three feet of the line was squared on three sides. The logs across the line were generally removed, so that the pack-horses (of which we had six) could readily pass with their packs of two hundred pounds. Each four rods the timber was carefully noted, and the rise and falls in the land, even to a foot, given in and on the field book and carefully re-copied in camp at night. Pool was a strict disciplinarian, and always wished me to give orders as if in military life. He insisted upon my sharing with him his marquee tent. There were three other tents, the commissary's, men's and cook's. Of course such a survey proceeded slowly, and whenever brother or myself carried the compass and run the line we increased the distance ran, and at night Pool anxiously inspected and copied the field book. The duty of myself and assistant was to inspect the ground to be run over, direct when to deviate from the general course to avoid swampy land, we having in the preliminary examination blazed a line with our hatchets. Our provisions consisted of flour, beans, pork, coffee, and sugar, with dried apples. To keep up our animals in flesh and strength required great care. We took some corn for them, as an evergreen forest furnishes but a scanty supply of food for horses, and at times water was difficult to obtain. The mosquitoes and gnats were almost intolerable to both man and beast, but the poor horses no doubt suffered most; we were compelled to hobble each, as they would escape, if possible, and take the back track. At times the gnats would cover both men and horses black, and our only protection was a dense smoke. After proceeding some thirty miles north of the upper forks, we found it would be necessary to procure our supplies, if possible, via lake Huron, and thence up the Au Sable river, then an unknown stream, except that we had reached it by exploring in advance of the party, and found it to be a large, deep, swiftly running stream; and by estimation we had on hand supplies for fifteen or twenty days, and it was decided to dispatch the commissary and one hand—the packer—back to Saginaw on foot to take supplies in birch bark or other boats to the mouth of the Au Sable, and thence with the aid of some Indians, expected to be procured at Tawas bay, take birch bark canoes and paddle or track up the river. It was deemed practicable for the commissary, A. F. Williams, to reach the point on the river, where a pine tree was to be felled on the south bank, to indicate to the commissary party the point where the line would cross, when the party reached the river. We took the risk of its being the Au Sable, but how far from its mouth none knew, as no signs of fire or marks of Indians could be discovered along the banks. But to endeavor to get provisions over the route we had come, was deemed impossible, as our animals were worn out. So it was back to Saginaw, and up the Au Sable, or nothing.

On the sixteenth day after the departure of commissary A. F. Williams from the camp of the surveying party, above the head waters of the Tittabawassee, the party being nearly out of provisions, and upon high, arid pine plains without water, the party made a forced march of some miles to the south bank of Au Sable river and encamped. No tidings of the relief party. The rations were carefully served and on short allowances. The line was then run up to the bank. A tree was cut down and a rough canoe dug out in hopes of procuring fish from the river with wood spears at night. Many fine large fish were pierced by myself and others, but they invariably escaped, as no fishing tackle or spears had been provided. Great and increasing anxiety prevailed in camp. Hunting was of no avail, as the party had only a shot-gun and buck-shot, and few signs of large game except bear had been seen. Occasionally a spruce hen or grouse was killed, which was invariably made into broth for a sick man of the party, a Mr. Sawtell, who had a fever, but was convalescent and had a keen appetite when we reached the river. No doubt it was sharpened by his knowledge of the shortness of our supplies. We fancied that he already looked longingly, as if wishing for more soup, at one of the best horses, a small black pony called Macsaub, who had done good service in carrying Sawtell while ill. The pony would walk a tamarack log like a dog, and over any place a man could walk. Macsaub was a universal favorite.

The third day after reaching the river we held a council of three, and decided that Lieut. Pool with two men and myself should take the boat and one-half a ration each and proceed down the river in search of my brother. Leaving Mr. F. Riggs in charge of camp with the horses, also leaving the gun, I solemnly promised Riggs that I would return with supplies, if possible, by the next Saturday. It was Tuesday at noonday when we started. We left in camp seven men, with probably not two full rations for each person—about four quarts of corn and two pounds of tallow candles, a little salt and six skeleton horses, with at least skin and bones. I told Riggs to try and keep his party together until Sunday morning, and if I did not return to cache the implements, tents and effects, to kill the poorest horses for food, and to make the best of it in reaching Saginaw, and report to my brother there. Starting at noon we paddled until night; saw two deer in the river. The next day, starting with the dawn, we paddled the entire day down the tortuous windings of the river, amid the silent, dreary forests, passed the rapids, where the stream suddenly widened out to, we judged, forty rods or more. We passed the rapids with our clumsy canoe safely, and at night found ourselves at the head of an immense raft of drift-wood, entirely covering over the surface of the stream. This day we had discovered signs of Indians, where they had hacked trees years before, and we found at the raft they had made a portage by carrying across. So well exhausted and tired were our party that we quietly, almost sulleny, laid down to sleep without trying to kindle a fire, hoping next morning to be able to drag our boat across the portage. We knew by observation that the general course of the river was east. At daylight we were astir, and with the first "Yo heave ho!" at our heavy canoe, as it landed on the ground, came the sharp report of a rifle about sixty rods below, or across the bend at the foot of the portage, where the commissary's party had encamped the night before and previous to our arrival above.

Both parties from fatigue had quietly laid down to rest—they first, and both unconscious of their near neighbors. A shout answered the report, and in a few moments we rushed into each other's presence. They brought us their prepared dinner, they having eaten by torchlight their silent breakfast, preparatory to making the portage. They had one very large birch-bark canoe and one of medium size, with men from Saginaw and some Indians from Tawas to man them. They had already been thirteen days ascending the river and had made many portages, some of considerable distance. We arranged for the relief party to return in the smallest birch canoe and the one we had. One party of four—brother and the packer—to return with us up the river in the largest boat with what supplies were left, the relief party having reduced them over one-half the original amount. We paddled up the stream all day Thursday, and on Friday about ten o'clock, forenoon, upon turning a point, a shout greeted us from up the river, where, in a few minutes, we met upon a raft of cedar logs four of the men we had left with Mr. Riggs, all clamoring for food, which they sadly needed, and was speedily furnished, when another consultation took place. Here were ten men with a bark canoe, incapable of conveying more than seven with the supplies. I at once decided to return by land up the river to Riggs, and two of the best men volunteered to accompany me. We quickly made up our packs of flour and pork, of about twenty-five pounds each, struck back north from the river until we gained the high land, and far enough back to avoid the meanderings of the stream, then pushed forward west until night, when we endeavored in the twilight to reach the river for water.

It was now in August, hot and dry. We got entangled in the cedar swamp that skirted the river; found water among the roots, and slept without fire. By daylight we had our breakfast, also our bread cooked for dinner, and soon found the river. Before noon found the rapids; crossed by fording nearly to our arms, each having a pole as a support in crossing, and after striking back to and over open pine plains, pushed on west. It was now Saturday, and Riggs would certainly leave early next morning, as he had sent us word by the party on the raft. Not one word was spoken that afternoon except as to the best route, as we went running at every practicable place, for with our thirsty mouths we could scarcely articulate a word. We dare not try to travel by night, as we might cross the well-blazed line without knowing it. To fail to reach the party involved difficulties we dare not speak of. On, on we marched, ran, and jumped from log to log in our moccasined feet, and at dark we struck a cedar swamp, into which we groped our way by a babbling cold brook, where we cooked our supper and breakfast by mixing our dough in the mouth of the sack, then winding it around a dry or peeled stick, baked it before the fires. The anxiety of that short night prevented my sleeping a moment, and as the gray of the morning appeared in the northeast we started forward. By the time it was fairly light we passed through another small cedar swamp, and I thought I recognized the small elevation before us, and told the boys so, and that if it was the place I suspected, within about forty rods we should find a small wild plum tree with fruit on it, as I had, while our canoe was building, in hunting found it. Upon gaining the ridge I discovered my moccasin track, pointing it out to the men, who at once raised a shout, such as woodsmen and Indians only can. Instantly it was answered by Mr. Riggs and one of his men, then looking for one of the horses not found the night before, who came running with extended arms and sharpened visages—and a thank God first, uttered amid our tears, while they greedily devoured the bread we gave them. They had just found the stray horse. We were within a mile of the camp, which we soon reached, finding Mr. Sawtell still more emaciated; and while he swallowed the bread we had provided, silent tears ran down his furrowed face.

We fervently thanked God that all were saved. We were now convinced that we must abandon the further survey of the road and make our way to Mackinaw by forced marches as best we could. We constructed a raft, placed all luggage on it and sent it floating down stream to the rapids, where we concluded the ascending party would be met. The horses were taken by Mr. Riggs, and the two men who had accompanied me up the river to the same point where we met the lieutenant and party, crossed to the north bank, cached our birch boat securely and started for Mackinaw, pursuing a northwesterly direction, mostly, over high rolling land. We finally found a blind trail running north along a small stream, and within a week we found whortleberries in great abundance. We followed the trail, which increased in size, until it brought us to an inland lake with a wide beach. We could, by climbing a tall tree, see timber across, but could not make out whether it was a bay or lake, as neither end was to be seen. This afternoon was the tenth day, I believe, from the Au Sable; it may have been a greater length of time. We were again out of provisions; had been on short supplies several days; eating whortleberries had affected some of the men unfavorably, and here was a party of thirteen men upon the shore of an unknown water. Was it a bay of Lake Michigan? We must travel easterly to reach Mackinaw, and if a bay of Lake Huron, then we should go west. Here was a dilemma. We couldn't tarry. Upon going down to the water's edge on the wide, white sand beach, we found a birch canoe had been run upon the sand and an Indian had stepped barefooted upon the beach; a dog had leaped out of the canoe, which the hunter had evidently caressed and then sent into the woods—the Indian going back and getting into the canoe.

Here was a clue to which way the hunter probably lived. The dog was expected to drive game to the water and the hunter probably returning toward home. But which way was it? We must ascertain. Well knowing the habits of dogs that go and hunt back in the woods for a while, if no game was aroused, the dog would return to the beach in the direction the canoe was going, we at once sent men with white signals in each direction, myself and brother going east. Within one-half mile we found the dog's track returning to the water, where he had evidently drank, then looked out upon the lake, then trotted along a few rods, turning to look to the lake again, then trotting along a few rods further stopped again, and then bounding off again for the woods, evidently at the signal of his master. Thus we had a clue, and signaling the party to follow, moved east along the beach several miles, reached a limestone point jutting out in the lake, which as soon as we had fairly turned brought us to the edge of the Indian cornfields. It was nearly sundown. The squaws and children gathering corn screamed and ran as if for life. Had the party dropped from the heavens they would have scarcely been more surprised. Soon two aged, tall Indians appeared, we advanced to meet them, asked some questions as to the name of the water, and if a lake. They seemed almost as much astonished as the squaws to hear us speak their language, and before answering our questions, enquired where we were from. Upon our answering from Saw-gee-nong, they unbent, approached and shook hands, showed us where to encamp, welcomed us to their village, brought corn, potatoes, pumpkins and fish, gave our horses corn-fodder, and everything was provided in abundance with true Indian hospitality. We ascertained that the Lake was called Mish-sco-to-waga-mish, literally Fire Water, or Rum Lake, and that the stream we had followed down by the Indian trail was called by the same name. This was the most easterly of the great inland lakes, upon the Cheboygan river. From this point we sent the horses to the shore of Lake Huron, thence to opposite the village of Mackinaw. Most of the party, with all the luggage, ten men, and two Indians as guides and navigators, with a large-class birch canoe, embarked for Mackinaw, which was reached the second day without much fatigue or danger. We stove a large hole in the bows, and sunk our boat in going down the river between the lake and main Cheboygan river. All hands sprung into the water, held up and unloaded, the Indians repairing damage while we dried our luggage in the sun, and reluctantly proceeded. Whenever we reached other rapids we sprang out into the water, thus avoiding any further delay or damage.

It was now about the 12th of September. While the party were recruiting, both men and horses, (all had been transferred to Mackinaw), myself, brother, and Mr. Riggs re-crossed to the mainland, explored the other two lakes, upon one of which we found a large Indian village, with a neat Catholic church and bell, painting and crosses. This, the most westerly lake, was then called Cheboygan. We were hospitably entertained by the half-civilized Indians.

On the 20th of September the snow fell one inch, with quite a severe frost. The bushes were still loaded with whortleberries. On the 22d I was attacked with premonitory symptoms of cholera, but I procured Indians to take us back to Mackinaw, where I remained under the medical treatment of the surgeon of the Fort for two weeks; boarding at the Leslie House, where were also boarding Majors John Kearsley and Kercheval and families of Detroit, to whose kind attention I have ever considered I owe my recovery. This was the second advent of the Asiatic cholera in the United States. It proved very fatal to some tribes of Indians near Mackinaw, on the Upper Peninsula. Lieut. Poole and party returned and ran the line back toward the Cheboygan river, crossing above Long Lake, and in October discontinued the survey until the next year, when Mr. Riggs again joined him and surveyed the road back to the Au Sable river, and I believe my brother also accompanied the party. In October I returned to Detroit upon a lower lake schooner, Capt. Whittlesey, of Oswego, making the run in thirty hours. Upon reaching home I found my dear mother and family in mourning for the loss of my beloved father.

It has cost me no little effort to recollect this much after nearly forty years of pioneer life.

Lieut. B. Poole was a young man, a gentlemanly officer, confiding and unsuspicious, a strict disciplinarian, and rather reserved. He had never been inured to the hardships necessarily incident to such surveys. In Mr. Frederick Riggs, now a resident of Fentonville, Genesee county, I had an efficient, active, enduring co-laborer. There was not a shirk, nor a man that would flinch in the party.

J. L. COLE'S JOURNAL OF A PEDESTRIAN TOUR FROM DETROIT TO SAGANA (SAGINAW) RIVER IN 1822.

From the supplement of the Detroit Free Press, March 11th, 1877.

Friday, 24th May, 1822.—Left Detroit at 8 o'clock A. M. in company with Dr. Tyler and Mr. Humphrey on my way to Pontiac. My equipage consisted of a gun, powder horn and pouch, knife, knapsack and staff.

The country for a mile or more northwest of Detroit is a level untimbered plain, at the extremity of which the forest commences. Five or six miles farther on the land appears to be low and in many places covered several inches in depth with water. From this I would not have it inferred that the soil is swampy. The fact of it being very heavily timbered shows that it is not so, and the same fact accounts for the wetness of the land. On clearing the timber away and exposing the surface of the ground to the sun, I have no doubt that this section of the country will be excellent for meadow if not for tillage.

Six miles from Detroit is the site of what is ironically called "Judge Woodward's City." This gentleman has been attempting, the season past to induce emigrants, on certain conditions to cut the timber from his land with a view to its settlement. We passed one or two miserable cabins, the only edifices as yet created to show that human industry has done aught towards the accomplishment of the judge's project.

A few miles beyond "the city" the land appears to be rather ascending than otherwise, and to be well timbered. About ten miles from Detroit the "plains," or oak openings, commence, and continue in pretty uniform succession the residue of the distance to Pontiac.

The land through this day's route can be scarcely called better than middling. There is a very evident want of water, and the timber is hardly sufficient for fencing purposes.

Arrived at Pontiac after sunset and put up at Dr. Chamberlain's. Found Mr. Ballard there, a gentleman who is to make one of our party to Sagana.

From Detroit to Pontiac the distance is computed at twenty-seven miles.

Saturday, 25th May—This morning at the request of a gentleman, whom we met at Pontiac, we took a view of the village, and visited every place in it of any interest. There is an elegant mill on the Clinton, which passes this place, owned by Col. Mack and Mr. Sibley. Its cost is estimated at $14,000. There are likewise other hydraulic works established on the stream in the vicinity of the mill, in which these gentlemen are joint proprietors. Pontiac, although destitute of many advantages possessed by other villages, is, nevertheless, a promising country town. Most excellent water is obtained there from a perennial spring. I think it as crystalline and pleasant as any I ever drank. Drs. Smith and Little having arrived agreeably to their arrangement to meet us here, with Judge Sprague as an attendant and guide, we took dinner at Chamberlain's, and left Pontiac for Sagana. Four miles northwest we arrived at Oliver Williams', having passed through a thinly timbered region, consisting mostly of oak openings. We also saw several of the celebrated lakes spoken of by former exploring parties into the interior. One of these, immediately in the rear of Mr. William's house, is in the highest degree romantic and beautiful. Although not far from forty rods in breadth, it is said to be thirty feet in depth, and to abound with the finest fish. The same remark may be applied to all the small lakes connecting with it, which combine to form the source of the main branch of the river Clinton. These lakes are said to cover an area of from half a mile to five miles in circumference. Four miles on the trail from Mr. William's to the residence of his brother-in-law the country continues much the same. Here we concluded to stop for the night. Before supper, at the instance of Judge Sprague, we ascended a conical elevation of land very precipitious and lofty, from the summit of which, for many miles in circumference, we were presented with the view of a most picturesque and beautifully diversified country. Lakes, valleys, uplands, and groves of pine and other timber here met the eye to an extent that occasioned an equal degree of surprise and pleasure.

The same deficiency of timber was observable in our route to-day that we have before glanced at. We have as yet found few stones, comparatively less in number than we have ever before noticed in the same extent of territory.

Sunday, May 26th—Left Mr. William's before sunrise and proceeded on our former course four miles to a small lake, into which empty what are called the little springs. The water we drank at these springs was remarkably pure and cool. Four miles further on we came to the Big Springs (both the Big and Little Springs lie on the margin of lakes, to which they contribute a perpetual supply of water). The water in these is similar in temperature to that of the former, but appears to be strongly impregnated with sulphur. In the vicinity of most of the lakes we have seen the country is elevated and picturesque, presenting many and singular attractions. For eight or ten miles we passed over a tract in no essential respects differing from that we have just described to a running stream, where we halted and took some refreshments. Near us were the remains of an Indian village called the Grande Blas (pronounced Grande Blanc). Judge Sprague pronounces the country lying for an extent of several miles on either side of Grande Blanc village well adapted to the purposes of settlement and cultivation. Leaving the Grande Blanc we proceeded six miles on the trail to a small stream called Thread River, and from this to the Flint River one mile, where we put up at one Smith's (an Indian trader) for the night. Many mill privileges might be found on the Thread river, and some on the Flint river, near Mr. Smith's, of the most advantageous situations.

The country during this day's travel presents in many places quite an elevated aspect, and the soil in general appears productive. There are few hills of any magnitude, but the land is sufficiently undulating. The timber along the route is thin and scattered, consisting principally of oak, but there are some inconsiderable groves of hickory and pine. The water of the country is clear and wholesome, and uniformly excellent.

Monday, 27th May—Left Smith's at sunrise, and taking the new trail, which is said to be a nearer route to Sagana than the old, we proceeded due north about five miles, where, finding a stream of cool, pure water, we bathed and took some refreshments. After eating we went our way, expecting in the course of ten or twelve miles to reach the river Cass, where we designed to stop, but to our sore disappointment we continued to march without finding it until nearly night, when we pitched our tent at an Indian village on its border. From the place where we first stopped to Cass river must be not less than twenty-five miles. The country for the most part of the way is level and heavily timbered with oak, beech, maple, some black walnut, elm, ash, pine, etc. The pine is of the largest kind we recollect of having seen. Many of the trees were upwards of four or five feet in diameter near the earth, and were very straight and lofty. The oaks were likewise of an astonishing growth. Dr. Smith measured the circumference of one of them and found it sixteen feet and three inches, six feet from the ground. Indeed, the whole extent of our route to-day has presented indications of a rich and productive country. It would be difficult to find a better. The soil appears to be many inches deep with vegetable mould and to have a rich substratum of black and yellow loam, clay or marl.

The land varies very little from this; during the whole route we passed several small streams of running water, most of them clear, cool and apparently perpetual. The water of the Cass river, like that of the Flint, is an exception, being both warm and unpleasant to the bather.

Tuesday, 28th May.—Broke up our encampment at sunrise and proceeded on our journey. For a few miles the land appears to be more lightly and thinly timbered than the country in our rear. Its general complexion, however, is nearly similar to that through which we passed yesterday. After a march of four or five miles we were agreeably surprised on meeting two Frenchmen, who informed us we were within four miles of Saginaw river; continued traveling a little more than that distance, and arrived at the river opposite the house of Mr. Campau (an Indian trader); crossed the river and breakfasted with that gentleman. The party then, with the exception of the secretary, took a canoe and started for the mouth of the river. They found the burden too heavy for the boat, which induced Dr. Tyler and Mr. Ballard to return. The party remaining at Mr. Campau's spent the residue of the day in contending with mosquitoes.

Wednesday, 29th May.—Towards sunset the party which went down the river returned. They expressed their admiration of the appearance of the country to the bay, which is for nearly the whole distance (eighteen miles) susceptible of settlement and cultivation; contrary to the general supposition, that at the mouth of the river and head of the bay the soil is wet, sunken and marshy, they pronounced it of a firm, sandy bottom, and although in many places superficially flooded, having no indications of sterility or unhealthiness; on either side of the river, until the party were within a short distance of the bay, the banks appeared to be sufficiently elevated and the land heavily timbered.

Thursday, 30th May.—Taking Mr. Campau for a guide, the party, with the exception of Dr. Tyler and the secretary, who were unable to provide themselves with horses, started on an expedition to the forks of the Tittabawassee. The party took a westerly direction, and struck the river about four miles above its mouth. In this distance they passed over a comparatively low and wet, but well timbered soil. Contrary to the statement of an Indian trader, to whom they applied for information, they found the land back of the Sagana not more marshy than that on the route they took on the 27th. At the mouth of the river they found a spring of most excellent water, the purest and coolest they had yet discovered. About twelve miles above the mouth of the river they called at an Indian village. The country was generally well timbered with oak, pine, beach, maple, elm, and provided with running streams of wholesome water. At the village there appeared to be a fine growth of English grass. Thence to the forks of the river, where there is a small Indian village, and thence up the Pine river, about three miles, to another Indian village, the country is in general well timbered, level and interspersed with open flats and running streams. At the upper village there is a tolerable mill privilege. The country through the whole route possesses many and distinguished advantages. The average breadth of the river, according to the estimation of the party, for the distance they traversed it, is about twenty rods. It is a smooth, deep, unobstructed stream, navigable for batteaux drawing three feet of water, at any season. At the forks the banks are upwards of fifteen feet in height, gradually receding to the mouth of the river. Many groves of black walnut grow on its borders, and some apple trees. No less than seven or eight Indian villages are scattered along the route. The Indians appear in all of them filthy, indolent, drunken and wretched. In the afternoon, Dr. Tyler and the secretary, with a Frenchman by the name of Tromblois, visited an Indian village two miles up the river from Mr.

Campau's. There is a most beautiful open flat called Green Point, at the upper extremity of which stands the village. This flat is apparently free from inundation, and produces the most luxuriant growth of grass. It is on many accounts preferable to that on the Genesee river. I should judge it covers an area of from thirty to fifty acres.

Friday, 31st May—Towards evening the party returned to Mr. Campau's, and made the report on which these remarks are founded.

Saturday, 1st June.—After breakfast we departed from Mr. Campau's on our return to Detroit. Crossed the Sagana and proceeding two or three miles, till in sight of the Indian village mentioned day before yesterday, on the opposite side of the river, we gave a signal to the Indians, who sent over two of their children in a canoe. Mr. Ballard, Dr. Tyler, Mr. Humphrey and myself, took the canoe and, entering the mouth of the Cass, proceeded a few miles up the river, while the residue of the party with their horses went by land. We met them where the trail crosses the river, and having waited a few moments for their horses to ford it, went our way until we struck the Indian reservation on the Flint river, crossed the Flint just below Reaume's village (an Indian chief) on a flood raft, and re-crossed it after arriving opposite his wigwam. The country on the Flint, in this region, is high and for the most part excellent. Near Reaume's village we found a cool spring of water, which empties into the river. There are some flats on the Flint as fine as that at the Indian village on the Sagana. From Campau's to Reaume's the distance is computed at sixteen miles. Left Reaume's about 2 P. M., and taking the trail pursued our journey, intending to stop for the night at Smith's, on the Flint. The country between Reaume's and Smith's is more rolling and uneven than we have yet found it, and, for the best part, well timbered and adequately watered. Night overtaking us before we had completed two-thirds of the distance from Reaume's to Smith's, we were unable to take as close observations as we could have wished. We feel satisfied, however, that no part of the territory possesses more decided advantages than the tract we passed to-day. There are many mud-holes along the path, but these would disappear on clearing away the timber. Arrived at Smith's not far from midnight, nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger.

Sunday, 2d June.—Re-crossed the Flint at what is called the Grand Traverse, opposite Smith's, and resuming the trail arrived towards night at Alpheus Williams', the place at which we stayed on our journey out. For the sake of curiosity, one of our party counted seventeen or eighteen lakes during this day's travel, and there are said to be not less than fifty between the Flint, at Smith's, and Pontiac, a distance of thirty-six miles. Remained over night at Williams' and ate the first comfortable meal that we have had since our departure from the same place. There is an excellent mill privilege near Mr. Williams' on the Clinton, which passes within a stone's throw of his house.

Monday, 3d June.—Pursued our journey after breakfast, and arrived at Pontiac about 10 A. M. Dr. Tyler and myself went immediately on with Judge Sprague to his establishment, about ten miles southeast from Pontiac, where we concluded to remain over night.

Tuesday, 4th June.—During the course of the day the whole party entered Detroit, having experienced no material accident during their absence, in perfect health, and with the most favorable, I might add, enthusiastic opinion of the natural advantages of Michigan.

Estimated distance going out: Detroit to Pontiac, 27 miles; Pontiac to Flint, 36 miles; Flint to Campau's, 35 miles; total, 98 miles. Returning: Campau's to Flint, 44 miles; Flint to Pontiac, 36 miles; Pontiac to Detroit, 27 miles; total, 107 miles.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF SHIAWASSEE COUNTY—WRITTEN BY B. O. WILLIAMS, AND PUBLISHED IN THE OWOSSO WEEKLY PRESS IN MAY, 1872.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Pioneer Society, held at Lansing February 6th, 1878.

To the Editor of the Owosso Press:

Having been often urged by you to jot down for publication in your paper some of the incidents of the earliest settlement of Shiawassee county, and learning first by reading The Press that a society of old settlers had been formed at Corunna, before whom some interesting incidents were related, among which is a statement which needs correction, viz: that Mr. Allen Beard plowed the first land in the county, I will now comply with your request, commencing with the condition and size of the county at the time the writer, with a brother, settled in it over forty years ago. (I state from recollection principally).

The county was set off and named Shiawassee county about the year 1824, either by an act of territorial council or of Gov. Cass, perhaps both, and then comprised a territory thirty-six miles square, comprising its present limits; also the west tiers of townships of Genesee county, except the two north towns; the north half of Livingston, and the northeast quarter of Ingham counties. The same year, I believe, the county seat was located by commissioners appointed by the governor at the forks of Shiawassee river and named Byron, by Judge Dexter—the founder of Dexter, Washtenaw county—who had purchased the land and who paid all the expenses of making the location by the commissioners. That was the first land purchased in the county. Mr. Dexter subsequently purchased a large tract of land at the present site of Shiawassee town, near the Indian village, She-shi-ge-masking, (soft maple place). This was the second land bought in the county. Judge Dexter subsequently informed me that he made this last purchase in view of a probable re-location of the county seat, as cutting off the two south tiers of townships would necessitate a removal.

In 1836, when Michigan became a state, Genesee county having been organized by taking another large slice from Shiawassee to form that county, Shiawassee was reduced to its present limits, transforming it from one of the largest to one of the smallest counties in the state, the west tier of townships having been reduced in width in consequence of the principal meridian line not having been run on scientific principles. It was a standing joke among early surveyors that the Frenchman who run the line was afraid of getting lost, and that had he run the line far enough he would have got back to Detroit.

On the 2d day of April, 1829, my brother and myself, both then minors, started from our home, near Pontiac, Oakland county, to explore the country between the settlements and the Shiawassee river. Following an Indian trail most of the distance, with our rifles, blankets, a small tent and what provisions we could carry on our backs, the first night we encamped at the north end of Long lake, near Fentonville, then in Shiawassee county. We slept soundly, notwithstanding the night, to ears unaccustomed to the sounds, would have been made hideous by the howling and snapping of teeth of, one would think, a dozen wolves that had pulled down a deer within forty rods of us; some of them we heard trotting over the leaves within a few rods of us. The next day we reached the Indian reservation of 3,000 acres on the Shiawassee river, Ke-che-wan-dor-goning, (Big salt lick), then called by the French traders Saline, and since called the Knaggs place. At this point we reached the trading post of Mr. Richard Godfrey, in charge of Mr. Benjamin Cushway, with whom we were acquainted—a rude log house and stable covered with bark. The goods and furs were all packed on horses and Indian ponies, a great number of which the Indians then possessed. We were very kindly received and entertained with true French hospitality.

The Indians had at that time a small summer settlement, a few apple trees and some small corn fields that had previously been quite large, but the annual inroads of sumac brush and the June grass had nearly driven them out, they not having any plows to subdue the grass. This was the summer residence of Wosso, the principal chief of the Shiawassee band of the Chippewas. We passed down the river on the west side to near the present site of Vernon, crossed by wading the river and met a large number of Indians moving out of their sugar camps to their summer houses upon the river banks, in and near their corn-fields, about half way between Vernon and Shiawassee town. They had plenty of corn, potatoes and turnips, and the fish had already ascended the river, completely covering the river bottom on the ripples. They gave us boiled and roast fish, potatoes and turnips, also nice white maple sugar, urging us to stay over night with them. This was the 4th day of April, and the maple trees were in bloom. The interval lands of the river and on the Maple river flats were green with what we then called sweet cicely, the cowslip and other early flowers, and the June-berry trees, or shadbush, were in full bloom, the air was alive with flies and the hum of wild bees. The Indians also had an abundance of wild honey.

Returning at night to the trading-post, we the next day went up the west bank of the river to a point about one mile above the forks, crossed on a tree we felled with our hatchets, went to the east fork and crossed on an old tree at the Indian trail, and back to the trading-post, making a short excursion west on the Indian trail to the Bennington plains and north to the Maple river. This completed our explorations, and we concluded when we became of age we would settle in this new and beautiful virgin forest. The vegetation and season appeared to be at least a month in advance of that in Oakland county, where we had already resided over ten years.

OUR FIRST SETTLEMENT.

In August, 1831, we moved into Shiawassee county and settled upon land previously purchased of the government by my brother, A. L. Williams, (myself still a minor), the land adjoining the Che-won-der-gon-ing reservation, and about two miles above Newburg, at a place then called by the Indians Pinda-ton-going, (meaning the place where the spirit of sound or echo lives). Some of the old Indians every year, in fall or summer, offered up a sacrifice to the spirit of the river at that place. They dressed a puppy or dog in a fantastic manner, by decorating it with various colored ribbons, scarlet cloth, beads or wampum tied around it; also a piece of tobacco and vermilion paint around its neck, their own faces blackened; and after burning by the river side meat, corn, tobacco, and sometimes whisky offerings, would with many muttered adjurations and addresses to said spirit, and waving of hands, holding the pup, cast him into the river and then appear to listen and watch, in a mournful attitude, its struggles as it was borne by the current down into the deep hole in the river bottom at that place, the bottom of which at that time could not be discovered without very careful inspection.

I could never learn the origin of the legend they then had, that the spirit had dived down into the earth through that deep hole, and by a propitiatory yearly offering they believed their luck in hunting and fishing on the river would be bettered and their health preserved. I will here add, that about this time we found the remains of an old Indian fort on the east bank above Newburg, on a high bluff. It was nearly round and had a ditch on the outside, with mounds in front of the east entrance.

This place, where we first settled, was subsequently called the Shiawassee Exchange. It was the first purchase made in the county with a view of actual settlement by the purchaser.

We started with ox-teams and wagons from Grand Blanc, now in Genesee county—where a sister, the first settler in that county, resided—taking two men to assist in putting up a log house. We bought pine shingles to form the roof, and cut out the road almost the entire distance, *via* Co-pen-ic-corning, an Indian village, reaching our location in the afternoon of the third day.

After lunching, we set the two men at work cutting logs for the house, my brother pitching the tent and cutting firewood for the night, myself engaged in preparing supper, when, upon looking up the hill we saw a party of about twenty Indians approaching us from the direction of the reservation, with painted faces, knives, tomahawks, and two or three guns, (fusees), probably not loaded. The band was headed by Wasso, the principal chief of the Shiawassee and Wan-dor-gon-ing Indians.

They marched up in single file between us and our men, who were chopping timber, and Wasso, having a tomahawk and knife in his belt, imperiously demanded in the Indian language to know by what right we were cutting his trees, at the same time ordering us to tell our men to stop. We explained to him that we were not trespassers, that we had bought the land of our Great Father, Ke-che-koese-naw, (the President of the United States), and pointed out to him the line of their reservation, also telling him that we were the sons of Ponte-ock, (the name given our father in 1819 by Kish-e-kor-co, of Saginaw), and that we were intending to establish a trading-post there. He haughtily contradicted us, repeating his demand that we should desist from cutting timber, and peremptorily ordered us to leave. Seeing that our explanations were of no avail, I concluded for myself to make no further statement. He again repeated his demand, appearing to stammer with suppressed rage, which producing no effect on us, he at once advanced a step or two, saying, "Did you not hear what I said?" Receiving no answer he muttered, "If you can't hear me, I will see if you can see me, at the same time with his moccasined foot kicking my bread, baking before the fire, into it. Not thinking it best to argue the case any further in the mood that this act had placed us in, and at the moment having in my hand a long-handled frying-pan over the fire, full of hot frying pork and venison, very nearly ready to serve up for supper, I quickly raised the pan and by a sudden turn emptied the frying mass with a hearty good-will upon the old man's head and neck. He, perceiving my intent, quickly drew his loose blanket-coat over his neck and head, thus escaping a hot bath. Not wishing to break my frying-pan, I instantly seized a fire-poker at my side, and before he could recover from his surprise gave him a whack across the shoulders and back that sent him to his hands and knees, following that up with as good a hit with the stick as I was capable of giving where naughty mammas used to spank good children, which sent him to the forward scramble down hill, not stopping to get up to a perpendicular until beyond my further reach.

At the moment of the first hostile demonstration by the chief, a rush was made towards us by several of the others. My brother, seizing a limb of the tree he had just cut off, struck at the nearest Indian advancing, the sharp end of the stick cutting a slit in the coat or blanket the fellow wore, as he jumped back to avoid the blow, and we both sprang towards the band with sticks in hand. Our two men ran towards us, and in about the time it would take a Yankee to say "Git eout!" the whole band were making some tall walking back up the hill from whence they came.

To say that we slept any more soundly that night than usual would hardly be believed. We had good guns and they were well loaded and freshly primed; we had a small spaniel dog, ever on the lookout; and we had a good sound sleep after a hearty laugh over the affair.

It may not be amiss to explain that we had resided in Michigan since 1815; that we both spoke the Indian tongue quite fluently, and our acquaintance with Indian character had taught us never to show fear in their presence, however great the danger, and to promptly resent an insult or an injury. The result showed that this act on our part gained for us the respect and lasting friendship of Wasso and his whole band, while those who had urged the Indians on, and by misrepresentations caused them to pursue the course they had taken, lost it.

Suffice it to say, that we completed our house without further molestation or interference, except from those pests of the forest, mosquitoes, that seemed anxious to get a taste of our real Yankee blood. We would gladly have rid ourselves of them as easily as we had of the Indians.

The first farmer and settler with his family in the county was Mr. John I. Tinklepaugh (brother of Captain Edward Tinklepaugh, commander of Vanderbilt's steamship North Star, on board of which as passenger was our honorable Governor H. P. Baldwin, when captured in Domingo waters by the Alabama, Captain Semmes, during the rebellion). They moved into the county and on to section 24, town of Shiawassee, one mile above Newburg, in May, 1833, bringing five children, he previously having built a log house, cleared a small lot and plowed it on the river bottom land. This was the first land plowed in the county, at least two or three years before Mr. Allen Beard moved into the county. Their youngest child, three weeks old when they came, I was requested to name, which was done by calling her Harriet, after my youngest sister, adding a calico dress—a piece of which I am told she still retains. The old couple, happy and in good circumstances, both over seventy-two years of age, are still living in Greenbush, Clinton county. The next spring after planting his potatoes, one Sunday morning when they had given to their children the last quart of milk, with what ground nuts, leeks and boiled leaves they could obtain, for breakfast, he taking his hoe to dig up some of the seed potatoes to eat, he was fairly driven off by his courageous and more hopeful wife, and compelled to go again to our trading post to try to borrow some more flour, of which we had already lent them nearly two barrels and some other provisions, and had then a very scanty supply on hand. We willingly divided with him and sent him back to his brave wife with flour and some dried venison hams, after fairly forcing him to eat a hearty breakfast which he seasoned with his grateful, manly tears—we occasionally giving him a slap on the back to make him swallow; and thus we lived and joked together in early days, while keeping bachelor's hall in the primitive wilderness.

Late in the fall of 1832 Henry S. Smith and a Mr. Cooley built a small log house just below Shiawassee town, on land owned by Doctor Raynale, father of Spencer Raynale, of Corunna. They brought a few goods and a barrel of whisky, endeavoring to establish a trading post with the Indians, but they did not succeed very well, however. In June, 1833, Mr. Smith brought his wife, a nervous and delicate woman, with five children. This was the second settlement. He was a blacksmith by trade and brought the first plow into the county. He was a genial, big-hearted, social, good fellow, liked by every one, and of course his wife had to scold some, but it never hurt him. They subsequently moved into the first house we built in Owosso, where he commenced the blacksmithing business. This spring, 1833, we took our furs, consisting of sixty-four packs, averaging one hundred pounds each, down the Shiawassee to Saginaw in two large canoes or dug outs, about thirty-five feet long and four feet wide and lashed together—thus forming quite a craft, freighted with about $10,000 value. After twice filling by striking on the rocks and necessitating the unpacking of many of the valuable furs and spreading them out in the sun to dry, the weather being favorable, I succeeded with the aid of Mr. Truman Bunce (he and Charles Wilkinson were the first settlers in the town of Venice in the year 1837), and the Indians in opening a passage for our craft, only unloading twice to carry our boats and furs around driftwood in the river. We reached Saginaw after narrowly escaping the loss of several thousand dollars in damage to the cargo from heating after having been wet.

This year Mr. Beaubien had his family at Godfrey's post on the Saline reservation; Mr. Godfrey also brought his bride to that place. Mrs. Godfrey was a lady of refined, cultivated manners, a frank, noble, intelligent woman. She only remained a few months, and her leaving was considered by all the settlers a great loss to the society of our small colony.

There also came in the spring of 1833 to the county Mr. Hosea Baker and his son, Ambrose Baker. They purchased the land comprising the present site of Newburg. The father returned to Pennsylvania for the family and Ambrose remained and built a house under the hill, near a cold spring of excellent water, and in August the father returned with his family, consisting of his estimable wife and several daughters, some of whom were young ladies, who made the woods and river valley fairly ring with their merry voices, and gave the first vocal songs and religious melody these old hills and valleys ever heard. Some of them are still living, respected as they deserve to be, by those who have had the pleasure of their acquaintance. Ambrose was a big hearted, good, clever fellow—too good to become wealthy—and was recently called to the land of the Pa-ne-mor. Of his many kind acts to early settlers there are now living witnesses. The family of Mr. Baker was considered the most valuable acquisition our settlement had received. Mr. Aaron Swain and wife (the latter a daughter of Mr. Baker) also came at the same time and settled half a mile above Newburg. Mrs. Swain's first born, a daughter named Julia, was the first white child born in the county. Mr. Swain and wife were social, friendly, intelligent people, universally respected and esteemed. Baker's family had with them a boy named Alexander Stevens, now a resident of Bennington, I believe.

Hosea Baker had the first new land, a field of any size, broken up and plowed in the county. He hired a Mr. Lathrop to break up the fallow on the bench of land under the hill at Newburg, in the spring of 1834. Mr. Lathrop, also the same spring, had plowed a field for Mr. Wm. Black on the old Indian cornfield below Shiawasseetown. Mr. Black subsequently married a of daughter Mr. Baker and settled there, Mr. Lathrop having put up a bark shanty on the south bank of the Shiawassee river, few rods west of the railroad bridge at Vernon, where his poor lady-like, young wife fought the myriads of tormenting mosquitoes and doubly tormenting pests of the forests, the scarcely discernable gnats, until life must have become a burden and was nearly extinct. They moved away in the fall, after a summer of great suffering, and we lost sight of them. That woman ought to be entitled to eternal happiness as a reward for that summer alone; and if the women who first settle in a new country like Michigan and endure the hardships attendant upon such acts, do not attain it as a reward for their sufferings and privations —then the chances of any man it has fallen to my lot to know through life, in my humble opinion aren't worth a red—*that's so.*

Mr. Henry Leach, wife and three children settled in the county in the fall of 1833. He bought the farm known as the Van Aukin farm at Vernon village. He erected the best log house then in the county and also built for us in 1835, at the Shiawassee Exchange, where my brother then resided with his wife, the first frame barn built in the county. The lumber was all drawn on wagons from Waterford, in Oakland county, that being the nearest saw mill. Let it be understood that the floors of our houses then were generally made by hewing plank out of butternut, ash and basswood. Mr. Leach was a mechanic and farmer; a hard working, driving, energetic man from the state of Ohio; always ready to take the laboring oar of life. He subsequently settled in the township of Sciota—removed there in 1836; cleared up a large farm, where his excellent and much beloved wife, a member of the Methodist church, died.

Their house was always open to visitors and strangers; to offer them pay for their generous hospitalities was considered by them little less than an insult. To them money was of no value except the means it furnished them of doing good, in aid of the poor, or in procuring the necessaries of life. Mr. Leach subsequently died in California from injuries received from a runaway horse.

1833.—This spring foreshadowed what was soon to awaken into life the vast forest between Shiawassee and the Grand river valley, then unknown except to Indian traders, and a band of bogus money makers just established at the present site of Lyons, among whom were men by the name of Prentiss, King, Belcher and several others, the heavy bed pieces and screws having been floated down the Grand river from Jackson. These implements were afterwards found in the cedar swamp at that place, back of the house they occupied. Nothing but an Indian trail, in many places difficult to follow, existed between the Shiawassee and Grand rivers, and an old Indian settlement of a few families only, at DeWitt, Clinton county.

In the early part of May, Judge Dexter, with a colony comprising seventy-three persons, some eight or ten families, arrived in wagons with horses, oxen and cows, at the Keth-e-wan-don-gon-ing reservation, *en route* for the present site of Ionia on the Grand river below the Genereau ford and trading post. Having in vain tried to get Beaubien to pilot them, Mr. Dexter, Yeomans and Windsor came to us for help. I left our planting, taking my blankets and small tent, and in six days landed them at Ionia, looking out the route and directing where the road was to be. This was the first real colonizing party we had ever seen—myself never having been farther than DeWitt (the Indian village). I then procured Mack-e-ta-pe-na-ce (Blackbird), a son of the usurping chief of all the Saginaws, viz: Kish-e-cor-ko, to pilot me past Muskrat lake and creek, and from there proceeded with the party. At that point a son of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter, a child about two years old, died of scarlet fever. This was a brother of Senator Dexter, now in the legislature. We buried the child by torch and candle light, in a box improvised by the party. Never shall I forget that scene. The whole family, and most if not all others in tears; the gray-haired sire, after inviting the heads of other families to lead the exercises of the mournful occasion, with tears streaming down his cheeks, read a burial service amid the sobs that nearly drowned his voice, in that deep, dark, gloomy forest—the gloomiest spot of the whole route. But there was no other recourse. The poor heart-stricken mother yielded up her youngest born, to be borne by sympathizing friends to the shallow grave prepared by torch light, to receive the tender frame she had so often and so lately pressed to her breast. But stern necessity knows no law. I have assisted at many a burial, both at sea and on land—none ever seemed so solemn, so awful; none ever made so deep an impression on my mind, and I doubt if it is not the same with other witnesses of the scene. It rises as vividly before me to-day as immediately after its occurrence. I hope I may be pardoned the digression. The road we opened was next year followed by others, and was substantially the present Grand River Road, through Shiawassee and Clinton counties, and was traveled for many years after.

1834.—Shortly after returning home I was emyloyed by the United States to assist and give directions in a topographical survey of a military road from Saginaw to Mackinaw. After being absent four months we finally reached Mackinaw early in September. The party was under the control of Lieut. Poole, of the U. S. A. The country was not surveyed and was an entirely unknown tract—even the lakes had not been surveyed; and no white person, and perhaps no Indians, had ever penetrated it. The road was never opened. The party consisted of thirteen men.

Returning home in October I found a few new settlers had just come in: Mr. Josiah Pierce and family, the first county treasurer, also a Mr. John Smedley, Clark, Bovier, Z. R. Webb, Cornelius Miller and Judge Retan—one of the first county judges, I believe—composed the additions to the settlement in 1834. They settled in Vernon, near our trading post, and along the line of a new road we had cut out and opened for travel directly east through Vernon and Genesee to Copen-ie-cor-ning, where was then settled Mr. Wm. Gage. We opened the road without any aid for twenty-three miles. Our county was then under the jurisdiction of Oakland county, and in the spring of 1833 the sheriff of that county came to our trading post to collect a license tax of six or eight dollars, which we paid; the French traders escaping because they lived on Indian territory, *i. e.*, the reservation, over which the civil authorities had no jurisdiction. The sheriff travel 140 miles to collect the tax. The next year we paid the tax in Pontiac to save him the travel. He seemed to consider our contribution a real god-send to his pocket. We, of course, were happy to keep him and his horse for the outside news he brought from home on his first visit.

In the spring of 1835 I left the county and was absent, except on an occasional visit, until the spring of 1837. During the summer of 1835 Mr. Banks, Vary, Philips, VanAukin, John Knaggs (a half-breed of French descent), and perhaps a few others, settled in the county, mostly along the Grand River road.

During the fall and winter of 1835 and 1836 the first settlement was commenced at what was then known by the Indian name of Che-boe-wa-ting, or Big Rapids, of the Shiawassee—now Owosso. We had purchased the first land here in 1833, and Hon. Elias Comstock, having also purchased in the summer or fall of 1835, commenced an improvement near his present residence. We had erected a log house and sent Henry S. Smith, before mentioned, there.

During that winter the county seat was located by three commissioners, viz: Garry Spencer, a tailor, of Detroit, John Greenfield, a moulder and workman in a Detroit foundry, and Hon. Samuel Axford, of Oakland or Macomb county—the land on section 28, now Corunna, having been located by Col. Andrew Mack, of Detroit, at the land office, in view of such a location. Mr. Mack had never then been in the county, as he subsequently informed me. During the spring of 1836 and the following summer very large additions were made to the population of the county, extending from east to west along the Grand River road. Mills were built at Shiawasseetown that season. A large colony came under the lead of one Bacon, and a colony from Ohio.

The colony under the lead of Daniel Ball (father of Senator Ball, of Grand Rapids), came from Rochester, N. Y., and settled at Owosso, still known as the Rapids, Judge Comstock having already sent two families there, viz: —— Overton and —— ——. He also removed his own family there the next season. The following families: Phelps, Laing, Nichols, Hutchins, Rowe, Jackson, Sargent, Seymour, Wilkinson, Griggs, Castle, Dewey, Slocum, Flint, Roberts, Green, Cook, Harmon, Beard, Whitcomb, Provost, Ezra D. Barnes, Green, J. Barnum, Crawford, Cole, and many others, moved in during 1836 and 1837.

PROGRESS OF SETTLEMENTS IN SHIAWASSEE AND CLINTON COUNTIES.

As stated above, the settlement extended west along the route opened by the Dexter and Ionia colony. In 1835 Capt. Scott located at the Indian village on the Looking-glass river, named after the Indian name Wab-wa-aw-Seepe, in Clinton county, and subsequently named the place DeWitt. He improved the road and induced others to follow. At the organization of Shiawassee county Clinton was attached to it, and both had one representative in the legislature. In 1836 speculation was at the zenith of its glory. Paper Town was in the hands of everybody, and, unfortunately for our county, the settlement attracted scores of speculators in wild land, much of the most desirable lands were taken up, and very largely by persons not intending to settle upon it. The lands were bought one day for $1.25 per acre, and the next day held to be worth $5 by the purchasers.

As stated before, my brother and myself had previously purchased about two hundred acres of land where Owosso now is, being attracted to the place by its Indian name, Che-boc-wa-ting, (Big rapids); and as during our travels through the large section of country our Indian trade had led us to explore, we saw a fine water power and beautiful plain on one side, while a dense forest and heavy timbered land were on the other, together with the central position it would ultimately occupy to the county whenever the eastern portion of the county was taken off. We even then suspected a new county would be formed, with Grand Blanc or Flint as its centre. We located land at Owosso in the years 1833 and 1834, in view of founding a town, although we made no improvements until the fall of 1835, when we agreed with Mr. Henry Smith to build a log house there, that being the first building erected in the north half of the county. The next winter Judge Comstock, a scholar and Christian gentleman of the old school, erected the second log house on the left, or west bank of the river, where he now resides with his family, universally respected in his mature age by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

During the fall and winter of 1835, we negotiated for the sale of the water power and a portion of the land at this place to a company formed at Rochester, N. Y., headed by Daniel Ball, who were to bring a colony, erect a saw and grist-mill, and assist in building up a town at the rapids. Mr. Ball located and purchased of the government two or three sections of land in the vicinity and south of Owosso. This was in the fall when he first came to explore, my brother, A. L. Williams, falling in with him and suggesting the place as affording good facilities for such a project.

LOCATION OF THE COUNTY SEAT.

During the winter of 1836 the county seat was located on section twenty-eight, then recently purchased by Mr. Mack, of Detroit. I came from Pontiac with the commissioners, making headquarters at my brother's house at our old trading-post. The late Hon. Jacob M. Howard and a young attorney of Baltimore, Md., named Churchman, with two or three others besides the commissioners, formed the party. We spent three days examining various locations and visiting the rapids, (Owosso), twice on different days. The second day, on returning to my brother's, we found a boy courier with letters to Spencer and Greenfield, who, after a long private consultation, asked my brother to describe to them where, on our route down the river, made the first day upon horseback and upon the ice, all the way from the present site of Shiawassee-town, was situated section twenty-eight, carefully examining a map to see where that section was. (Mr. Axford had, upon seeing the rapids and meeting Judge Comstock there, expressed his opinion very frankly in favor of the place). The next day after the dispatches were received we again visited the rapids after going to the geographical centre of the county, and that day before they had seen section twenty-eight—except when riding rapidly down the river upon the ice the first day of our exploring—Mr. Garry Spencer and John Greenfield, both of Detroit, in my presence decided to locate the county seat on section twenty-eight, its present site. Mr. Axford told them it seemed strange to him that they could arrive at such a conclusion before they had seen the land, and that he would go with them the next day and look at it, provided they could find it. At that time neither Spencer nor Greenfield had ever before been in the county, and I had been with them all the time in exploring. There was no road, and the Indian trail did not run within a mile of the river at that point. The next day my brother piloted the commissioners to Col. Mack's land on section twenty-eight, where the location was made, myself returning to Pontiac the same day, fully satisfied that a great wrong was being perpetrated. It may not be amiss to say that every man in the county, a settler at that time, signed a remonstrance asking the governor to withhold his sanction of the act. Thus was located the county seat of Shiawassee county.

SETTLEMENT OF OWOSSO.

We had previously surveyed and staked out the village plat of Owosso, and we completed the contract with Daniel Ball & Co. while the commissioners were exploring. The next spring Mr. Ball brought on his colony, comprising several families, among whom were Rufus Collier, Simon Howell, Don Carlos Griswold, John B. Griswold, (now a resident of Chesaning), Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Sweet and their families, Henry Crooks, Mr. Hilton and son, John Lute, (mayor of Rochester, N. Y., last year), Mr. Seagle and family also, (Mrs. Seagle gave birth to a son, the first child born in the village and north half of the county; the old lady is still living with said son in the town of Woodhull). Mr. Ball proceeded to excavate the present mill-race and erected the saw-mill, bringing much heavy gearing and machinery *via* Saginaw and up the Shiawassee river. Few at the present time can have any just idea of the difficulties to be overcome by such men in settling such a new country. The nearest grist-mills were at Pontiac or Dexter, and nearly all supplies had to be carted from Detroit.

The season of 1836 being very wet and cold the roads were almost impassable, and in October—the 8th, I believe—a heavy fall of snow occurred, breaking down much timber, obstructing the navigation of the river below Chesaning and filling the roads with timber and tree-tops. But the indomitable energy of Mr. Ball and his party knew no bounds, and they succeeded in bringing through their supplies and machinery, with furniture and the necessary articles of a new colony, so as to pass the winter in tolerable comfort.

In the spring of 1837 my brother removed with his family to Owosso, myself returning to the county, and we united our energies to build up the town. We built a log house just in front of Dr. Barnes' present residence. The mosquitoes and gnats were terrible to bear. We built fires with rotten wood long before night to keep them away, bringing in pans filled to keep them out of the house. And I well recollect one night being in the chamber with two or three workmen, among whom, I think, was Mr. Wm. Newberry, a mechanic. We were nearly smothered, or choked to death from the effects of the burning of some capsicum, or red pepper, that A. L. had, in desperation, thrown into the fire, all of us in the chamber having to run for our lives. That quieted the mosquitoes and gnats, and came very near quieting us too. Does any one wish to know the sensation? Just try it.

During the summers of 1836 and 1837, quite a village had been built up at Shiawasseetown and at Byron. Mr. Provost and company erected mills and the county received large additions of settlers both to the villages and surrounding towns. For me to attempt to give names of any considerable number of the settlers arriving in the various sections of the county would be simply a work of supererogation. There are now residing in every township then settled many persons far more competent than myself to furnish for publication the early statistics required for preserving a history of the progression made in each town. Why will not some one or more of these men in each town do it? And if the men won't, then ladies, to the rescue, and I am well assured that if you move at once in this direction, and give us the result of your experience in settling a new country, much will be preserved that will be invaluable to those who come after you.

But I must return to Owosso and its progress. During the fall of 1837 Mr. Daniel Gould, the first county surveyor, settled at Owosso; also Mr. A Griffith, the Chipmans, George Parkill, Hon. S. M. Green, the Findleys, and many other families. This summer the Northern railroad line was surveyed and located as a part of the internal improvement plan adopted by the state. The route was from Port Huron via Lapeer, Flint, Corunna, Owosso, Lyons, Ionia, and Grand Rapids to Lake Michigan; and during the years 1838–9 much of the line was chopped and grubbed out and considerable grading done at various points along the line, very little of which work has ever been utilized by the railroads since built, and except when occasionally used for a wagon road, the money thus expended by the state was thrown away. We at Owosso—which had now been regularly named by the proprietors after consulting with Daniel Ball, Sanford M. Green and Elias Comstock—prefixed to the chief's name Wosso the letter "O" thus making the name, as was claimed, more euphonious.

We found it necessary also to seek an outlet for the products of the county, as well as some means of getting goods to the place other than by the deep rutted roads from Detroit, Pontiac, and Ann Arbor. We then endeavored to use Shiawassee river, Mr. Ball & Co. expended several thousand dollars, my brother and myself adding three thousand dollars in two years, in removing obstructions of drift wood and fallen timbers, principally between Chesaning and Bad river, making a tow path along the bank, forming stone dams, and the many expedients necessary to render the river navigable to Saginaw. To that work Messrs. Ball and Green devoted themselves, both working in the water beside their men from early morning till dark, tormented by mosquitoes both day and night. In prosecuting their work one of their foremen, Mr. John B. Griswold, greatly aided their efforts. To fail in this work we thought fatal to the success of settling our portion of the county, as the expense of cartage over wagon roads was ruinous to business men. We succeeded in rendering the river navigable for flat bottomed boats, and one boat was built called then a Durham boat, capable of carrying and did carry over two hundred barrels of flour at one cargo from Owosso to Saginaw. Sevearl scows were first built with foot or running boards at each side for the boatmen to pole the boat up the river. From Chesaning a horse was used to tow the boat, occasionally jumping the horse on to the bow of the boat to cross him over the river when the bank afforded better facility for the tow line. Let it be remembered that in 1839 the state had abandoned the railroad and we expected no other outlet soon.

In 1838 Messrs. Ebenezer (now Colonel) Gould and David D. Fish had established themselves as merchants at Owosso, really the first merchants here, although Ball & Co., and my brother and myself had kept some goods in a log store previously, and said Gould and Fish aided in the river improvement and navigation enterprise. Dr. S. W. Pattison came to Owosso from Fentonville in 1839, being the first physician in the county that practiced medicine. Dr. Roberts had previously settled in Perry, but turned his energies to farming—being one of the first settlers in that township, a man of intelligence, possessing a well cultivated mind. Previous to this time we had occasionally sent to Flint or to Fentonville for a doctor, we always being provided with what physicians were then all armed with: lancet, turnkeys for extracting teeth, the grand panacea for all diseases, to-wit: calomel, jalap, Peruvian or Jesuit bark, quinine, castor oil, Epsom salts, opium and Dover's powders, and the woods furnished the cure for ague—boneset.

THE INDIANS.

When we commenced trade with them our field for collecting furs comprised Oakland, Livingston, Ingham, Eaton, Clinton, Shiawassee, Genesee, Lapeer, parts of Tuscola, Saginaw, and Gratiot counties.

The various bands all belonged to the Chippeway or Saginaw tribes. In 1819 they had by a treaty held at Saginaw, generally called the Cass treaty (General Lewis Cass acting as commissioner in behalf of the United States), ceded to the government all the land they claimed in the lower peninsula, except an occasional reservation, the Indians reserving the right to hunt and fish until such time as the land was settled. We found them scattered over this vast primitive forest, each band known by its locality, or by the name of their chief. They subsisted chiefly by hunting, although all had summer residences where they raised corn (mindor min), potatoes, turnips, beans, and sometimes squashes, pumpkins and melons. They were hospitable, honest and friendly, although always reserved until well acquainted, never obtrusive unless under the influence of their most deadly enemy—intoxicating drink. None of these spoke a word of English, and they evinced no desire to learn it. During the spring and summer they visited friends and relatives at a distance, and had horse and foot races, with wrestling and jumping matches; some were fond of games and betting, but this was not indulged in by the best families.

I believe they were as virtuous and guileless a people as I have ever lived among, previous to their great destruction in 1834 by the cholera, and again their almost extermination during the summer of 1837, by (to them the most dreaded disease) the small-pox, which was brought to Chesaning from Saginaw, they fully believing that one of the Saginaw Indians had been inoculated purposely by a doctor there; the belief arose from the fact that an Indian had been vaccinated by the doctor, probably after his exposure to the disease, and the man died of small-pox. The Indians always dreaded vaccination from fear and suspicion of the operation. The Asiatic cholera in 1832 did not reach the interior of Michigan, but in 1834 it seemed to be all over the country, and was certainly atmospheric as it attacked Indians along the Shiawassee and other rivers, producing convulsions and cramps with death after a few hours. This began to break the Indians up at their various villages; the white settlements becoming general, and many persons selling them whisky (then easily purchased at the distilleries for twenty-five cents per gallon) soon told fearfully on them. When the small-pox broke out in 1837, they fled to the woods by families, but not until some one of the family broke out with the disease and died; when they hastily threw some earth over the body and fled to be again smitten at the new encampment.

Thus whole villages and bands were decimated, and during the summer and fall many were left without a burial at the camps in the woods, and were devoured by wolves. I visited the village of Che-as-sin-ing (Big Rock village) now called Chesaning, and saw in the summer camps several bodies only partially covered up, and not a living soul could I find except one old squaw that was convalescent. We afterwards sent some flour and other provisions to the few that remained. Judge Dexter, of the village of Dexter, gave me ten dollars to assist them to flour. Most of the adults attacked died, and it is a remarkable fact that no white person ever took the disease from them, although in many instances the poor, emaciated creatures visited white families while covered with pustules and scabs. Thus passed away these once proud owners of the land, leaving a sickly, depressed, and eventually a begging, debased remnant of a race that a few years before scorned a mean act, and among whom a theft was scarcely ever known. I do not think I possess any morbid sentimentality for Indians; I simply wish to represent them as we found them; what they are now is easily seen by the few wretched specimens left around us.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NOTTAWA-SIPPI PRAIRIE IN ST. JOSEPH COUNTY—BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, Feb. 7, 1878.

It was about the year 1825 that the first emigration was directed to the county of St. Joseph. A more inviting and encouraging prospect was never tendered by the hand of nature to the many emigrants. More beautiful scenes than the wild domain presented never, perhaps, greeted the eye of the enterprising home-seeker—embracing a versatility of natural beauty, mingled with imposing grandeur. On the one hand stretched bur-oak plains, spread with a verdant carpet, variegated with dazzling wild flowers, without an obstacle to intercept the view for miles, save the sombre trunks of the low oaks, sparsely spreading their shadows across the lawn; on the other hand arose the undulations of the white-oak openings, with picturesque outlines of swells and slopes gracefully sweeping and sharply defined in the distance. Then, there lay the majestic prairie, grand in expansive solitude, its fringe of timber, as seen in the distance, resembling a diligently trained and well-trimmed garden *parterre*. Here the emigrant foresaw a prosperous future for agricultural industries, and an unlimited scope for domestic enterprise, prosperity and wealth.

Among the largest and most fertile of these prairies was Nottawa-Sippi, in the northern part of the county, a large portion of which was not, until several years later, within the reach of the emigrant. A tribe of Pottawattamie Indians occupied a reservation of twelve miles square in the northern part of the county, including a part of this prairie. As long as it remained the domain of the red man, it was inaccessible to the agriculturist. The Pottawattamie clung to this reservation with a dying fondness, and, as the settlers thought, with a morbid pertinacity. The settlers did not reflect that this small reservation of land to which this tribe was circumscribed, contains the play grounds of the infancy and the graves of the fathers of a once numerous and powerful nation of warriors—that civilization had encroached upon by gradual advances—that here, for ages, their sires had erected their altars and the savage chieftain had taught the young brave to tune the notes of war; that here the war-dance of the nation was celebrated, and the smoke of the national council fire had ascended; that this twelve-mile square, embracing the northern half of the Nottawa prairie and the heavy forests, now the fertile farming lands of Menclose township, through which the St. Joseph river coursed from northeast to southwestwardly, had ever been, and still remains a favorite haunt of the red man.

Notwithstanding the settler found himself surrounded with thousands of acres of the most fertile lands attainable, for ten shillings per acre, and offered to him by a munificent government at this paltry price, he still envied the poor Indian his little home. In vain the chiefs, in solemn council said to him, "You have more lands than you can use, why do you want more? You have much; we have little; why do you want our little?"

The red man could not comprehend the philosophy of that enterprise, or (as they considered it) rapacity, of civilization, which had swept the aborigines from their native soil to make place for its advancements; for the time they had forgotten that their people had withered like autumn leaves before the atmosphere of that enterprise, and vainly thought that they could remain on their reservation of twelve miles square and prosper, surrounded by the white man and the influences of civilization, notwithstanding the same white man had set his heart upon having that little reservation, and was already exercising his ingenuity to obtain it.

It was a little while after the first settlement commenced that the proposition was made to the Pottawattamies to sell their reservation to the government. To this proposition the unanimous negative of the whole nation was returned. The chiefs, however, notwithstanding this earnest negative answer, were constantly harassed with a repetition of the same proposition, while individuals of the tribe were importuned by individuals among their new neighbors to sell, or trade to them lots of eighty or one hundred and sixty acres on their reservation, or to relinquish and quit claim to them their individual right and interest in this reservation.

These importunities, unpleasant and annoying as they were to the Indians, were firmly rejected and patiently submitted to by them.

Several years before the period of the settlement alluded to above, the romantic beauty of the northern margin of the prairie bordered by the St. Joseph, had pointed it out as an eligible trading-post, and consequently, the emigrants found here a small settlement of French *habitans* who had sufficiently introduced agriculture to show the fertility of the soil when reclaimed by a little labor.

These traders supplied the Indians with ammunition, blankets, cotton and woolen fabrics, trinkets, etc., in exchange for furs and peltries. The Indians were sober and as indolent as Indians always are in their native condition. Their wants were few and easily supplied by the chase. The traders dealt fairly and honestly with them, won their confidence and exerted a great influence over them. It was not until after years, when the tide of emigration began to set into St. Joseph county, that the "fire water" was applied to the lips of these unfortunate natives, when they began to decline. Both policy and humanity dictated to the French trader to discourage the introduction of this withering curse among the Indians; their pecuniary success depended upon their industry and prosperity, and their safety upon the sobriety and dignity of the Indians.

On the south bank of the St. Joseph river, a mile and a half southwestwardly from the present village of Mendon, where now stands his magnificent mansion, Hon. P. Marrantette (then a young man) established his trading house. In the year 1833, after the Indians had become corrupted and degraded through the introduction of strong drink by the settlers, the writer first saw Mr. Marrantette exerting an almost absolute control over the Indians, in which his chief aim was their prosperity and happiness, and, at the same time, indignantly inveighing against the inhumanity and heartlessness of those who introduced the poison into the wigwam. Mr. Marrantette was then a young man, and, although time has gradually drawn his mantle of gray around him, it is presumed he has not forgotten with what deep earnestness he expressed his solicitude for those declining natives with whom he had long been in friendly intercourse, as he saw them rapidly sinking under the consuming "fire-water," into groveling poverty, imbecility and wretchedness.

The history of the ruin of these poor Indians is indeed piteous; and there are those still residing in this county who grew rich from their ruin. How worthless must this wealth be to the possessor if he reflects upon the nefarious and vicious means of its acquisition.

At the commencement of the first settlement of St. Joseph county the Nottawa tribe of Pottawattamies acknowledged the sway of Pierrie Morreau as chief.

Morreau was a white man, and was once an educated and accomplished French gentleman; whether a native of France or the descendant of one of the old French families of Canada is not known. In early life he commenced business in Detroit as a mercantile trader. After some misfortune in business, with the remains of a stock of goods he sought this secluded retreat on the banks of the St. Joseph river. Here he established a trade with the Indians, which he continued until his stock of goods was exhausted. He then married an Indian woman, adopted the Indian costume and habits of life. In his character as a savage he seemed to have merged every reminiscence of civilization and to have lost every vestige of its conduct and manners. When the settlements began to gather around Nottawa prairie he was ninety years old, superannuated, decrepid, infirm, and disfigured.

Morreau by his Indian wife had seven children who attained adult age: Sau-au-quett, the oldest of four sons; Mo-niss, Isadore and Wau-be-gah, and three daughters: Betsy, Min-no-wis and Min-nah.

Sau-au-quett figured conspicuously in this tribe of Pottawattamie. After his father became so dissipated and imbecile as to be unable to exert his influence over the tribe as their chief or head, Sau-au-quett disputed the right to govern with Cush-ee-wes, the legitimate chief of the tribe, whose father, now deceased, had been supplanted by Morreau, many years before.

Sau-au-quett was a shrewd and wily man. He possessed wonderful powers as an orator. His competitor, Cush-ee-wes, was a modest and unassuming man. Each had his partizans and adherents. While the warmest friends of Sau-au-quett admitted the rightful claim of Cush-ee-wes, the fascinating eloquence, the winning manners and impressive presence of Sau-au-quett carried a majority of the tribe, contrary to their better judgment and equitable convictions, to support his pretensions.

Sau-au-quett was an extraordinary man. He measured six feet and three inches in his moccasins. He was straight and well proportioned; he possessed a commanding presence and a most imposing and winning address; his features were classical, of the pure Roman mould; when the writer of this article, in 1833, made a crayon sketch of his head, he then thought, and still thinks, he never gazed upon a more perfect model of manly beauty, commanding dignity and perfection of human form. It was this noble form and commanding eloquence that was the secret of his great power over his fellows.

This tribe of Pottawattamies was continually involved in internal dissensions while the pioneers supplied them with intoxicating drink, until the frontier war, known as the Black Hawk war, commenced, at which period the members of the tribe had sunken into the most abject poverty and dissipation. They had ceased to hunt the forests for game and furs; they traded their ponies, their guns, and even their blankets for whisky, and left their children to starve in their wigwams. The once proud warriors had sunken into pitiable mendacity, and like a pack of hungry wolves, clung around the new settlement howling for more "fire-water."

At this crisis the notes of Indian war were sounded along the frontier settlement. The southern line of the Pottawattamie Reserve traversed Nottawa prairie east and west near its center. That position of the prairie south of the reservation line was among the first lands to be located by the emigrants to the northern portion of the county. Here, then, when the alarm of the Black Hawk war was given, the huts of the settlers were scattered along the southern margin, in the shadows of the beautiful groves and islands of this portion of the prairie, in close proximity with this band of debased Pottawatamies.

It is not to be wondered at that the settler felt sensations of alarm, and that the mother drew her child closer to her bosom, as they were aroused from their slumbers in their cabin by the wild shrieks of the besotted Pottawattamie as he galloped across the prairie to his wigwam steeped in drunkenness.

A panic seized the new settlement. Some families fled in haste while others prepared for defense.

Many are the anecdotes and traditions still current of the inglorious flight of many, while others remained to meet the emergencies and grapple with the vicissitudes and dangers of frontier life.

Goods and valuables were concealed; cattle were sold at half their value, or abandoned and turned to the commons; crops left uncultivated and ungathered.

A family from New England that had settled at Sturgis prairie, in order to preserve their valuables, consisting of plate, china-ware, mirrors and other relics of fashionable eastern life, which could not be made sufficiently portable for a hasty flight, carefully packed these goods in a large box, and in the dead of night, when there was no human eye to note where these relics of former domestic luxury were to be deposited, the whole family gathered around the well hard by their log cabin, having the box in their midst. Then, with many low whispers, the well-rope was attached to the box, the windlass received a fresh supply of soft soap to preclude the remotest possibility of its tell-tale creak, the crank was seized by the men, and steadily, yet quietly turned, the box of valuables softly yielded to their motive power. When the all-important box swung clear above the well that yawned to receive it, the rope suddenly parted, the box was precipitated to the bottom of the well with a crash like the discharge of a cannon, causing the earth to tremble and the contents of the box to shatter to atoms. Loud shrieks from the several females who were gathered around the well arose upon the midnight air, and was echoed from the adjacent cabins whose tenants had been aroused by the crash of the unlucky box of goods. The alarm was sounded along the prairie settlement; shout answered shout, shriek replied to shriek, and the prairie was awake. The scream of females on the night air struck alarm into the hearts of the bravest, and deeming that the Sac warrior was at their doors a general flight, with a few exceptions, followed.

With all this alarm there were those who appeared to fear nothing, and could not be persuaded that the settlements were in danger. Such were the venerable Judge Sturgis, on the southern boundary of the county, whose cognomen the prairie bears, Martin G. Schellhous and his brothers, near Nottawa prairie.

These men, as well as several others, pursued the even tenor of their ways, and while they became counselors and guides to the more restless and excitable heroes in the hour of fancied danger, they also became the subjects of indignant reprehension and outright curses, because they could not participate in the fear and panic of their neighbors. They were denounced as fools because they showed no sensations of alarm when the whole country, as it was fancied, was on the eve of being overrun by hordes of predatory savages.

The militia were ordered out on Nottawa prairie and duly organized under the territorial law. Patrols were appointed and sentinels placed. The shrill fife and rattling drum echoed along the borders of the late peaceful prairie, and the martial feather flaunted proudly on the breeze. Couriers were dispatched to the adjacent settlements to sound the tocsin of war. Marvelous were the adventures of those redoubtable heroes in the discharge of their various momentous trusts. Some of these, returning, swolen with the importance of their positions, and flushed with the glory of their missions, gathered wondering crowds around them to drink in the story of the signs of war—the preparations for deadly conflict, and their own individual hair-breadth escapes.

It was certain, from the various reports of these daring couriers, that the Pottawattamie Indians on the Nottawa reservation were instruments in the hands of Black Hawk, and that they also were collecting the implements and munitions of war, and would soon prove formidable foes in the approaching dangers which were to "try men's souls." These Pottawattamies, it was true, could only muster about fifty warriors, enervated, enfeebled and trembling with dissipation and its concomitant diseases and infirmities, and although they had no arms, nor the means to procure them, still, their war-hoop might prove fearful.

Thus the attention of the heroes of Nottawa was withdrawn from the seat of war in the west, and directed towards dangers and perils awaiting them in the immediate vicinity of their once quiet homes.

The hostile intentions of these Nottawa Indians, by indubitable evidence, had been reduced to a certainty. Many facts existed, and were commented upon, which were sufficient to carry conviction to the minds of a majority of the settlers of the murderous purposes of the Pottawattamies. The premises and deductions which led to this ultimate conviction, to say the least, were curious to those who could not participate in the apprehension of danger to the settlers, and ran in this manner: If the Nottawa Indians have no hostile intentions, why do they avoid all intercourse with their white neighbors? One young man related that he was *almost* fired upon by one of the blood-thirsty savages, and that his own presence of mind and indomitable bravery was all that saved his scalp. He was on the margin of the prairie in pursuit of his pony, when suddenly turning an angle of a dense hazel copse he saw old Muk-a-moot, an Indian well known to the whole settlement as an inoffensive old man. The wary savage darted into the hazle brush, as the intrepid young man assumed, for the purpose of securing a cover from which to fire. He did not see his gun, but he knew he had one, or why should he dodge into the brush? In this emergency a light pair of heels and a stout heart to keep up their action soon delivered him from the vicinity of danger, while the enfeebled Indian, trembling with fear, crippled away in the opposite direction. "Fortune always favors the brave."

Min-no-wis, the sister of Sau-au-quette, was detected in stealthily approaching the cabin of one of the settlers to ascertain, by espionage, the strength of the white enemy and the means of defense. It was in vain that she endeavored to conceal her treachery under the plausible story that her children were starving, and that she came to beg a morsel of bread to save their lives. All knew this to be a fabrication, for if her purposes were honest why should she skulk? Sure, the suffering wretches had received no means of subsistence from the whites, as was their usual custom since the war alarm had been sounded, for both parties, from some cause, had maintained a respectful distance from each other; but, if it was only bread she wanted, why did she not come up boldly, and offer her bead-work for it, as she had formerly done, instead of stealing along under cover of a brush-fence to the back door of the log cabin? In vain she said she was afraid the white man, alarmed and incensed, might misapprehend her intentions and ill treat her, and that, therefore, she sought the interview with the white man's wife alone. If her purpose was honest, why endeavor to avoid the white man, and seek the white man's wife alone? In vain she told them that the white woman was a mother, as well as she, and could feel for the starving papoosie, while the white man could not know how the Indian mother pitied her child. In vain, when bread was refused, the tears mounted to her eyes as she threw down the little beaded moccasins which she had nicely guessed to fit the tiny foot of the white man's child. When ordered to take them and leave, her piteous reply, "Keep them, they are no good to poor squaw if they will not buy bread," was absolutely interpreted into the most indubitable evidence of nefarious intentions.

The intrepid and fearless white man added new laurels to his brow by forcibly driving the poor creature from his door with the threat that, if she did not leave he would hang her upon the nearest oak; nor was the valor of this hero diminished as the Indian mother replied, "Hang me up, white man, and then Min-no-wis will not see her children starve."

This circumstance, with others of a like character which transpired about the time that the helpless and starving natives were driven by hunger and want from their retreat, were the crowning proofs of their hostile intentions. These incidents were poured into the ears of the settlers by those who participated in them, with such an emphasis, and such an enhancement of their details, as to arouse a perfect tumult of fear from one end of the settlement to the other.

What was to be done in this crisis of danger? The number of the guards were increased, the patrols were strengthened, and a meeting of the entire settlement was demanded to deliberate upon the public safety, and to devise ways and means of securing it against the inevitable attacks of the Nottawa Indians. Already women fancied themselves burning at the stake, while their husbands, the brave militia, fancied their names enrolled in the pages of history, surrounded by a halo of living glory among the heroes of the battle-field. A momentous day, fraught with daring deeds, was rapidly approaching, and the book of fame was about to receive an accession of illustrious names to be transmitted to the ceaseless ages of posterity.

The meeting was called, and "there was mounting in hot haste." The strong men of the neighborhood came together. The assembly was held at the house of Captain Powers, who commanded the valiant militia.

The meeting was duly organized and presented a formidable array of citizen soldiers, armed with rusty cavalry swords, shot-guns, rifles, and muskets, all of which, from their appearance, had seen service in former wars. There was to be seen, also, soiled and tattered uniforms, crushed and tarnished epaulettes and dimmed bullion lace.

Elaborate and eloquent addresses were poured forth, replete with invocations and appeals to the patriotism of the lukewarm, and glowing with enthusiastic bursts of encouragement to those who were awake to the dangers which surrounded the neighborhood.

After many speeches and the most solemn deliberation, it was determined to erect a strong fortification on the lands of Daniel Hogan, located near the east end of Nottawa prairie, to be known as Fort Hogan. Andrew McMillan now owns and occupies this farm; the walls of Fort Hogan, which had received the labor of one day and a half from about forty settlers, have long since been leveled by the plowshare of the husbandman.

At this time a large body of militia, under the command of General Brown, was massed at Niles, in Berrien county, slowly advancing towards Chicago, the rendezvous of the operative military forces under General Atkinson.

Among other decisions, by a vote of this meeting it was determined to send an express messenger to Niles to beg General Brown to send a detachment of his volunteers and militia to Fort Hogan to guard and protect the frontier settlement on Nottawa prairie. Then arose an important question. Who was to be that messenger? It was improper, unjust, cruel, nay, inhuman, to force, by stern military discipline, one of the citizen soldiers into the imminent danger of this perilous mission, perhaps to return after a thousand hair-breadth escapes; perhaps, to leave his bones to bleach in some solitary dell of the wilderness between Centerville and Niles. Where was the man who would volunteer on this all-important mission, pregnant with danger at every step? Who would accept the hazard?

At this crisis of anxiety, Benjamin Sherman (whose name is associated with the early history of this county, and who, as Col. Sherman, has been widely and favorably known until his recent decease), arose in the meeting, in which he had been a silent auditor up to this juncture of emergencies. Every eye rested upon Col. Sherman, and every one sat in breathless silence as he addressed the meeting.

"Gentlemen," said the speaker, in his sententious style, "I planted the first apple tree west of the meridian line in Michigan, and I have abundant reason to believe that I have as good a knowledge of the disposition of the Nottawa Indians as any one. I do not believe there is the least danger of their disturbing any of us; I believe the poor *cusses* are more scared than you are. But, to cut a long story short, if you must send an express to Niles, a man can be found to go; 'though its my humble opinion you will send him on a fool's errand. I am always ready to face the music. So, make out your dispatches and I'll be off."

The welkin rang with huzzas as the colonel resumed his seat.

"Arm yourself to the teeth, squire Sherman," said one. "Here, take my horse pistols," said another.

"Shaw, nonsense," said the colonel, impatiently, at the same time grasping a large hickory cane, "I want no better protection than this. I cut this at Mount Morris in York state, in 1829, and have carried it ever since. I have carried it over a thousand miles. It's the true blue. I wouldn't give it for all your footy pistols, in a hand-to-hand *skrimage.*"

Captain Powers delivered to Col. Sherman his dispatch to General Brown, and just as the sun sunk in the west the colonel mounted his pony and departed on his mission.

On the day following this memorable meeting the work commenced upon Fort Hogan. Plows, scrapers, and ox teams were in requisition. Manual labor was lustily applied until sunset, and the northeast angle of Fort Hogan had arisen in an earth work of black prairie soil about two feet in height, extending west most three rods and south some two rods.

There were those among the settlers who unequivocally refused to contribute by labor or otherwise to the erection of this fortification, and who persisted in the opinion that no danger threatened the neighborhood from the inoffensive Nottawa Indians. Cyrus Schellhous was one of these. Mr. Schellhous was then an active young man whose nature was strongly imbued with a vein of waggish humor. Since then Mr. Schellhous' name has been interwoven with the history of St. Joseph county. He was a man of enterprising habits of life, generous impulses and humane instincts. He filled many honorable positions in the official responsibilities of the county, and died at Constantine but a few years since, honored for his integrity and usefulness as a citizen.

While the labor was progressing at Fort Hogan, Cyrus Schellhous stole away to the Indian village on the reservation. He found the Indians almost destitute and laboring under a false apprehension that their white neighbors, taking advantage of the Black Hawk excitement, meditated an attack upon their village with the purpose of driving them from their reservation and appropriating it to their use. He could not prevail upon them to send some of their leading men with him to the settlers to assure them of their peaceful intentions, and to receive assurances from their white neighbors that their intentions were misapprehended by the Indians. After a brief council of the Indians, in which the partisans of Cush-ee-wes and Sau-au-quett united, it was determined that if they were invited to an interview with the settlers by Captain Powers they would send a deputation to such an interview.

It was with difficulty that Mr. Schellhous could sufficiently counteract the excitement that prevailed among the settlers to take a rational view of the situation and accept the proposition of a truce and an interview between the belligerents. But this measure was finally adopted at noon of the second day's labor on Fort Hogan. The interview was appointed to take place at the cabin of Captain Powers.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon of the day following a large gathering of the settlers had assembled at the place appointed in anticipation of the interview.

The redoubtable captain paced back and forth in front of his cabin with a quick and nervous step; his plume nodded on the air as he suddenly turned his head from side to side in anxious expectation of the approach of the Indian deputation with which he was to confer. This worthy officer suddenly halted as his eyes were fixed upon a distant object upon the level prairie. He seized his sword scabbard with his left hand, and grasping the hilt with his right, after several lusty efforts that were sufficient to start a sapling from its hold in the earth, the war-worn and trusty weapon leaped from its scabbard with a military flourish.

All eyes at once turned in the direction of the captain's gaze, when was observed the approach of the expected deputation, consisting of Cush-ee-wes, with two others of his tribe and an interpreter, under the escort and protection of Cyrus Schellhous.

Thus these humbled and depressed representatives of a once numerous and proud people met the descendants of those who had driven them from their homes and run the iron plow-share over the graves of their fathers.

While there was a marked humanity mingled with suspicion in the countenances of those Indians as they approached, there was firmness in their step, and pride and dignity in their bearing.

Cush-ee-wes was below the middle stature, but of strong and heavy mould. He was a man of great equanimity and indomitable firmness. He was above the middle age. In his habits he had not been so incorrigibly addicted to inebriation as were a majority of his tribe, and preserved in his personal manners and appearance traces of that native grace and dignity which, in their intercourse with civilized man, appears to be a national characteristic of the untutored red man. Whatever may have been the habits of Cush-ee-wes, or those of his people, the non-intercourse between them and their white neighbors, which had now continued for several days, had interdicted the use of strong drink among the Indians, consequently they were all sober, for the reason that the poor Indians were dependent upon their friendly relations with their civilized neighbors for the means of their most brutal degradation.

There must be many melancholy reflections to cloud the memory of the white man as he looks back to the past relations between him and the red man. In view of the logic of philosophy, the ethics of civil government and equities of humanity, he can find no sophism of civilization to serve as a sufficient apology for making the red man what he is: degraded and grovelling in drunkenness, shorn of his honor, robbed of his heritage, and driven forth a pitiable mendicant. No genial reminiscences arise in this picture of reflections to soften and palliate its stern and severe inhumanity.

It is difficult to say what the Indian might not have been had his feeble efforts to conciliate the white man and to cultivate his friendship been requited and met by efforts in kind, on the part of the white man, instead of cruelty and repeated acts of injustice. It is difficult to say whether civilized man could have played the savage more aptly had their lessons of barbarity been taught in the wild-wood forest by lawless heathen chieftains, instead of the philosophy of peace on earth and good will among men, as taught them in Christian sanctuaries by surpliced priests.

The small party of Indians advanced to within a few paces of the spot occupied by the captain of the militia. Cush-ee-wes approached that officer and presented his hand in token of friendship, then retired a pace or two with easy grace, and thrusting his thumbs between his person and his belt of wampum, stood facing the bold commander with an ease and unaffected dignity which contrasted strangely with the fidgity manner of the captain. Thus he stood several minutes, motionless and silent, awaiting the announcement of the wishes of his white neighbors, though the captain was as silent as the Indians.

At length, Cush-ee-wes, through the interpreter, said: "What does the white man want? He has sent for his red brother. Let the pale-face speak."

"We want to know," returned the captain, "what we have done to induce you to set about cutting our throats and scalping our women and children."

"The pale-face," returned Cush-ee-wes, "does not speak the words of wisdom, or he would not ask the red man what the pale-face has done. The red man could say, that when the pale-face came to the hunting-grounds of the red man, our hunters showed him the haunt of the wild deer, and the place where the honey-bee made comb. He showed him the otter's slide and the places where the wild fowls built their nests. The white man killed many of our deer, and drove many from our hunting grounds; he followed the bee from his corn-field to its home in the forest tree, and carried away our honey; he traced the otter to its burrow and robbed us of his fur; he scared the wild fowl from our waters and the red man had nothing to eat—his squaws and children were starving in the wigwam. Then the red man asked the pale-face for bread, and the white man poured fire-water down the throats of our warriors, and our strong men became squaws and trembled. The white man wanted our little reservation of land, and when our warriors were few and hungry; when they were weak with drinking the fire-water of the white man; when they had no strength in their limbs, no bravery in their hearts; when they had no arms to shoot with, no voice to shout the war whoop, no breath to shriek the battle-cry, then the pale-face struck the war path; he beat his drum and called all his strong warriors together to drive the Pottawattamie from his little reservation and take it for himself. The red man did not wish to disturb the pale-face. The red man was weak, the white man was strong. The red man few, the pale-face many. The pale-face speaks not the words of wisdom. What has the pale-face to say? Why does he want the red man's land? Why does he call his warriors together to drive the red man from his wigwam and the graves of his fathers? Let the white man speak."

The redoubtable commander was brought to a dead stand. For the first he learned that the Indians had misinterpreted his patriotic operations for the defense of the settlement into the preliminaries of an offensive attack upon the Indian village with the intention of driving them away and seizing their reservation. He knew not what to reply to the touching appeal of Cush-ee-wes.

"Did you not receive messengers from Black Hawk?" inquired Captain Powers, "and did you not arm yourselves in order to aid the Sacs, intend to murder all the settlers?"

"The pale-face speaks not the words of wisdom," replied Cush-ee-wes, and continued, "We are weak, you are strong. The weak are not fools to dare the strong. The Sac is the enemy of the Pottawattamie. There never was friendship between our nations. There were never good words between our people and the Sac nation. We had many wars, and the tomahawk was never buried between us. The Pottawattamie hates the Sac as the eagle hates the filthy crow. The pale-face speaks not the words of wisdom. We wished the pale-face to take many scalps of our old enemy, the cunning Sac. The few young warriors of our tribe who could still follow the warpath and not make a crooked trail, went with the white chief, Captain Hatch, to fight with our white brothers against our old enemies, the lying Sac. We thought that if the Sac would come to Nottawa-Sippi to sound the war cry among our wigwams, our pale-face brother would be our friend, and that together we would go on the war-path against him. We were weak, you were strong. We were not wise, for when the pale-face saw that our few, strong young warriors had gone with the white chief, Captain Hatch, to fight the Sac, then our white neighbors made war upon us. Then we feared the Sac, far away, and the pale-face near our own wigwams. Our men fled to the woods and our women and children hungered for food. The pale-face speaks not the words of wisdom. The red man would be the friend of the white man, and would fly to his cabin for shelter when danger comes, but the white man would not let us come; he raised the tomahawk against us. What has the pale-face to say? Let our white brother speak."*

After a few inquiries of the interpreter and other French settlers who had mingled with the assembly, it was ascertained to a certainty that a few of the Pottawattamies of the reservation had volunteered, with Capt. Hatch, a trader, among them, and several days before had gone to join the war forces at Chicago, under Gen. Atkinson.

Here, then, was a denoument which at once stripped the war with the Nottawa Indians of all its impending dangers, and its valiant and redoubtable heroes of their transient honors.

This denoument was hailed by the crowd with a loud shout of relief, in which no small degree of ridicule was manifested in derisive hisses. The assembly dispersed, and the memorable occasion was one to impress upon the mind of the illustrious captain of the Nottawa militia a deep sense of the evanescent brilliancy of military honors and the vanity of martial renown. Crest-fallen and disappointed in his ambitious aspirations, he retired to his quiet cabin, doffed his military plume and martial habit, and hung his trusty sword upon the wall, there to rest forever; for, as the assembly dispersed, Col. Sherman returned from Niles with the welcome news of the capture of Black Hawk and the termination of the Sac war.

Those who now occupy and enjoy the highly cultivated and productive farms of St. Joseph county, and especially the broad acres of Nottawa prairie, embracing the reservation alluded to in this article, may not readily realize that their own quiet homesteads were so recently the scenes of the stirring incidents here related. Indeed, the contrast is great. Industry and enterprise, by the touch of their magic wand, have developed the richest resources of agricultural wealth and luxury. The once unbroken prairie has changed into fertile fields ladened with cereal products. The wigwams of the savage have changed into tasteful mansions, crowned with peace and plenty. Where the council-fire of the red man was kindled, rears the district school-house, and where the smoke from the midst of the war dance ascended, now points up the white spire of the village church. The war whoop is heard no more, and the midnight orgies and savage wails of the red man have ceased forever.

The beautiful and enterprising village of Mendon, with its sumptuous hotels, its factories, stores and work-shops, stands where the Pottawattamie was wont to chase the wild deer.

But, where is the Pottawattamie now, that once claimed this spot as his heritage? Like a storm-rifted pine, he has sunk to decay. Like the withered leaf of autumn, he has been swept by the winds of desolation into the abyss of the past. The land-marks of civilization have been erected on the ruins of his sacred places. What has the poor red man received from civilization in return? No nation, no country, no home—scarce the memory of a name is left to him.

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* For the particulars of this interview, and very nearly the precise language of the interpreter of the address of Cush-ee-wes, the writer is indebted to the excellent memory of Hon. Cyrus Schellhous, who was present on the occasion.

NOTE.—The events intended to be commemorated by this article are still remembered in the history of St. Joseph county by many of the pioneers as the "Black Hawk Scare."

For many of the incidents here related the writer is indebted to Hon. Patrick Marantette, who still survives, and is a resident of Mendon township, and for many to Hon. Cyrus Schellhous, now deceased.

TUSCOLA COUNTY.

THE PIONEER REUNION—A GATHERING OF TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE TO REVIVE THE MEMORIES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF TUSCOLA COUNTY.

The fifth annual meeting of the Tuscola County Pioneer Society, which was held at Wahjamega on Thursday, the 15th, was one which may be termed the greatest success the society has yet achieved. The morning dawned bright and clear, indicating a more favorable day for the occasion than it has been the good fortune of the society to appoint for some time. Arrangements had been previously made with the railroad company to provide a special train for the occasion, which was a luxury not even dreamed of by those who wended their way through the rain to the same grounds last year. The four special cars were nearly filled on leaving Vassar, and on taking up the Watrousville delegation were crowded to the utmost. The ride was a short one, and in less than an hour we arrived at the grounds at Wahjamega, where a large number were already assembled. The grounds are the finest by far that have ever been arranged, Mr. Heartt having spared neither trouble nor expense to make them both beautiful and convenient. They are situated within walking distance of the depot, and had been thoroughly underbrushed and provided with ample table room for each township, a speaker's stand, two music stands, one on either side, and all tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, prominent among which was the word "Welcome," in large letters in the center. Noticeable among the many conveniences was a well of good water, in which one of T. Clyne's chain pumps made itself useful.

Certainly the pioneer society are under great obligations to Mr. Heartt for the hospitable way in which they were entertained, and there would doubtless have been a hearty demonstration of their appreciation if the approaching storm had not caused the meeting to adjourn so abruptly.

THE EXERCISES,

many interesting features of which we can only note briefly, were as follows:

Calling to order by the president.

Singing of a beautiful anthem by the Caro glee club, which was dul appreciated by all, and especially the singing of Mrs. West.

Prayer by Rev. I. J. B. McKinney.

Music by the Clio band.

Reading minutes of the last meeting by the secretary.

Dinner was the next subject under consideration. In the disposal of such business as this we don't know as the pioneers are any more proficient than the multitudes of hungry humanity; but certain it is that they went at it with a vim, and diving into their well-filled baskets they soon produced upon the tables such a quantity of tempting eatables as

"'Twere worth two days of hungry life,
One glance at their array."

The tables were arranged under the direction of Tiffany Nettleton and lady, who deserve much of the credit for the taste that was shown and the order which prevailed.

Music by the glee club.

An admirable paper by Rev. J. O. Bancroft on the "Development of the Religious Interests of the County."

Brief remarks by Hon. T. North, Rev. S. N. Hill and Rev. I. J. B. McKinney.

Music by the glee club and band.

Opening address by Hon. W. R. Bartlett. Among other things he held up to view one of the first copies of the "Pioneer," at that time modest in size, but a living witness to the enterprise and pluck of its founder, Mr. Bartlett, in starting and perpetuating it through the difficulties he had to encounter at that early day. He said that as he took the same sheet in his hand, fresh from the press, nearly twenty-one years ago, he little dreamed that it would ever become of age, and paid a handsome compliment to those who have succeeded him in the work.

Dr. Wm. Johnson then read the following eloquent address:

PIONEERS AND FRIENDS—Right glad am I to meet so many of you this morning, and extend to you the right hand of fellowship. It affords me, and I have no doubt all of you, the greatest pleasure to meet the old settlers once more in this pleasant manner—you who have endured with me the trials, hardships and privations which are incidental to the first settlers of a new county. It is also gratifying to see so many present, and to behold the interest you have manifested in the welfare of this social society. And as some are here who have not had the pleasure of meeting with us on previous occasions of this kind, I will briefly state to you the origin of it: On the 4th day of December, 1873, a few gentlemen met at the office of Hon. B. W. Huston, pursuant to notice, inviting the early settlers of Tuscola county who had been residents of the county twenty years or more to be present, and consider the propriety of forming a pioneer society. A committee was appointed on permanent organization, consisting of William H. Harrison, F. Bourns, P. McGlone, Sabin Gibbs, David June and Samuel Atwood; also a committee on by-laws, consisting of W. A. Heart, T. North, D. G. Slafter, L. D. Haines, C. R. Selden, D. P. Hinson.

The next meeting was held January 15th, 1874, when this society was fully formed and the following officers were elected: Hon. T. North, president; Lovira Hart, vice president; Wm. H. Harrison, treasurer; Wm. Johnson, secretary.

Our first annual festival was held at Tuscola, the second at Vassar, the third at Watrousville, the fourth at Wahjamega, and owing to the fact that the day was rainy, and much labor and expense had been put on the ground for our comfort by your honored president, we thought best to give him a second benefit. These annual festivals have been seasons of real pleasure and will long be remembered as bright sunny spots in our pathway of life. * * * * * * * * *

I do want say a few words more. Many of us pioneers came into this county with little to aid us, but with an indomitable spirit of perseverence, you looked at its rugged features undismayed, and boldly and successfully wrestled through years of toil with all its privations. You seized "the axe, that like the talisman, transforms deserts to fields and cities."

Within the short span of human life, you and I have lived to witness more changes than are often given to man to see. These forests you entered, some of you in youth, others of middle age, and others still more mature, you have lived to see it not only to "blossom as the rose," but to bear its mature and ripened fruit. Thrifty, growing villages have sprung up, blessed with their institutions of religion and learning, where but a few short years ago the dark shades of the forest rested with profound and almost solemn stillness. But more than this: you have lived to see an extended wilderness converted into fruitful fields, interspersed with comfortable farm buildings, surrounded by all the evidences of unsurpassed prosperity. I venture to say that few who have founded settlements have lived to see greater changes and consummations; and in view of the great work of civilization and improvement you helped to commence and carry forward, few have been more abundantly blessed. And as the shades of evening are gathering around many of us, we are forcibly admonished that our time is short; that our work upon earth is nearly done; that before another annual reunion of this society some of us undoubtedly will be called from time to eternity; and when that time shall come, you will leave a rich legacy to your children and children's children—the fruits of years of your pioneer enterprise, toil, patience, fortitude and perseverence—a more honorable and far richer legacy than honors and titles which kings and princes can bestow.

Wm. H. Harrison read a paper containing memoirs of three old pioneers who have passed away during the year, Jeremiah Hopkins and Paschal Richardson, of Tuscola, and Nelson Kile, of Juniata. Sketches of the life and work of each were published in the *Pioneer* at the time of their decease, in substance the same as contained in Mr. Harrison's paper, which renders their republication unnecessary.

A beautiful poem, entitled "One by One They are Gathering Home," was recited with much feeling by Dr. Johnson.

Remarks on the first school organization by Lovira Hart, of Tuscola

Music by the band.

Remarks by D. G. Slafter on the superiority of Michigan farms over those of New England, where he has lately visited. He said we would appreciate our farms more if we could view the New England farms that he had.

Singing, "The Old Checkered Apron my Grandmother Wore," by Mrs. W. R. Bartlett.

Wm. H. Harrison was now called on, but the ominous appearance of the heavens, the high wind which was rapidly rising, threatening danger as the trees began to snap and fall here and there, caused a general stampede toward the open space. It was a ludicrous sight for those who first reached the cars, to watch the rest "come tumbling after." Large drops of rain began to fall, and many were pretty thoroughly drenched before reaching shelter. The storm soon abated, and all started on the homeward way well satisfied with the day's pleasure. The meeting this year will be conceded by all to be a perfect success, and we wish many of these enjoyable occasions may be participated in by the pioneers, their children and their children's children.

OBITUARY OF A. K. KING.

Mr. A. K. King, an old and respected pioneer of Tuscola county, died in Kingston—the town was named after him—on the 4th of September, 1878, aged sixty-eight. He located there in 1857, and with his faithful wife endured all the privations and hardships to which the early settlers were exposed. He at one time carried the mail from Vassar to Port Sanilac. Much of the road over which he traveled was only a trail. This was an exceedingly difficult, as well as dangerous, undertaking at that early day. His family were supported principally by what he could bring from Vassar and Wahjamega on his back. While he was exposed to danger from storms, wild beasts and water, for streams and swampy places had to be forded, sometimes the water reaching to the waist, his wife (who preceded him in death nearly two years), was left to protect and care for the family. All the neighbors she had for the first five months after moving to Kingston were the Indians—never seeing the face of a white woman for that length of time. He leaves a family of seven, all married and settled in comfortable homes.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND INCIDENTS IN THE PIONEER LIFE OF MRS. R. B. NORRIS.

By her Grand-daughter, Maria W. Norris.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 7th, 1878.

At the request of the president of the State Pioneer Society, I undertook some weeks since to prepare for the annual meeting a biographical sketch of my deceased mother, Mrs. R. B. Norris, a pioneer of western New York and eastern Michigan.

The constant pressure of professional engagements have deprived me of the pleasure of doing this honor to the memory of her to whom I owe all that I have in me of good, and all that I have been able to accomplish of use in the years that have passed since I first left the hearthstone of the "old house by the river."

My daughter, however, has undertaken that my promise shall be kept, and with no other help than a half century's family correspondence and her own recollection of the closing years of her grand-mother's life, has prepared this paper which she requests me to submit.

LYMAN D. NORRIS.

GRAND RAPIDS, February 4th, 1878.

I have been requested to write a biographical sketch of one known to many of you as a pioneer in Michigan. One whose recollections embraced many of the scenes and experiences incident to life in a new and unsettled country—my grandmother, Roccena B. Norris, late of Ypsilanti.

She was born in Delaware county, New York, toward the close of the last century (December 15, 1798), the eldest child of James Vaill, of Southhold, Long Island. His grandfather emigrated to Long Island from Wales, in the year 1700; here ten children were born to him, the second of whom, Benjamin Vaill, was Mrs. Norris' grandfather. He was a man of rare honesty and sincere piety, and for nearly forty years officiated as deacon of the early church in Southhold. There is still in the family a quaint old wooden chair, known as the "Deacon's chair," brought from Long Island by Mrs. Norris, in which the good man sat beneath the pulpit through the long sermons of those days, with an ear open to the discourse and an eye watchful of the behavior of the youth of the congregation.

Mrs. Norris' father, James Vaill, came to Delaware county, New York, while yet a young man, and engaged in surveying. In July, 1797, when twenty-three years of age, he married Helena Compton, a native of Brattleborough, Vt., but who had lived since childhood in Delaware county. Their married life began with little of this world's goods, themselves pioneers in southern New York, they underwent many hardships and privations in rearing the family of children, who were destined to become pioneers in a yet newer and wilder portion of the growing Union.

Among Mrs. Norris' earliest recollections was their living in a small house on the right bank of the Delaware river, where the road ended under a mountain, and travelers were obliged to ford the river or cross in a canoe.

As Mrs. Norris' love of reading was so well known, it may be interesting here to record her first and only remembrance of the time when she was unable to read—for as Hugh Miller naively puts it, she early discovered "that reading was the art of finding stories in books"—she remembered standing beside a favorite uncle and spelling words of one syllable, receiving with delight the uncle's praises for her proficiency.

It was while living in the house before spoken of, that she first attended school, a small one across the river, to which she was taken in a canoe, and where she was taught to sew and "mark" samplers, which accomplishments constituted the greater part of a little girl's education in those early days.

In the winter of 1806 the family moved down the river to Deposit, then called "Cook House." Very near this new home stood the modest school-house, embowered in chestnut trees, on the river bank fringed with the beautiful American laurel. This school building was also the "meeting house." Here during the summer of 1806 a school for learning to read and sew was kept by Miss Wealthy Judd, and for several summers thereafter by her younger sister, Lucy.

The winter schools for several years were taught by one "Master Gilbert," who was a tolerable English scholar and had some knowledge of Latin. This gentleman made his home for some time with Mrs. Norris' father. Of these schools little can be said; we who find that books, especially school books, multiply, until we are fain to say with the wise man, "Of making many books there is no end," can scarcely realize the state of things represented by the fact, that a geography with maps was a thing unknown, and that Webster's spelling book was then just coming into use.

This master Gilbert, with Mr. Vaill, laid the foundation of a town library, Mr. V. being librarian and master Gilbert secretary. There were only about 250 volumes, and these were kept at the house of the librarian, Mrs. Norris' father.

It is easy to conceive with what delight such an acquisition was hailed by the child, who was already thirsting for knowledge; and to imagine how, during her performance of the household duties allotted to her, her thoughts were ever upon those wonderous volumes. No miner ever gloated over new-found golden treasure with keener pleasure than she exulted over these books. One of her first discoveries in the new field was a copy of Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas." She often spoke of it in after years as having opened a new and enchanting region of thought, revealing a style of writing quite unknown to her. It is probable that at this early period was born that intense love of general reading which was afterwards one of her most marked characteristics, and which grew and strengthened through a long, absorbing life. She remembered stealing away to read "Don Quixote" before she was ten years old.

During the last few years Mr. Vaill's health had steadily failed. His plans for a new house, and his business arrangements for his family, he was never able to carry out. Early in 1813 Mrs. Vaill yielded to the solicitations of her brother and aged parents, and the family moved ten miles up the river, in the neighborhood of their early home, in order to be near these relations. For a time the change seemed beneficial to the invalid father, but when the summer waned, he rapidly declined and died in October, 1813. A sad and lonely winter followed, the mother trying to devise means by which she could support her family, now somewhat scattered; work that women could do was scare in those days, then too, it was in the midst of the war of 1812-15. Prices were high and times hard. Cotton cloth was seventy-five cents a yard, calico, a dollar; tea, two dollars a pound, etc.

In May, 1814, Mrs. Vaill returned to Deposit, leaving two of her daughters with relatives. They went down the river in a canoe, Mrs. Vaill, Mrs. Norris, and two younger children, their goods and chattels packed in the middle, and an uncle and cousin managing the canoe. They went by invitation to live with a sister of Mrs. Vaill; this family lived in a large, roomy, old cottage, which with its loom, spinning-wheel, quill-wheel, hand-cards, etc., must have been a busy place. All the linen and indeed everything which could be made at home, was manufactured by the women of the house. Mrs. Vaill being an accomplished needle-woman soon procured more work than she could do, and was thus enabled to support her young family comfortably.

In October of this year two sisters of Mrs. V. came to visit their mother and other relatives; one of them, "Aunt Burt" was anxious to take Mrs. N. home with her, and urged Mrs. Vaill to go "west," as they then called it to Genesee county, N. Y., telling her she could support her family more easily there than in Deposit. Finally it was decided to send Mrs. N., then a girl of fifteen, home with her aunts, to "spy out the land," and the mother with the rest of the family would follow in the ensuing winter. So Mrs. N. with her aunts left Deposit early in November, and after a week's journey in a lumber wagon reached the town of Leicester, where the aunts lived. A minute record of such a journey would doubtless sound strangely in these days of rapid transit. We have almost annihilated space with our railways and telegraph, yet there seems to be much less genuine hospitality and real social life now than in these slower days. For instance, not long after the journey just mentioned, Mrs. Norris took another, this time on horseback, to visit an aunt in Alleghany county. Near her uncle's Indians were yet living on their own hunting grounds, and a visit to their wigwams was one of the standard amusements. In February, 1815, the mother, with the rest of the family—Grandma Compton, eighty-four years old, among them—came to Genesee county, arriving the latter part of the month, and went to housekeeping in a "shaky old log house." In March Mrs. Norris went to Pike to remain for a time with her uncle Cooley; here the home life and society proved so much more congenial to her that she persuaded her mother to remove there. Her uncle made a "bee," and with the assistance of the neighbors a good log house was put up and covered in one day, the next day it was completed, except a hearthstone, which was soon after put in place. Before her mother arrived Mrs. N. had opened a school, the first in that part of the town. It was held in a little plank school house where the desks—such as they were—were fixed against the wall, having wooden benches, without backs, in front. This year, 1816, was a hard one, the country had not begun to recover from the effects of the war of 1812. Business was much deranged, and all through the region known as "The Holland Purchase," half starved Indians were wandering. The new settlers also had to encounter one of the coldest years ever known in the country—frost and snow with severe freezing in every summer month, and many families were without bread or potatoes for weeks together. Mrs. Norris taught school and boarded round, and had her dinner sent to her, often it consisted only of small new potatoes and green peas. She used to say that she never saw so many sad and melancholy faces, as those of the mothers in these distressing times. It might well be so, when all they could give their children to eat was sifted *bran* made into cakes with a little milk. Mrs. Vaill, however, had good health and plenty of work, while her children were old enough to assist her, so they never suffered for food, and were often able to help those who did; but the prospect must have often seemed dark enough even to her brave spirit. The family remained in Pike, Alleghany county, nearly four years, during all of which time Mrs. Norris was teaching, summers in the plank school house, winters in larger outlying districts, where she earned the immense sum of a dollar and a half a week, and with her younger sisters assisted the mother during the evenings in sewing and weaving.

The latter part of the year 1818 the uncle Cooley already spoken of moved with his family to Indiana, and Mrs. Vail having no other relatives in the place, went back among her own friends near Moscow, N. Y. Mrs. Norris accompanied her part way, then went back to Covington, Genesee county, boarding with friends and attending a school kept by Rev. Jonathan Davis, father of Dr. Davis, of Ypsilanti, walking a mile and back each day in order to attend it. Here she remained until she had obtained what she called a "tolerable smattering of the study of grammar." In March following she went home for a short visit, returning the first of May to teach a school in Covington Centre for a dollar and a half a week, "boarding round." She had about forty pupils of all ages from six to twenty, and of all sorts and conditions.

About this time she renewed a slight previous acquaintance with Mr. Mark Norris, who was engaged in business in Covington. They frequently met, and Mr. Norris sometimes drove her to her mother's home in Moscow, some seven miles. Ere long her school duties, with the long walks in the hot sun, proved too much for even her powers ef endurance, and she was forced to take a six weeks leave of absence, returning to her mother's house for rest. Here, under the care of an attentive physician, (Dr. Nevins), and with the tender nursing of a devoted mother, she improved in health, and at the end of the six weeks was able to return to her school. She continued teaching until the end of November, when she again went home, this time to prepare for her approaching marriage. On the 13th of January, 1820, she was married to Mark Norris by Elder True, of Covington. The wedding took place at her mother's house, in the presence of a few friends and relatives, and in the midst of a fierce snow storm which lasted two days. On the third day the young couple returned to Covington, their first home. A brief description of the house, which was ready for their reception, may be of interest. It was built of logs, the floor of white-ash—carpets being an undreamed-of luxury—two windows containing twelve seven-by-nine panes of glass lighted the one room, and a cupboard which stood in one corner contained all their crockery and table furniture. The walls were the round side of the logs hewed smooth and "chinked" nearly even with plaster. The fireplace—of the generous size used in the days when men literally fought "for their altars and *their fires*"—had a crane with hooks for hanging kettles. There was the iron bake-kettle for baking, and a tin oven to place before the fire for roasting. A ladder in one corner, by which one ascended to the loft containing a bed and other stores. The furniture of this house consisted of one bed, one arm-chair, a few common chairs and a small book-case hung against the wall. In this humble home the brave young people began the world together, and doubtless the log-house witnessed many happy hours and much wholesome cheer, for its hospitable door swung open right gladly at the sound of friendly footsteps.

Mr. Norris was engaged in a small way in trade, and also owned an ashery near their dwelling house, for making pot and pearl-ash. Three months after their marriage Mrs. Norris' mother and sister came, at her urgent request, to live with them, and soon after came the aged grandmother, who, like many grand mothers, proved a blessing wherever she went. In the spring Mr. Norris put up an addition to the log-house consisting of two rooms, one of which was a bed-room; the other was opened as his store, which in the autumn of 1822 was well stocked with goods. In the spring following the ashery caught fire and burned to the ground. It was before the days of insurance, but its place was filled by the neighborly kindness of new settlements—all the men of the town coming with tools and teams to Mr. Norris' assistance, and soon a new and better building was erected. In the summer of 1822 Mr. Norris built a good sized frame store not far from the dwelling, and visited New York and Albany for goods. It was opened late in the autumn, and the prospects of success were good.

In the winter of 1824 Mr. Norris was appointed postmaster by Benedict Brooks, P. M., who lived two miles west of Covington centre .The postoffice was thereafter kept in the centre of the town.

Early in the spring of 1824 Mr. Norris bought a lot east of his new store and commenced building a new house for his increased family. It was ready for them in the summer, when the family moved out of the log-house into their more ambitious, but still modest mansion. It consisted of a large living room, a bed-room, a good-sized kitchen and pantry, from which a door led to the cellar. This kitchen contained, instead of the ample fire-place, a small cook-stove, the first Mrs. Norris had ever used.

In September, 1824, Mr. Norris went east for goods, traveling by way of Owego, Chenango Point and Deposit to New York. Mrs. Norris accompanied him to Deposit on a visit to her early home and the friends who yet remained there. During this visit she collected a quantity of flower seeds, and the next summer the little garden in Covington was beautiful with flowers. Those who remember how abundant and lovely were the flowers which bloomed around her in her Michigan home, and how keen was her enjoyment of the blossoms with which thoughtful friends supplied her sick room, can readily understand how great must have been her delight in thus causing the wilderness to blossom around her. Ruskin says, "the steps of a good woman are strewn with flowers, but they rise *behind* her steps, not before them." Truly, behind the steps of this good woman rose rare and precious flowers; the sweet, fair blossoms of love and hope and charity were ever springing from her gracious ministrations, as she walked the path of life.

The year 1826 was memorable to many because of the abduction of William Morgan, and the consequent anti-masonic era. As a consequence of the bitter feelings of the anti-masonic spasm in 1827, Norris decided to go to Michigan and look for a water-power, near which he could make a home for his family. He returned in August, having made several purchases in Ypsilanti, and at once set about closing up his business and arranging his removal to Michigan. While in Ypsilanti in the spring Mr. Norris had engaged the only frame dwelling-house in the village. He now bought a carding machine and a small stock of goods which were to go with their own household belongings, that he might make a beginning in business at once.

It must have been a great trial for Mrs. Norris thus to break away from all old associations, from home and friends, for their untried life in what was then the "far west," particularly as she was obliged to leave her dearly loved mother ill and suffering, much doubting whether she should ever see her again, though she knew she would be tenderly cared for by the other children. But realizing that the move must be made, she took the step with the same unflinching courage with which all her life she faced a difficult duty.

It was nine o'clock on the morning of the ninth of June, 1828, when the little family left their old home for a new one in the territory of Michigan, with which their history was thereafter to be honorably connected. They left Covington by stage for Buffalo, the family goods and chattels having been sent on by the canal a few days previous. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, their two children—now Mrs. Elvira N. Follett, of Ypsilanti, and my father—and a Mrs. Curtis, who joined them at Wyoming, on her way to visit a son in Superior, Washtenaw county. They arrived at Buffalo late in the evening. Next morning they examined a schooner, whose captain agreed to take them much cheaper than they could obtain passage on the little steamer near by. But they finally took passage on the steamer "The Henry Clay," for Detroit. It was a close and uncomfortable craft, having no upper deck; its cabin in the hold, in which they had their meals, and where there were a few berths around the sides. Here they spent four days and three nights on Lake Erie; arrived at Detroit they stopped at the "Steamboat Hotel," kept by uncle Ben Woodworth. The Detroit of those days was a scattered village, and the roads leading out of it almost impassible; not an encouraging prospect for the already exhausted travelers, who had still the most difficult part of their journey before them. There were no teams available to carry their goods, and no roads to take them over, if there had been, so they were stored until such time as they could come around and up the Huron by water.

Taking their one horse and the old-fashioned two-wheeled gig, built for smooth roads, they started for the interior, in company with Mr. Anson Brown, a dry goods merchant of Ann Arbor, who took their two children with him in his one horse wagon, Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Norris in the gig, Mr. Norris walking. They left Detroit at one o'clock P. M., and went ten miles to a log house called Johnson's tavern, where they had supper and a night's lodging. Their meal consisted of fried pork, tea without milk, and a short-cake made with fat and water, and baked by the fire. The sleeping room was even more primitive, being partitioned off from the living room with rough boards, and without a door. Here the whole party were obliged to sleep, the two ladies, with Mrs. Norris' daughter, squeezing themselves into one narrow bed, and the two gentlemen, with Mrs. Norris' son, occupying the other. Tired as they were there was much merriment over the situation. They did not stop for breakfast, but got out of their close quarters the best way they could, and started on, pausing at a running stream to make their toilet, walking most of the way for the next six miles, to the house of a new settler, Mr. Starkweather. They were kindly received and had a plain, substantial breakfast. Here they remained until noon, resting and washing the mud from shoes and clothes. At Dixborough they remained over night at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, formerly of Genesee county, N. Y. Here Mrs. Curtis left them for the Kimmel neighborhood, and Mr. Brown for Ann Arbor, and the little family were alone. Coming south toward Ypsilanti, they had straggled wearily along some time, with the children seated in the gig, when Mr. Norris exclaimed excitedly, "There's Ypsilanti!" We quote Mrs. Norris' own description of what followed: "In a moment I was seated on a log looking off over the half mile of distance—no house in sight, only a board shanty, with a wreath of smoky vapor creeping out of a clump of hazel bushes on the banks of the Huron. Wearied, soiled and worn, not a soul to greet me, whose face I had ever seen before, except my little family, it was little wonder that I leaned my head forward on the stump and burst into tears;" but that was soon over. Urging her husband to go forward and prepare their reception, and provide something for two hungry children, the mother and little ones trudged slowly onward to a narrow foot-bridge, quite new, and stretching across the Huron, where now the lower iron bridge is erected. The river was rapid, narrow and clear. The bank on the west was a steep and dangerous hill, at the top of which on the right was a block house; before this a trading post of Godfroy, one of the early owners of the soil, but then (1828) a country tavern kept by "Judge" Whitmore.

It was about one o'clock, June 16th, 1828, when they sat down to their first meal in Ypsilanti, after having traveled eight continuous days over the same distance now passed in less than fourteen hours. After dinner the landlady invited Mrs. Norris to retire to her room and rest; but she preferred to go at once to the house engaged for them, from which Mrs. Chester Perry was moving out. This house is still standing on the southeast corner of Washington and Congress streets. As their household and other goods had not arrived, Mrs. Perry lent them sufficient bedding to make up a bed on the floor, and a few kitchen utensils. Their living space was comprised in two rooms and a pantry on the ground floor, and two chambers. The front of the house was occupied as a store by Arden H. Ballard and Levi Cook.

Before daylight the next morning Mr. Norris started back to Detroit on foot, to forward their goods by boat up the Huron, as the Chicago turnpike, though cut through, was not worked. It was five days before he returned, and two weeks before the goods reached them, coming in a boat worked by poles and ropes up the Huron to Snow's landing, now

Rawsonville, thence by wagon to Ypsilanti. During Mr. Norris' absence the new comers received visits of kindness from Mrs. Chester Perry and Mrs. Salmon Champion, who loaned them some few household conveniences until the arrival of the wagon.

Mr. Norris' first work was to build a dam across the river below the bridge, and erecting a building for his carding machine, which late in the fall was ready for use.

In December, 1828, Mrs. Norris opened a small school in one of the upper rooms of the house they occupied, assisted by Lorenzo Davis, now of Ann Arbor, he in turn receiving instruction from her. Thus early did she begin those good offices for the town which continued through all her life.

In March, 1829, they moved into a new frame house, only partly finished, which Mr. Norris had built on the east side of the river near the bridge. A brick blacksmith shop now stands upon the spot, but Mr. Norris' house was the first on the east side of the river, with the exception of some bark shanties on the hill.

In May, 1829, the family left this new home to return to Covington for a visit. Mrs. Norris was ill, and she left her new home for the old scarely expecting to return again; but once among old friends and in a different climate, she slowly improved, and in August was able to return. Mr. Norris had returned in June to look after his business, and put the house in readiness for the family. During his absence Mr. Stephen Fargo attended to his business, and it seemed to prosper—the carding machine was in operation, the trade at the store good.

In the summer a new tavern was opened, kept by Mr. Perry, on the site where afterwards the Bucklin House stood. Mr. Hovey taught the school, and property was changing hands a good deal. The little village was growing; a grist-mill was in operation where the woolen-mill now stands, and Mr. Harwood's saw-mill, that had been undergoing alterations and repairs, was in June once more in running order.

In one of Mr. Norris' letters to his wife, of the date of July 12, 1829, we find the following item of local politics: "To-morrow is election for council; the Catholic priest and Mr. Biddle are the candidates. E. M. Skinner, James Kingsley and Dr. Abel Millington are candidates for the legislative council." On the back of this letter Mrs. Norris has written: "Biddle was elected to congress instead of Father Richard—Skinner and Kingsley to legislative council."

In the fall Isaac Powers, P. M., resigned his office to Mark Norris, appointing him his deputy, and in October, 1829, he received from Washington his official appointment as postmaster of the village, which he held until a change in political affairs in 1837. In 1830 Mr. Norris built a store near his house on the east side of the river and moved his goods and the postoffice into it. A letter from Mrs. Norris to a sister, written in June, speaks of the schools, a subject which always engaged her sympathy and assistance, as being in a flourishing condition. Mr. Hovey still had one of them, and the girls' school of about thirty was taught by Miss Cannon. In this letter mention is made of Mr. Jones, the first Presbyterian minister in the place. Shortly afterward another letter to the same sister gave an account of the formation of a temperance society, from which we quote: "Have just returned from a meeting to hear the cause of temperance discussed. Remarks were made by Dr. Hays, Messrs. Darling, Powers, Rev. Wm. Jones and others. The cause is becoming very popular here. It was first proposed to form a society by Messrs. Darling, Skinner and others, and thirty-five men have joined it within four or five weeks. The principle is total abstinence, both for ourselves and families, from all intoxicating liquors."

In June, 1830, the immigration was unprecedented, and the population of the village rapidly increased. In a letter Mrs. Norris speaks of it in this way: "It is no uncommon thing to see a dozen teams pass here in a day; the stage comes in laden daily; yesterday it came in overflowing inside, three on the driver's seat, and one on top. One day last week it came in with fifteen passengers, and an extra with twelve more, besides which there are a great many who come on foot, and yet there is room."

In the same letter she chronicles the fact that Mr. Jones, the minister before mentioned, had left for St. Joseph, and that "a Mr. Weed is daily expected to take his place."

In 1831 the people of Ypsilanti petitioned for "a mail route from Detroit to Tecumseh six times a week," and received through their representative, John Biddle, an answer to the effect that a bill was then pending before the house establishing such new mail routes in the different states and territories as were deemed necessary, and that among the routes provided in the territory of Michigan, was one from "Detroit by Ypsilanti and Saline to Tecumseh," and one from "Detroit by Niles to Chicago and thence to Green Bay," adding that the bill would probably pass, and if it should the postmaster in Washington would decide *how often* the mail should be carried.

The fall of this year proved a very sickly one, and this family did not escape. Mr. Norris was dangerously ill, the children and other inmates of the house sick, and Mrs. Norris spent most of her time in taking care of them all.

The year 1832 was signalized by the appearance of that much dreaded scourge—the Asiatic cholera—in the territory. Through the summer it raged with much violence in Detroit and adjacent villages. Governor Porter issued a proclamation enforcing a strict quarantine at Detroit, and in other parts of the state, and calling upon justices and other officers to do all in their power to prevent in this manner the spreading of the infection. In accordance with this proclamation a quarantine was established on the Chicago turnpike, two miles east of Ypsilanti, which was the cause of much excitement upon one occasion. The mail coach from Detroit was coming in when the quarantine officers attempted to stop it in order to make the necessary examination; the driver of the coach resisted, and the men were ordered to fire at the horses, which was done, killing one of them. Confusion followed, complaints of outrage, retarding the mails, were sent to the governor and the postmaster at Detroit. A vigorous correspondence between Mark Norris, as postmaster at Ypsilanti, and John Norvell, postmaster at Detroit, followed. Threats of prosecution were freely indulged. It all seems to have ended in smoke.

There were few cases in Ypsilanti, but wasting fevers made their appearance, and illness abounded; in the midst of which, as is ever both the duty and pleasure of the pioneer wife, Mrs. Norris labored and in the end suffered and succumbed to the fever, it was long before she entirely recovered from its effects. This summer brought to Mrs. Norris her mother, who remained, and until the close of her life made her home with her daughter. She was a help and a blessing to all about her, and the memory of "Grandma Vaill" will ever be green in the hearts of of those who knew her.

In July, 1833, a subscription was started among the citizens of Ypsilanti for the purpose of building a flat-bottomed boat which should be used in carrying freight up and down the Huron. The names of many prominent citizens appear on the paper. In August a meeting was held to consider the matter further, and after appointing Salmon Champion chairman and Mark Norris secretary of the meeting it was

"Voted that we proceed to build a boat this fall, if we can raise money sufficient.

"Voted, That we choose a committee to build a boat.

"Chose, Elijah Grant, Mark Norris, Salmon Champion, the building committee."

In this laconic fashion the meeting is recorded, and as a result of these deliberations, on the 27th of August James Ash began building ihe boat. It was completed in September or October, named the Experiment, and soon made its first trip down the Huron, Mr. Norris and his son being on board. It carried a load of 100 barrels of flour, from Mr. Norris' mill. At Rawsonville the flour was unloaded, taken round the dam and reloaded. At Flat Rock, the next dam, they ran through the "shute" and came safely on to Detroit. The Experiment made three trips in this way, but not proving successful the owners were glad to dispose of it. We last hear of it in a sadly demoralized condition, with one gunwale under water, on the Rouge, somewhere in the neighborhood of Dearbornville.

In May, 1833, Mr. Norris adds a postscript to his wife's letter to her sister Laura: "Our new brick house will be finished in a month or six weeks, and we want you to come to the house-warming." This alludes to the house on River street, since well known to all their friends. They occupied it sometime during the summer, and from thenceforth "The old house by the river," as it was lovingly called by its inmates, was the scene and center of delightful home life, of generous hospitality and all kindly influences. Many are the hearts scattered in all parts of the country, and embracing many classes and conditions of life, who will ever retain and cherish memories of that home and of her who, for so many years, was its guiding light.

On the 22d of February the Territorial Temperance Society met at Ann Arbor. There were about fifty delegates, and Austin E. Wing, of Monroe, was elected president, Mark Norris, vice-president.

In 1834 I find a letter written from Detroit on the 22d of August, by Mrs. Norris' brother, that speaks in graphic terms of the desolation of that city, which was again being devastated by cholera: "No business doing, great many stores closed and the streets deserted; but one or two schooners in port, and only one steamboat—the Henry Clay;" adding, "I am told there are only about 3,000 people in the city, and that from 200 to 250 have died since the 4th of August."

In September, 1834, a subscription was started for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a survey of a railroad from "Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph river." The names of John Gilbert, Arden H. Ballard, Elias M Skinner, James M. Edmunds, Abel Goddard, Grove Spencer, Abner A. Wells, and Mark Norris head the list with liberal subscriptions. This movement appears to have been the beginning of the M. C. R. R., now so widely known, and it met with a ready response from the business men of Ypsilanti and vicinity.

In December of this year Mr. Weed was formally installed pastor of the Presbyterian church, and a series of meetings were held, temperance being the grand theme. The temperance society now numbered four or five hundred members.

In the summer of 1835 Mr. Norris went east to buy goods, and his wife accompanied him on a visit to her friends. They started homewards the latter part of August. A letter from Mrs. Norris to her sister, Mrs. Blackman, concerning this journey, is full of interesting details of the stage ride from Warsaw to Buffalo. A crowded coach and the breaking of a linch-pin, soon after they started, were among the discomforts of the trip. After numerous delays and breakages they left Hamburg for another attempt to reach Buffalo, twelve miles distant; but when only three miles from the former place a wheel gave way, being left the length of the coach behind. A scene of confusion ensued, but a wagon loaded with oats, bound for Buffalo, opportunely made its appearance, and Mrs. Norris mounted it and rode the remaining eight miles, while the rest proceeded as best they might. When they were within ten miles of Detroit, after a pleasant passage, the "Commodore Perry" came alongside to take off some passengers for Toledo; while they were lashed together the boiler of the Perry burst its cap off. Of course a panic followed, and though the result proved less fatal than was feared, Mrs. Norris had her heart and hands full in rendering what assistance she could.

In July, 1836, Mrs. Norris had the misfortune to break her ankle. This was the first of several such accidents which happened to her, and she was for ten weeks unable to walk. In October her mother, Mrs. Vaill, who had been east on a visit, returned with Mr. Norris. They had a rough and dangerous passage across Lake Erie. Indeed the lakes were the scene of terrible storms all that fall; fifteen vessels were lost on Lake Michigan, heavily laden with merchandise, and many of the Ypsilanti merchants lost large amounts on Lake Erie.

In the winter of 1836–37 a large amount of business was transacted, because of the fine sleighing, the finest yet seen in Michigan, which lasted eight or ten weeks.

In March Mr. Norris writes: "The railroad is far from being done; if we finish it to this place this season I shall be satisfied, for it is hard building a railroad when provisions are so scarce and dear. Laborers must have high wages or they cannot live." Then follow the prices of a few articles: wheat, fifteen shillings; flour, ten dollars; hay, ten dollars; potatoes, four shillings, etc.

In February, 1838, the railroad was completed from Detroit to Ypsilanti; a very different institution from that which now exists, yet it was hailed with great rejoicing.

This, too, was the year when "wild cat" banks abounded, and though *paper* was plenty, *money* was scarce. It was "almost impossible to get money that would hold good a day." But still the railroad prospered and the travel was immense.

In March of this year Mrs. Norris wrote to a sister, in reply to an invitation to visit her: "It is impossible at present. We could not get money enough to get out of the state, such is the state of the currency, and the demand on our means by the large outlay Mark has gone into in building. I suppose you have heard of the State Bank, (in which were the public deposits, internal improvement funds, etc.), suspending specie payments; there is likely to be a stop put to the public improvements. Indeed, I hear they cannot obtain funds to pay the hands who work the cars to this place. Ypsilanti banks *down*, not worth a cent on a dollar. Is not this delightful? Sub-treasury with a vengeance!" So it was then as now—the governmental tinkering with the finances that made the mischief.

Yet, in spite of the "hard times," in May we find the good citizens of Ypsilanti agreeing to pay certain sums to Mark Norris for the erection of a good foot-bridge across the Huron, below his new mill, "*when the same shall be completed*"—the progenitor of the conditional subscriptions of our day—"when the cars run *through* the town."

In October, when Mrs. Norris and her daughter returned from an eastern trip they found a handsome new carriage waiting for them at the depot, and in the house a piano for their daughter. Upon which Mrs. Norris writes: "You see 'times' are better, or else—we are preparing to take a leap off." On the day they arrived, October 17th, the railroad was completed to Ann Arbor, and the Detroit militia, with others, went through to hold a "celebration."

In March, 1841, Mrs. Norris mentions in one of her letters some prices, which show the state of the currency: "Wheat, in *good* money, is fifty-six cents; in *Michigan* money, seventy cents; not much in market; flour $3 per bbl." In the same letter she writes of her plants in this wise: "My plants are looking beautifully. I have now in blossom pinks, geraniums and a large oleander, six feet high, all in my back parlor. You see I mean to have some cheering things about me, if the *times* are hard." A most characteristic sentence; she always *did* have "some cheering things" about her, no matter what the darkness of the inner or outer world. In September, 1841, their only daughter, Elvira, was married.

In the spring of 1843 a temperance movement of great force spread widely through the state. Two or three reformed drunkards from Detroit went through the state speaking, and as Mrs. Norris wrote, "carrying all before them." In the three months, January, February and March, 1843, the "Washington Army of Teetotalers" received immense additions—in Marshall 750, Ann Arbor 600, Adrian 500, Monroe 400, Jackson 450, Ypsilanti 350, etc. There is no new thing under the sun; the reformers of 1843 seemed quite as successful in their harvest as the red-ribbon men of to-day. The harvest is not all gathered in, and ever the crop of vice calls for the labor of love and compassion.

In January, 1844, Mr. Norris' flour-mill at the depot was doing a good business, and also the saw-mill, although there had been no sleighing that winter. He writes: "In August I manufactured 11,000 barrels of flour, have now seven or eight hundred bushels of wheat on hand, am taking in about 400 bu. daily. Flour $3.50 a barrel."

We give here an extract from one of Mrs. Norris' letters to her sister, which is truly characteristic, and may in some measure explain the methods by which she attained that serenity of mind which made her advancing years so fruitful and blessed: "I have for some time felt," (so she writes), "more and more the importance of strengthening and cultivating *all* our mental faculties as we advance in life, striving to overcome any defects in temper and disposition, and not to acquire any offensive habits. I believe only in this way can we enjoy a cheerful old age and be made welcome to our friends." In another letter to her sister, Mrs. Blackman, whose husband was very ill, she says: "Death, to the Christian, is only entering on an enlarged sphere of existence, a loss only of the natural state; there will be a reunion of congenial minds."

That Mrs. Norris was a great traveler, even in the days when traveling was not so easy a matter as now, you will have already perceived from this narrative; nor did her love and enjoyment of it decrease from year to year. She was, fortunately, able to gratify her desires in this respect, and scarcely a year passed during her residence in Michigan, until the infirmities of age and disease rendered it impossible, in which she did not take at least one journey in some direction. As a consequence of this, she numbered friends and acquaintances in many cities of the United States and Canada. To this pleasant friction with all sorts of minds, in many places, she doubtless owed much of her knowledge concerning men and things—much of the generous culture which supplied the deficiencies of early education, making her conversation so delightful, and giving much weight to her opinions of people and places. She never traveled without bringing home a store of pleasant recollections, which made her home-coming an event in the family.

During Mrs. Norris' absence in the summer of 1850, her husband writes her from Ypsilanti concerning the Fourth of July celebration, in his own quaintly amusing fashion. There seems to have been the usual amount of bell-ringing, cannon-firing and fire-crackers, all the uproarious demonstration by which only Young America—when a quarter of a century younger than at present—could show its patriotism. But besides all this there were services in the church, commencing at nine o'clock and lasting until dinner time. Among others Mr. Cheever, then pastor of the Presbyterian church, gave, as Mr. Norris writes, "a common sense view of the difficulties of our congress, and spoke a good word for old Zachary Taylor." After these services there was a Fourth of July dinner, but as people did not seem anxious to partake of the same, Mr. Norris drove over the river in search of some one to help eat it, picking up two young ladies, who consented to assist in the operation.

In a letter from Mr. Norris to his wife in 1850 he mentions that the plans for the normal school had arrived, but not proving satisfactory were to be altered. He says: "The plan only gives two stories, one eighteen feet high, one thirteen feet high," adding, "they expect some tall youth to attend, to need a room eighteen feet high." He also speaks of the commencement at Ann Arbor, stating that there were only eleven graduates. These allusions may be interesting as referring to the beginnings of institutions now a credit to our state.

In the spring of 1853 Mrs. Norris in writing to her friends, Rev. Mr. Payson and his wife, concerning the admission of their daughter into the normal school, gives some interesting items concerning the early years of that institution. Under date April 9th, 1853, she writes: "The teachers' institute closes to-day, and Monday the classes in connection with the normal school are formed. One hundred have enrolled their names, but not all for the entire course. The regular course is three years, if languages are added four years are required. I find that an academic department has been added, under the supervision of Miss Rogers, who in all her departments is one of the best teachers of my acquaintance. Pupils will be received any time during *this* term, but after this will only be received at the commencement of the session." Mr. Welch was principal, and teachers' institutes were to be held twice a year.

In the summer of 1853 Mrs. Norris, with her son, Mr. and Mrs. Follett, and others, took a somewhat extended trip, going to Montreal, Bellows Falls, New Haven and New York. Here the rest of the party returned home, leaving Mrs. Norris visiting her friends and seeing the sights of that great city, particularly its benevolent institutions, in which she always took a deep interest. She also made a hasty visit to Southhold, L. I., where she looked into ancient church records, deciphered inscriptions two hundred and fifty years old, in the old burying-grounds—one of the oldest in the country—and obtained information concerning her grandfather and his family.

In 1856 Mrs. Norris went with her daughter, Mrs. Follett, to Elmira water cure, where they remained some time under the care of Mrs. Dr. Gleason. This was the first of several sojourns in Elmira, all of which proved beneficial to her health. In a letter to Miss Payson, dated Aug. 26, 1858, Mrs. Norris says: "Mr. Sill gave us one of his beautiful poems at the dedication of the new union seminary building. It is very grand, cost $40,000. It was opened last week and has already over six hundred pupils. Prof. Estabrook is still in charge. A week ago last Tuesday was celebrated the opening of the seminary, the Atlantic cable, and the introduction of gas to light the city. You will find many improvements since you left."

When the breaking out of the war roused every loyal American heart to a white heat of patriotism and sacrifice, we all know that Michigan was not the last to respond to her country's call. Among the noble army of women who at once engaged ardently in work at home for the brave men in the field, Mrs. Norris was active and efficient. In September, 1861 she writes to a friend: "I do not know how any woman can sit supinely by and do and feel *nothing*. Our ladies have done a great deal and furnished material to a large amount for hospital stores. We supplied our own men with many comforts for their camp hospital. Wednesday we were at Ann Arbor to attend the great county picnic." (The first Michigan regiment were at this time quartered at Ann Arbor, after their reorganization under the command of Major Whittelsey.) "I never saw so much cooked provision before, and began to realize what a vast amount of eatables it requires to feed an army of four hundred thousand men.

In January, 1862, she writes the same friend of her dear husband's failing health, saying, "I fear it is his last illness." It was but too true! All the previous summer he had been failing, had given up all business, and was now entirely confined to his room. He bore his great sufferings with patience and resignation, always having cheerful words of love and thanks for the dear ones who ministered to him with all the tenderness and devotion born of great love. In March, 1862, the end came, and this good, just man went to his reward. Of the sorrow and loneliness of his wife and children we may not speak. Mrs. Norris bore her great bereavement with true Christian fortitude, but her health and strength had been so impaired by close confinement in her husband's sick room, and by his subsequent death, that when summer came her children desired her to go away and recruit. She could not now go among her friends on the Delaware; the associations there would be a constant reminder of her recent loss. So in August, with her grand-daughter, Alice Follett, she went to the sea-shore near Portland, Maine, where as she said, she had but one solitary acquaintance. Here they hoped to enjoy rest and quiet.

Unfortunately, soon after their arrival at the Ocean House, Cape Elizabeth, she slipped and fell upon the rocks, breaking her arm badly, and injuring herself seriously in other ways. Then followed a weary time of helplessness, always the chief trial of such misfortunes to her. But she had the best and kindest care, and when her son came she was surely, if slowly, recovering. No doubt the beauty and quiet of the place, with complete change of scene and association, assisted by a wonderful constitution, hastened what was at best a slow process; and the fresh breezes from the Atlantic, whose "broad refreshment" none loved better than she, were a great benefit to the poor, bruised body, as well as to "weary soul and brain." It was October before she was able to return home with her son, who came to assist her; and for a long time afterwards she was obliged to use a crutch and carry her arm in a sling.

Shortly after Mr. Norris' death his son gave up his home near by, and with his family came back to the "old house by the river," that his mother might not be alone, and the quiet old house once more resounded with the noisy glee of childhood, much to the dear grandmother's satisfaction.

In 1867 we find Mrs. Norris traveling in the west, visiting friends in Chicago, LaSalle, Rock Island, etc., and enjoying it with the freshness of a spirit that could never grow old, in spite of her saying, that she was getting to an age when "the grasshopper is a burden." The winter of 1868–69 was spentin Montreal ' Canada. Among the many visits of her life, this one was ever remembered with especial pleasure, and the friendships there formed, or previous ones strengthened, were closely cherished to the close of her life.

The years were flying rapidly now, and age and often infirmities were beginning to tell upon the frame which had endured so much, often being kept up and doing only by the will of the strong soul within. But still she went on the even tenor of her way; still she helped and cheered every one who came to her in sorrow or in need. She was never too tired or too busy to hear the tale of the needy or sorrowful ones who came to her freely. To the poor she was ever a faithful friend, helping by her wise and systematic benevolence all whom she deemed subjects of her care. Giving (according to her means), money, time, energies, sympathy, and counsel. Her work in the Home Association has become a matter of history in Ypsilanti. Serving first as the vice-president, and then being elected president, which latter office she held sixteen years, resigning it on the anniversary of her election, because no longer able to attend to the duties of the office. A record of over twenty years faithful service for the poor in her own town is thus before us. Who can estimate the good the record indicates, which still goes on in ever-widening circles of joy and hope?

In an earlier part of this sketch we have spoken of Mrs. Norris' love of books and reading. It will, therefore, be readily seen how great an interest she would naturally take in a movement to inaugurate a ladies' library association, which should give the people of the town an opportunity of enlarging their stores of knowledge, by putting the right sort of books within their reach.

The association was organized in April, 1868, with Mrs. Norris as one of the directors, and she was for six years corresponding secretary, exercising during all her connection with the society a strong, wise influence in its councils. The prosperity and success of this institution was an object dear to her heart, and in 1869 she wrote exultingly: "We have now seven hundred volumes and are out of debt." She lived to see the association well established, with a fine, well-selected library. Being herself a reader of the best books in many departments of literature, and having a memory tenacious of all good and beautiful thoughts, her counsels regarding the selection of books for their shelves were invaluable. Often books were given her for the library which, after looking over, she quietly laid aside as not suitable; for, while enjoying and appreciating all books of *real worth*, even when her own taste did not sympathize with them, she utterly eschewed all the modern sensationalism and loose morals found in a certain class of books which she emphatically denominated "trash."

We would fain linger over this beautiful life, whose harmonious completeness seems so rare. But the end of her earthly work was drawing near. One by one she was obliged to drop the active cares and duties of life; frequent illness often confined her to her room, and an insidious but fatal disease was slowly, though surely, wearing out the earthly tabernacle. As the days and months went by she was more and more confined to the house, and finally to her room, though several times even in the last weeks of her illness, she was carried down stairs to gladden her dear ones by her presence on some holiday or quiet Sabbath. Her sick room was never the chamber of gloom or sadness, and many of her friends recall the hours spent with her there as some of the happiest of their lives. Bearing her great sufferings with heroic courage, she had ever a bright glance and cheerful words for her visitors. She still kept up her interest in the world and its doings, while resigning herself to leave it without fear.

Of the scenes immediately preceding her death this is not the place to speak. She passed quietly to her rest before daylight on the morning of the 27th of October, 1876, and on the following Monday the mortal casket of Mrs. R. B. Norris was borne to its rest in the beautiful Highland cemetery, from one of whose hills she had obtained her first glimpse of the town where she had lived and labored for nearly fifty years.

We have spoken of death, yet in connection with such a life as this we feel deeply that the word has no meaning. Of her it is not a poetical fiction, but an eternal truth, that

"There *is* no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of a life elysian,
Whose portal, we call death."

In conclusion we would fain bring before you some living picture of the noble woman whose life we have striven to chronicle. But how shall we fitly portray her? Her's was a character strong and self-reliant, but without pride or arrogance, and entirely free from the morbid self-analysis which is often characteristic of narrower minds. While she enjoyed and appreciated the society of the refined and gifted, she yet never treated the poor or the illiterate with condescension. Did the needy, the sick, or the sinful want help and counsel, they were freely given. Was there work to be done for God and humanity, who more ready than she to lend a helping hand? A leader in many, nay, most of the good deeds of her native town, it was a leadership which always came unsought, was often accepted with diffidence, and with a full sense of the responsibilities she so nobly discharged.

But it is in her home, and among her own dearest ones, we must look for a woman's most powerful influence, and here too she never failed. A faithful, loving wife, a devoted mother and grandmother, a tried and trusted friend, she was in truth a blessing to all. To her children and grandchildren her memory and example will ever be among life's precious things; they love to attribute to her wisdom and tender care, much of what they are, or hope to become.

With what more fitting words can we close this tribute to her memory than these of a great poet:

"I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour,
In *reverence* and *charity*."

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

ADDRESS AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE FARMERS OF SHARON, WASHTENAW COUNTY, MICHIGAN, AUGUST 14, 1878.—BY SAMUEL H. ROW.

My old Sharon Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

For the honor of an invitation to address you here to-day, at your annual picnic gathering, I thank you sincerely. So far as I am personally concerned, it would have been an honor and a greater pleasure to have met you with a quiet hand-shake and mingled in your festivities, rather than to have attempted to amuse, interest, or honor you by a formal address.

Some years ago I made a short speech at Manchester in the Methodist church that was moved there piecemeal from Sharon. That speech contained only two or three words, and yet it cost me two of the hardest years' work of my life. They were calling for volunteers to fill up the 20th Michigan Infantry, and I got up and told them to put down my name. I did not do it for the sake of speaking in meeting, or perform the service made necessary by it for the $13 and board which was promised. I thought then, and I now think, that I did it for love of the old flag. When I was called on a few days ago to make a talk here to you, I felt that I would rather pack up the old knapsack and take a long march the other way than undertake it. But love for old Sharon and her people captured me.

I well remember how I used to come back to Sharon after a few months at school, back to the farm that my father located and cleared up, not far from this spot. He used to arm me with a hoe and send me out into the orchard to war on the weeds in the corn. I do not think the corn was injured very much. While I was waiting around under the shade of my hoe to cool off, I used to wonder how they could expect me to hoe out all that corn alone. Perhaps it was upon the plan of the man who ordered his boy to go into the field to catch a spirited horse. The lad objected to that programme, said he could not do it alone, that it always took the whole family. He was commanded "to go on and be a-catching him until we come."

There is inspiration here to-day in every field, on every farm, in every tree that casts its grateful shade, in every leaf that rustles in the breeze, in thoughts that are linked to the past or go out to the hopeful future. I am certain not to catch a tithe of it, and all the old settlers will have to be called up here to help me.

It has been my good fortune to hear some of the world's sweetest singers. As I now compare their dulcet notes with the long-ago music that charmed me when a boy in the corn-field, in those long, hot days in June, I shall vote my preferences for the sweet sounds that could be heard about half-past eleven, as regular as the clock, way down to Park's corners and all over this neighborhood, saying, "Dinner in just half an hour." I refer to the sweet music of that immense and wonderful tin-horn at Aunt Polly Gould's, just over the way.

Whatever may have been the delinquencies of the boy who had been placed at the end of the hoe-handle with orders to hoe out his row, he was quite sure of the kindly forbearance of the father, who thought more of the *boy* than he did of the *corn*. So comes back to you to-day the boy to perform the task your indulgent committee has assigned him, conscious of his love and veneration for old Sharon, for Sharon men and women, boys and girls; yet, doubtful of his ability to bring you any golden grain, he trusts in your kind forbearance.

Before leaving that hoe to rest under the shade of the apple-tree, I want to relate a story of one of those utensils told me by my father. I remember that he used to like to tell anecdotes, and I think his boys were always willing to stop work to listen to them. It ran thus:

A young man from the farm had been clerking in a store for six months. On his return it was found that he had forgotten even the names of common farm tools. His father placed a hoe in his hand and said, "Surely you remember that." The boy shook his head and feigned ignorance of its name or object. He dropped the handle and carelessly put his foot on the blade. The handle came up suddenly and hit him a stinging blow on the nose. His memory quickly returned, and he exclaimed, "Confound that confounded hoe!" He was trying to forget what ought to have been among the best and fondest recollections of his life,—his home on the farm.

Not so with Sharon boys. They delight to come back and renew acquaintance with the trees, the fields, the farms, and the faces they knew to love in boyhood. They forget for a time the battle of life they are fighting out elsewhere. Gathered with you in one of her beautiful groves to rest, recreate, and rejoice with you over the bountiful harvest just ended, they live over again the days gone by, take fresh hope for the future, and thank God they were born and lived in Sharon.

It seems to me, sometimes, when I have to bound this town to locate it for some one, that they must have had a poor chance at geography. I have said that it was north of Manchester, or south of Chelsea. These villages have a more than local prominence now, being upon the lines of our great railroads. But these were not when Sharon was. Their location was a thing of the future when the axes of Sharon's pioneers echoed through the forests, as they laid low the trees for their first cabins in the wilderness.

In those days the milk did not flow much in this land, as they brought it from Lodi plains, frozen in milk-pans; but the sweetest of honey was in great abundance, and the pioneers used to make a "bee-line" for it. I have heard my father (Gilbert Row) say many times that he and James H. Tyler cut the first tree ever felled by white men on the site where Manchester now stands. It was an immense bee-tree, filled with the choicest honey. In after-years he located the exact spot. It is back of the Manchester hotel, and near the residence of John D. Keif.

Washtenaw was first laid out into a county by an act of the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan, which was approved by Governor Lewis Cass and became a law on the 10th day of September, 1822, which was the 47th year of the independence of the United States. By the provisions of the same act it was attached to the then organized county of Wayne.

Washtenaw was fully organized by an act approved Nov. 20th, 1826, and on the 1st day of December following Gov. Cass commissioned its first county officers: Samuel W. Dexter, chief justice of the county court, and Henry Rumsey and Oliver W. Whitmore, associate justices of the county court; Cyrus Beckwith, register of probate; David E. Lord, clerk of the county court; and Benj. J. Woodruff, sheriff.

By an act approved April 12th, 1827, this then unorganized and unnamed township (with other nameless ones) was attached to and formed a part of the township of Dexter (which was organized by the same act April 12th, 1827). This town had then no name and not much reputation, except the lingering one that was given it and the whole territory by a committee of the Congress of 1818, who were sent to the Territory of Michigan to examine it for soldiers' bounty land. That committee actually reported that the Territory of Michigan was worthless for agricultural purposes. They must have got lost in the short hills over there, or got stuck in Chandler's big marsh near Lansing. Certain it is that when old Father Time stood feeling of his keen edged scythe on the morning of the first day of the year 1830, this township had no inhabitants save the wandering Indians who roamed its forests in search of game, or fished along the shaded banks of the Sho-wae-cae-mette (Show-*was*-e-met), or River of the Grapes, which we call the "Raisin."

On the 22d day of June, 1830, as shown by the government tract-books, Lewis C. Kellam, of Pike county, Penn., located the *first* lot of land in this township. It was the north 84 24-100 acres of the northeast ¼ of section 1.

On the first day of October, 1830, Daniel F. Luce, a government surveyor, made a venture, and located the second lot of land. It was the northeast ¼ of section 32, and afterwards formed a part of the farm of Amasa Gillett. If these gentlemen did not get up a corner on real estate in this town, they each got just about as close as they could to the opposite corners diagonally—Kellam in the extreme northeast, and Luce lacked one section of the extreme southwest. If these men had built houses and lived on their land (which they did not), they would probably never have quarreled about line fences.

In the spring of 1831 Ira Anabil, Amos Bullard, John Bessey, M. Burk, David Cook, Edward Campbell, James Harlow Fellows, R. L. Fellows, Joseph O. Gilbert, Francis A. Gillett, Henry Row, Gilbert Row, and J. R. Sloat made the first settlement in this township, and this their lifelong home.

The familiar names of Dr. Ebenezer H. Conklin, Conrad Row, Wait Peck, Nicholas Row, John Cobb, Sidney W. Dewey, Sabin Johnson, Oliver Kellogg, and others appear on the tract books as having entered land in 1831, but did not settle thereon until later.

Some of those early pioneers bade their New York and Connecticut friends good-bye—as it then seemed to them—forever, took the boat on the Hudson river (where some of its Rip Van Winkles of to-day, doubtless, believe that Michigan is unfit for agricultural purposes), and came to Albany; from thence on the Erie canal on the line boats, taking two weeks to reach Buffalo; from thence to Detroit by the rough old lake Erie. Landed at Detroit, they rigged up the lumber wagon they brought with them, and bought a yoke of cattle that could smell an Indian forty rods and run the other way like deer. Some of the household effects of two or three families were loaded up, women and children on top. The men went on foot to drive, to cut down a sapling on the trail, seize a handspike and boost the hind wheels out of a rut, or chain up those oxen to a tree on the approach of Indians. The cabins at Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, and Lodi plains were examined on the way to this place, laughed at, and used as models for their own a few days after. That is the way that the pioneers came to Sharon. Those who came just after followed the same trail in the same fashion.

The winter of 1831-32 was a severe one. Edward Campbell and David Cook went to Detroit after provisions. Their ox-team gave out on their return, and was abandoned. They sought to reach home on foot, but the drifting snow obscured the way, and they wandered about for some days and nights. They were searched after and found benumbed and insensible from the cold. Mr. Campbell was badly frozen, and died within a week. Mr. Cook recovered.

In the month of June, 1832, the first religious society was organized by Rev. E. H. Pilcher at the log house of Gilbert Row. There were nine members, viz.: Henry Row and wife, Conrad Row and wife and the wife of Gilbert Row, Mr. Lathrop and wife, Anthony Yerkes, and Joseph O. Gilbert. Mr. Pilcher was but nineteen years of age at that time. He is now living and preaching in Canada. Curiously enough, in his valuable "History of Protestantism in Michigan," just issued, he makes no mention of this infant society. I remember him as a stern old puritan who never smiled. I think he was an excellent man, but I remember a lad who took him "over the river" to preach, who told his father that Brother Pilcher never spoke of the beautiful team that carried him, and that he could not be much of a *Methodist* preacher or he would have noticed those *horses*.

In school district No. 1 in this neighborhood, almost within sight of this spot, the first school house was built. It has been moved across the road, and the frame is now used as a part of a dwelling house. On the authority of Mrs. Harriet Row, I am informed that her husband acted in 1832 as the first assessor of this township; that she went with him on several occasions while he was assessing property; they drove their own Indian pony before a "democrat wagon" belonging to Oliver Kellogg; and they, on one such business trip, took dinner at Deacon Stevens', over beyond where Wait Peck now lives. The fact of the dinner is fixed by the recollection of having "succotash." When he had finished his assessment he reported to Dexter officials, by whom the taxes were collected. The truth of this bit of history can be vouched for by the lady who acted as assistant assessor and ate the succotash, as she is on the ground here to-day. I learned quite early in life not to contradict her, and shall not to-day, although I cannot imagine how he came to accept office, as he was much averse to holding any official position during my recollection.

In 1832 and 1833 this township was rapidly settled, and a name for this beautiful tract became of the first importance. Some differences of opinion arose as to the proper one to select. It was thought by the settlers who came from "Amenia" and "Romulus," New York, that the name of their old town would confer honor to this new child of the forest, while pioneers *knew* that "Sharon" was the loveliest name among ten thousand, and that the name of their home in Connecticut ought to be given to this, the new home of their adoption. Petitions were forwarded to the legislative council expressing these different views. It is related that Dr. Amariah Conklin was mounted on a horse by his father, old Dr. Conklin, and sent out with a "Sharon" petition up into Berks and Annabil settlement on his first electioneering tour. The doctor has had great success since then as a physician, but I think he never did a better day's ride in his life than when he killed those Amenia and Romulus petitions. I have hunted the old state archives high and low for them, but they are past *resurrection.*

On the 7th day of March, 1834, the act of the legislative council was approved by Gov. George B. Porter, enacting that "all that part of the county of Washtenaw comprised in surveyed township 3 south, range 3 east, be a township by the name of Sharon." In the words of your old and honored citizen, Andrew Robinson, "We are satisfied with a good name, and would not change it for any other this side of Paradise."

The first township meeting was at the house of Oliver Kellogg. At the first town meeting Lewis Allen was elected supervisor and B. F. Burnett town clerk. In the old territorial executive records at Lansing I find that on the 7th day of March, 1834 (which was the same day he approved the bill naming Sharon), Gov. Porter, with the advice and consent of the legislative council, commissioned Michah Porter and Abijah Marvin as the first justices of the peace in Sharon. I presume there are no records extant showing who, if any, were the defeated candidates for these offices of honor and trust. Certain it is that party politics did not run high here in those days, and there were no newspapers hereabouts to set forth in glowing colors the virtues of the favored aspirants, or depict the dire effects that would ensue if their opponents should be elected to rule over this people. The days had not come when newspapers were used as engines to create a furious smoke that might smirch over private or official character, and hide the malicious detractor behind the "freedom of the press," while he prayed in secret that a small fire *might* be discovered somewhere to justify the smoke. A man who sets himself up as an educator of the public through the press ought to be of clean hands and a pure heart. A hundred reporters may stand at his beck and call. A thousand busy fingers may arrange for him the chaos of types into the beautiful creations of his brain. The throbbing engines may press and whirl the pure white paper, and stamp thereon his truths or falsehoods. He may write in a gilded palace or a hovel, but his emanations, having received the dignity of an editorial "we," they are transmitted by steam and lightning to his readers as the dignified and deliberate utterances of a man who has profoundly and truthfully investigated the subject discoursed upon, or they are promulgated as the sentiment of the community. But it makes some difference whether such utterances are simply one man's dictum, or whether they have a sufficient fact foundation to make them great truths which the people will accept as their own and act up to.

The newspapers of to-day are the great popular educators. They are governed by the great law of supply and demand. Vicious readers demand an immoral issue, and are supplied. Religious communities demand their peculiar theological food, and they get it. The people make the press, and are largely responsible for its character. I may truthfully to-day compliment the press of Michigan, and in doing so I pay a deserved one and no less a compliment to the enlightened masses who support them and for whom they are toned. The press of Michigan may be counted on to make a vigorous canvass as the light of their several political views may dictate, and the man who has got a bad record, public or private, or has absurd views of public polity, better not accept any nomination or ask for the suffrages of the people who read these newspapers. The legitimate press of Michigan, with scarcely an exception, is not a sensational one. It will criticise wrong, fraud and corruption, be it in a private citizen, a corporation, or a public officer; but it is not used to retail the filth of human weakness, or defame public or private character.

I do not think that the Sharon boys took much, if any, part in the early elections here. In more modern times, at the town meetings over at "Townsend's Paint Brook Farm," or at Ambrose's, in "Sharon Hollow," the boys used to pull pretty lively on the long rope that was sometimes used to haul the biggest crowd to our side before heads were counted on the important choice of path-masters. There were some big boys there hold of that rope. For further particulars on that subject I might refer you to Milo Hunter, Jim McGee, my friend Wm. Bowers, the Rev. Daniel D. Gillett, or to Hon. John J. Robison.

I do not think the word "bulldozed" was coined in those simpler, and mayhap purer days, but I remember how the vote for a new school-house was carried in district No. 1. The old school-house was in a tottering and dilapidated condition. For over a quarter of a century its desks and benches had been cut and hacked by the jack-knives of its graduates and under-graduates. As one after another succeeded to the possession of a favorite seat—which he was on hand to pre-empt very early in the morning of a new term—the new and bigger initials of his name had to be cut over those of his predecessors, and during leisure hours from study the grooves for shooting out paper-wads had to be cut out afresh. The walls had been patched and patched with all sorts of different colored mortar—some of it stuck and some of it came down on devoted heads as the first class tramped along to "toe the crack" to spell. Some of the nails in the floor had the bad trick of working their heads up high enough to bite unlucky bare feet that came too near them as they trudged over the uneven surface to find out, at the school-master's desk, how to pronounce that word. The shingles that remained on the roof had got their backs up at being retained long after they were of age. On the outside the clapboards were off in many places; in others still, great square holes had been cut for the convenience of favorite ball-clubs. The old door that faced the south was aged and trembling, and had no hall or entry-way to bother it, or hide the boy from the teacher's eyes when he was cramming down the last bit of his apple before he came in so innocently. The old windows, through which we peeped at passers-by, or looked for the old sleigh that came about four o'clock to carry scholars who accepted the cheery invitation to "pile on all that are going this way"—these windows kept up an awful clatter, sometimes, when the master had just said, "Now let us have it so still that you can hear a pin drop." It was high time that a new house should be built. The matter had been thoroughly canvassed. At last the decisive night came, when the vote was to be taken. Considerable opposition was manifested, and I think it was led by Burr Gould.

The boys had taken from the farm of John Williams, the school-master, a persuader in the shape of a big lever, thirty or forty feet long. The fulcrum was adjusted, the boys were in position, and at the whistle of the lad who stood sentinel at the open door, just as the moderator put the question, one corner of the first school edifice in Sharon creaked and went up about two feet. The vote for a new one was nearly unanimous. The ayes and *ohs* were all counted in the affirmative. These school-houses were also used in those days for houses of worship, and every one of them had what was called an "amen corner." On the night I speak of the amen corner of this house spoke up loud and prompt.

What memories cluster around the old school-houses of this country! The miniature wells we dug there are all filled up. The rail play-houses covered with boughs we built for the girls we admired, are torn down. Some other lucky chaps are selected by special favor to take the old water-pail and saunter off leisurely for fresh water, regardless of the thirsty souls indoors, some of whom are mechanically saying, "Please, ma'am, may I leave my seat to get a drink?" How we loved some of those teachers, and how we hated others! Nearly all of them are gone now, and our hardness of heart has vanished with the lapse of years, that have also banished the whip and the ferule for the gentler and better rule of kindness. The pretty girl who used to pass the water around in the tin-cup as we came back, with such dainty grace, has for years been sleeping beneath the grass up in the old burying-ground on the corners. The snow forts that we built, and the ammunition that red hands packed into ice-balls have melted away, with all the soreness of heads or hearts that came of wounds or defeat in those boyish battle-fields of snow. Some are living lives of usefulness among you; others have gone to work out the problem of life elsewhere, and many have gone to join the great majority on the other shore. Some of those school-boys are among the heroic dead, and Sharon people never did a prouder deed than when they erected, near the town-hall, a monument to their memory. These dead heroes, which in the many

"* * * * nameless graves that lie
In East and South and West,
By the brave, heroic hearts they hold,
God give them peaceful rest."

Some of them wore no badge of authority, not even a single stripe upon the arm, but they ranked high in devotion to the cause for which they gave their lives.

"May God forbid that yet,
Or in all time to come,
We should their names forget."

These old land-marks of early educational advantages in Michigan have given way to more elaborate buildings and methods of study and teaching. Particularly is this the case in cities and villages. The country schools may have too many different instructors, and use too many different text-books that a consistent uniformity and better pay to teachers would largely obviate. It is thought by some that the graded system of the cities makes its great objective point the graduation of the few to the neglect of the larger number, whom stern necessity calls away from school before any regular course can be completed. Might not some of these superintendents and school boards come back to the country schools and pattern in some things on the models of the good old times, when they used to choose sides and spell down from "Cobb" and "Webster's Elementary?"

The men of this state who devised and carried out its system of common schools, free for the child of the poor as well as the rich man, laid a foundation for its prosperity better than they knew or dreamed of.

I remember how perfectly incomprehensible that saying used to be to me that you might start from a given spot and travel right straight ahead in one direction, and you would come back to the exact spot from which you started. Having made the circuit of the world, I understand it now.

I started out at the Sharon pioneer, and I am now coming back to them. I know that Sharon is not the whole world, but I settled here as a very small pioneer on the 10th day of March, 1840, and made it my home until the 10th day of March, 1864, and I should have to travel this wide world over to find a spot that I love better. There are others here who can tell you from personal experience how they built log-cabins without saws or nails; how the deer and Indian came to inspect their work; how night was made hideous by the howling of wolves; of the kindness of near neighbors who lived miles away, and the generous hospitality that would divide the last crust with belated travelers. Such traditions we listen to in open-eyed wonder, and tell now to our children as the experiences of their grandfathers and grandmothers. I remember seeing the bedstead with *one leg*, with hickory poles running from it to auger-holes in the logs of the house, standing as a memento of those primitive days of cabinet work, long after its designer and maker had moved into more pretentious quarters. There was no foolishness of corded rope or spring mattress about it. I feel warranted in saying that the poet who wrote,

"Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease," etc.,

had no reference to one of those pioneer bedsteads. I imagine that the uncomfortable habit of early rising prevalent hereabouts when some of us were boys was first inaugurated by bedsteads of that class, and kept up by force of habit.

The first saw-mill in Sharon—that indispensable adjunct to a new settlement—was built on section 29, by Amasa Gillett and B. F. Burnett, on the extreme northerly bend of the river Raisin.

This mill was the beginning of "Sharon Hollow." It never justified the expectations of its younger days, but it was a rare treat for some of us to go there. Goldsmith was born in 1728, so he did not take Sharon Hollow as a text for his "Deserted Village;" but when I first saw it, some portions of his poem would have been appropriate.

"How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill."

The now Rev. C. T. Allen, of the Detroit conference,—known also to many soldiers in this county as Captain Allen, but better known to Sharon folks as Charley Allen—has just taken a trip to Paris, and I think he is now there. I don't believe he went there with a lighter heart or more joyful anticipations than when he used to start from the four corners, one mile south and east of here, to spend the day in that almost "deserted village" at the times when sheep were washed, or when we used to angle for fish, and go in and ride back on the carriage, as it gigged back in the old saw-mill at the important moment when the saw reached the stub-shot of the log.

Under the sturdy strokes of our fathers the forest began to melt away and let in the sunshine to the patches of wheat that nodded their heavy heads for the cradle. The music of the flails kept time with joyous hearts as the golden grain of the first crop was beaten out. The tin bakers before the wide-mouthed fire-places stood ready to turn out a first-class article of the staff of life. Not only did those mothers know how to make good bread and butter, but they could fairly make the spinning-wheels sing when table-linen or clothes were needed for the family. These mothers' hearts were young then, and full of hope for the future. As the early morning sun came through the cabin window, latticed over by the morning-glories their hands had planted, they took up the day's task gloriously. Gloriously, because their honest hearts never dreamed that hard work was unfashionable or dishonorable. They sang the baby to sleep in a sap-trough, covered over with a nice patch-work quilt. Baby-carriages, nurse-bottles, and Mrs. Winslow had not been invented for those baby pioneers.

At the first wedding here in Sharon an incident took place that I have often heard recounted by my father, who was present. All were gathered in the one room of the house. The happy couple were partitioned off by a quilt hung in one corner of the room. One tallow candle illuminated the scene. The curtain was taken down when all was ready, and the candle held high by one of the young men of the family, who was intently watching the ceremony. Immediately after Squire Lapham (from Lodi Plains) pronounced the solemn words that the couple were husband and wife, the person holding the candle seemed to think the business was finished, and he suddenly brought it down and blew it out, leaving the company as they stood in almost total darkness. They were relieved by the execution of the order that came from the man of the house, viz: "Abe ———, light that candle." It is to be hoped that the light of their married life did not go out so suddenly.

Sharon had its wild-cat bank, and her volunteers in the famous "Toledo war" did just as good service as any who were not killed in that campaign. She had her general training days, and I can remember one in a ten-acre field just across the road from the present residence of Charles Row. I remember three men that were mounted on horses,—Col. Fellows, Ed. Robinson, and Schuyler Botsford.

No one can tell reminiscences of his boyhood home without making invidious distinctions, perhaps. He must tell them from *his* recollections, and give you the pictures as they were painted on his memory as the days went fleeting by. I cannot forget such men as Robert Triggs, or Calvin Clark, who preached all over this section in an early day; nor do I forget that good Englishman, Wakelin, who used to create a smile on the faces of the youngsters as he gave out the hymn, "Jesus, the name '*high hover hall.*'" The smile was changed to delight, as it was taken up and sung so beautifully by such singers as Henry Smith and others.

There was one man among those pioneer preachers who lived in this town, and I think left an impress by his daily walk and simple eloquence on this whole community that is felt to-day.

Father Young was the Whitefield of Sharon. The old-fashioned "hell" of fire and brimstone that used to be preached in those days had not been abolished, but I think he knew what others have since found out, that no man or woman was ever frightened into heaven. Whether he believed in it literally or not, or thought that the hell of a man's conscience was a sufficient punishment, I know not; but I think he used to draw his hearers by preaching of the Father's love. I remember more about his tender voice and tearful eyes, and his belief in a religion that commenced on Sunday and lasted right on through the week. He used to tell the fathers and mothers that Sunday and the church was not the only time or place to sow good seed, but it might be done when the fallow-ground of their hearts was best prepared to receive it. It might be that time would come when vivid lightning blinds the eye, or deep-toned thunder rolls along the sky. When you stood by budding tree, or in the field as the ripening grain beckoned the reapers to the harvest, or mayhap in the garden when the dew-drops were glistening like tears of thankfulness in the faces of the flowers, that by your home-life and home-example you might weld a cable that would anchor your children to principle when the temptations of manhood and womanhood should come. So preached he in log cabins, in school-houses, and tented groves to our fathers. I reverence his memory.

The men who settled on either side of the bend of the Raisin in 1831–2–3–4–5 and following years, are entitled to our highest regard. Not only are they entitled to our highest consideration for opening up to settlement and civilization this beautiful township, whose fields have for half a century never failed of a bountiful harvest, but they are entitled to our highest veneration for the inheritance they left us—the inheritance of good names, examples of hard toil, a stern devotion to principle, and honesty of life and purpose. It is an aristocracy that won't wash out. These Sharon farmers were aristocrats—aristocrats with muscle and courage and pluck. It is an easy matter to lay the axe at the root of the tree, but when you come to wield it in heavy blows on the monarchs of the forest, wherein lies uncarved your houses, barns, fences and fortunes, you *must* be an aristocrat.

If you want to vex an old soldier, sympathize with him because he had to carry a heavy load, march and fight. That service he glories in. If you want to vex an old pioneer, give him your sympathy for the bardships of finding a home in the wilderness. Those were probably the happiest days of his life. His pulse beats quicker now, and his eyes shine with the light of other days as he recounts them. He had the vigorous appetite that comes with out-door bodily fatigue; he had the sweet sleep that comes of a good digestion, a clean conscience and the ventilation of a *primitive* log-house. The songs of the birds, the fragrance of the beautiful wild flowers that carpeted the green earth, and the majesty and grandeur of the forests were sermons that lifted his thoughts to their Creator. His generous assistance to others who, like him, were poor in pocket but rich in manly souls, and his independent efforts to hew out a home for his loved ones, crowned his manhood. To my mind they were heroes. They never led armies to battle and to devastate, but they led *right royally* the grand march of civilization. They were statesmen, for they were toiling for the true interests of the commonwealth.

Such men made this wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose. The roses of Sharon bloomed apace, and long before the evening of their lives had come they sat down under their own vines and fig-trees. Most of them have been gathered to their fathers. By scores they lie beneath the grass-mounds which overlook the scenes of their toils and their conquests. A few, a very few, remain with us, like some of these old oaks, spared by the woodman's axe. We love those who are living, we love the memory of those who are dead.

When we speak of Sharon's pioneers—our fathers and mothers—we also eulogize the noble men and women who pioneered this state. They were the rank and file of the grand army of progress, and have done as much, if not more, than any other class of citizens to give this grand Michigan of ours the proud position she to-day occupies among the states of this Union. Her hundreds of thousands of acres of corn in its emerald luxuriousness are waving millions and millions of banners to-day in the breeze, and they are *banners of peace.* The men who till these fields are *men of peace.* They own the soil by right of honest purchase, from the proceeds of honest toil. They love peace, but they will maintain their rights. In 1835, when the great seal of this state was devised, they represented on it a man standing on the peninsula with a gun in his hand. The sun is represented as just rising out of the lake at early morning. The man stands within a shield, and over it is engraved "*Tuebor*"—I will protect. It was a wilderness then, and on either side is a moose and an elk. Above the crest is the bird of freedom. Underneath on a scroll are the words of the Latin motto: "*Si quaeris Peninsulam, Amoenam Circumspice*"—"If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look about you," or "find it here." It is a beautiful design, and does honor to the constitutional convention at Detroit that in 1835 adopted it. But it was the morning of the state then—the sun of her prosperity was just rising.

Standing here with you to-day, to celebrate with thankful hearts the successful ending of another bountiful harvest, many of us native-born to the soil of the Peninsular State—the sun of her prosperity not yet advanced to mid-day—we may all re-echo the words of the Latin motto: "If you would behold a beautiful peninsula, find it here in Michigan." In 1835 her lakes were clear and beautiful; they are no less beautiful today, but they have the added charm of the white sails of commerce. Her forests were majestic and beautiful then, but to-day they are toned down to finer shade, and set off in greater richness the choice landscapes of cultivated Michigan.

This peninsula of ours *is* beautiful—beautiful for its scenery. We may glory in her net-work of railways, her financial credit, her humane, benevolent and charitable institutions, her common schools and universities; but her chief beauty, the glory of her past, the great hope of her future in all that goes to make up the good record of an advanced civilization, is the educated and enlightened masses that have developed the resources of this state.

The farmers of Michigan have reason to be proud of their achievements. In 1838 there were only 63 miles of railroad in this state. At the close of 1877 there were 3,455 miles of completed and operated road. These roads have been made largely necessary by the contributions of Michigan farmers to the wants of the world. It is shown by our cereal statistics that in 1877 the farmers of this state harvested 1,312,314 acres, yielding a total of 23,796,214 bushels of wheat. Over a million acres in corn and oats were that year planted and sown. Your own county of Washtenaw stands third in point of wheat-production among the great wheat-producing counties of this state.

From the state census of 1873 it is shown that in Michigan 5,618,000 bushels of potatoes were raised; 1,184,000 tons of hay cut; nearly 8,000,000 pounds of wool sheared; almost 50,000,000 pounds of pork marketed; 4,000,000 pounds of cheese and 30,000,000 pounds of butter made.

The farmers of Michigan have always had large influence in controlling the legislation of this state. The last legislature assembled at Lansing had forty-two farmers out of the one hundred members of the house, and eight farmers out of the thirty-two senators. Both the speaker of the house and the lieutenant governor, who is president of the senate, are practical farmers.

When I pay to Michigan farmers the well-earned compliment for all their hard-earned achievements I by no means underrate, nor do you, the honor due to other workers. For intelligent toil—toil that takes brains and tact, and produces good results, farmers are entitled to just as much credit, and no more, than men who toil with their brain alone. To-day the farmers of Michigan are educated and intelligent. They in a large measure owe it to the teachers and preachers who do not labor with their hands, but who are right worthy of their hire. To-day there is a developed science in agriculture that chemists have wrought out; a free press disseminated, and intelligent labor has made it practical. The farmers are using with skill the improved implements that inventors and manufacturers have placed in their hands.

The farmers sell more than they buy, and they profit by the capital of men who lay down iron railroads that lead to ocean highways. The men who interpret the busy telegraph, or set up the types from which you read and take advantage of the prices current of the world; the men who manufacture your fleeces, or give you in exchange commodities which you do not wish or cannot afford to buy in wholesale quantities, are not and ought not to be your antagonists. I allude to these things to say what I know you are well aware of, that there ought to be no class antagonism among the workers of the nation. There should be no clashing between the producer and manufacturer, labor and capital, or about the payment of honest debts with honest money.

I have spoken of Sharon's birth and development. I have alluded to the men who named it, and gave it character. I have spoken to you, who are to-day as her citizens maintaining the good name of the founders of this township and increasing the productiveness of its soil, somewhat of the past. It does us good to counter-march sometimes. An absence for me of fifteen years has marked many changes. Miles of board fence have taken a straight line through the zigzag of the old rail fence, and almost pays its own way by the increased acreage that the plow may reach and till. The old stumps which were filled with stone that tumbled into the furrows and made the boys high-steppers for the moment, have been dug up and burned, adding beauty to the field and richness to the soil. The fields have been gleaned of rocks that broke the plow-point, and mayhap the third commandment, and now grace the trim stone-wall or make the foundation of the underground barn. The old log houses have crumbled away with age and disuse, but a grand resurrection of comely white and red brick farm houses attests your industry and the yield of intelligent husbandry.

The breath of near autumn can be felt in the air to-day, and the approach of silver hairs can be seen in the heads of many of you who are bearing the heat and burden of the days that bring hard toil. Hard toil. though, has won you a victory· It is not a victory that comes through idleness or shiftlessness. Its fruits are not only those that fill your orchards and vines with their luscious abundance. Your thrift has blossomed in your home surroundings. Your music, pictures, books, and amusements have cultured your children, and some of them will look back here some day and thank you for those investments.

If time would permit, I would like to say something about the other wonderful accomplishment of the old century, and prophesy what I think the signs of the times indicate—the development and progress that shall use the matchless resources of this country to pay up its indebtedness and establish its superiority as a manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural nation; how liberty and freedom of thought was won by stalwart sons from the mother country; of the progress of the republic from feeble colonies to mighty states; of the achievements of the arts and sciences and of peace; how this union of ours was preserved from a wicked rebellion that threatened its destruction; of the men who crushed it out, men who knew no party and but one flag.

My friends, this is not the hour or the day for political allusions, or I the speaker who could instruct you. I may say, however, that there is a grand old party, with a glorious banner, to which we may all belong. It is the party of good citizenship; its banner is the flag of the Union.

No state has superior advantages to Michigan for diversified farming. Soil, timber, and water are in happy proportion. It is true that Michigan winters are long, but they fill up the school houses with boys who are to be the future legislators and business men of the state. The long winters, and lots of them, with books and papers, make the cultured men and women whom I address to-day. I have three little chaps growing up to boyhood, and would rather have them educated, learn to love to work and to think for themselves than to bequeath them a fortune. It has been the salvation of many a man and woman that they were inured to toil.

There are hundreds and thousands of men and women in the cities of this land to-day who are out of work and cannot get it there. The stores, shops, and offices are besieged with applications for some light employment that cannot be granted. Some of these persons eke out a scanty subsistence, while many lead lives of shame or fill the jails, prisons, and poor houses of the land. They don't like the toil of the farm, and imagine they should be exempt from the mandate, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

In passing through the outskirts of any large city on this continent, you may see hovels in great numbers that you would scarcely think fit for your dumb brutes, and yet these are inhabited by human beings whose rags, filth, and food are detestable, and yet they clannishly center there and live no one knows how. Their numerous children probably never saw a bit of green grass, drank a cup of pure sweet milk, or breathed a breath of the fresh country air. You may wonder why in heaven's name they do not wash their faces and set them countryward to till the millions of acres in the great west that may be had almost for the asking, or come and assist you, who could raise better crops if you could get in greater numbers reliable farm hands and house servants. The painful fact is that the men who are tramping the country to-day, or starving in the filth of cities, are not willing to do hard, honest work for honest pay. They would like to be farmers on the sublime system that strawberries and cream, fresh eggs, and bread and butter, and *no work*, was the bill of fare. Plenty of them could be found now to step into your well earned competencies and farm it by "the sweat of their hired man's brow." It takes some tact, but very seldom an apple-sprout to learn boys and girls to become working men and working women. I think the sage old men ought to be abolished who go into Sunday schools and day schools and gravely talk to the scholars that this is a "free country," and that some of them may become eminent divines, noted physicians, or great lawyers. Some one is responsible for the fact that there are divines hammering the pulpit to-day that ought to have accepted the true call of their abilities to hammer out horse shoes or chop cord-wood. Perhaps this old man is not responsible for the fact that some people are physicked to death by quack doctors, or set by the *ears*, to be extricated by legal acumen or a jury of their peers.

Why did not this old prophet leave out that part of his vision until later, and advise school-boys that if they went to bed early and slept the sweet sleep of youth they would soon get up muscle enough to carry bundles in the wheat field or relieve mother at the churn; that if they were good boys and honored their father and mother, studied hard and worked well, their days would be long on the earth, and they fitted to take the shop, the farm, or the mill out of feeble hands that needed rest. How many boys have come home from school at night and forgot to bring in water and fill up the wood box, elated with the idea that deacon so and so came to school and said that some of the tow headed boys there *might* be president of the United States? How many of these same old boys are waiting around now, and have been for years, refusing to be hewers of wood or drawers of water—waiting to be president?

Farmers sell wheat now by the pound. They used to measure it up in the half-bushel. The piece of board called a "strike" used to be carefully and evenly passed over the rim of the measure and all the surplus grain struck off to help make up the next measureful. It was not allowable to shake down the measure or jar it with the strike. That was simple justice. A farmer cannot be extremely generous, but the good ones are extremely just. Sometimes this "strike-board" would get warped and bent, just like the judgment or integrity of the man to whom it belonged. When it passed over the grain in the measure it would scoop down into the center and take out too much. If that grain had been carefully weighed it would have fallen short,—shrunk up like the man's conscience who struck off too much wheat. Farmers as a rule are not a stingy or penurious class, but the tricks of some of them have made inroads on the good name of reputable men. Some of them are counterfeiters, and sell their wares in imitation of the genuine. Such men sell too much salt in their butter and foul stuff in their grain; their unwashed fleeces and windfall apples damage prices in the whole section from whence they are marketed. Such men not only spoil prices, but they disgust their boys by the untidiness of their farms, the discomforts of home-life, and their dishonest practices. They are glad to leave the farm for more congenial surroundings, and for the education and culture that make men. Too many of these farmer boys find out too late that their education and correct habits of thought have been shrunk out of them by some penurious man whose "strike" was warped the wrong way. The boy was well-fed and well-worked, but when he comes to balance himself against the rough corners of the world with which he has to deal, he finds that somebody has cheated him. He is short weight. He could not claim a rounded measure perhaps, but simple justice demanded an even one. The unlucky "strike" gouged too deep, and robbed him of the education and manliness that make good citizens and independent men.

If the farmers of Michigan work too large farms, could they not work less acres and reap more abundantly? Might they not do something to counteract the mischievous doctrine of *communism*, that is born of idleness and ignorance, and divide up some of these large farms with the *boys*, who are your hope and pride? Their good habits and education are worth more to you and the future than broad acres. They are surer to find true happiness and health in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture than in the learned professions, in trade, or political preferment. You may thus add to the well-being of the race, and contribute to the wealth of the state by giving educated, honest toilers for its prosperity. You may thus do something to help to counteract the vicious schemes of demagogues who seek to incite class rebellion among men who would prey upon your prosperity—who want something for nothing.

You may establish such a communism as I have briefly indicated. It is the only kind that you and the good people of this country will ever tolerate.

True it is that some good business men, great preachers and teachers, men that plead law, and statesmen that plead for human rights are called from the shops and farms. If your boys and girls are so called to other honorable pursuits, do not discourage such a laudable ambition, but first thoroughly educate them, and teach them to work and to love to work. You will then have bequeathed them the best and only true genius that wins success. Perchance they may not win renown, but they will be almost certain of being *good citizens*, whatever their avocation. "No true work since the world began was ever wasted. No true life since the world began has ever failed."

Good citizens to-day and in the years to come are the hope of Sharon, the hope of the state and nation. They are the hope of humanity and the world.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.

A Historical Paper prepared by Mrs. Mary E. Foster, of Ann Arbor, and read by her at the Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Pioneer Society, at Lansing.

I come before you the representative of one of our pioneer families, formerly of Lodi, now of Ann Arbor, Washtenaw county.

My father was the eldest son of Peter and Hannah Lowry, and my mother was the daughter of David and Elizabeth Wickham, all of Onondaga county, New York. John Lowry was born February 14th, 1793; Sylvia, his wife, was born March 20th, 1799; they were married February, 1821.

My father's grand-father, John Peter Lowry, was stolen from a school in England, with twelve other boys, when a lad thirteen years old, and brought to America. He was sold to service for five years to pay his passage. His name at that time being Lowden, it was changed to Lowry when he commenced his five years' service in Pennsylvania. He served the five years honorably, and when about twenty-four he took for his better half a Dutch wife, with whom he lived years, and the family were Dutch speaking, he living past his ninety-ninth birth-day, entirely blind for many years; and yet not blind spiritually. He communed daily with the Father of light, requesting and insisting that all his grand-children and great-grand-children that were born after his blindness should be brought to him, that he might lay his hands upon them and ask God's especial care and presence to continue with them, the writer being the last great-grand-child to receive his benediction.

On December 13th, 1822, my father and mother rejoiced over their first born son, who was called James. He has long since passed over the river, leaving a wife, three daughters and one son. Although poverty surrounded them, they were thankful for this gift, and resolved more firmly than ever before, by earnest endeavor, to have a home of their own. Previous to this they rented a farm, and moved, not as most people move in these days; they took their goods, all they possessed, and walked to this their first home, driving a cow given them by my mother's parents.

My father's education was limited, as far as schools were concerned, six months being the maximum and a meager supply of books, his slate and pencil being procured from a running brook near by; and my mother's education was limited. They were not satisfied with the prospects before them, and they decided to look for some locality where they could secure what they so much longed for, a home of their own. My father's first trip was to Quebec, where he engaged in rafting, but this did not satisfy, and in the spring of 1825 they mutually decided to go to the then far west.

On June 2d of that year they were made aware of the presence of a black curly haired daughter, which they soon named Mary Elizabeth, and as she stands before you you will discover that the suns of fifty-three summers have somewhat faded and changed the color of the hair, and time has made its impress upon the face, but allow me to assure you, the heart pulsates for humanity more to-day than on that Thursday afternoon.

The last of that June month, John Lowry gave the kisses of good bye and left for Michigan, by way of the Erie canal and lake Erie. He found his way to Ann Arbor with great difficulty, taking a guide to Lodi Plains. He was delighted with the Plains, but he had been taught that no lands were equal to heavy timbered land for a farm, and he feared to purchase, but decided to buy eighty acres as an experiment. At that time he could have taken nearly all of it from the government for ten shillings per acre. For a farm to live on, he bought about one and a-half miles north in the timber, where there were many maple trees for a sugar orchard, and a variety of timber and a clear running brook.

My mother often told us how much of hope and fear were mingled together when our father returned saying he had seen the Eden of the west, and when he told our neighbors and friends he should go to that goodly land the next year, they implored him not to take his family to be devoured by wolves, or exposed to the embrace of bears, which was sure death; and if these did not prove enemies, they had inward convictions that the Indians would take our scalps. Everything was brought to bear to dissuade us, but they were decided, and these things did not move them.

The last days of May the next year found boxes and barrels being filled with such things as were most needed in a new country, and June 2d, 1826, found us at Ralymond Kellogg's, whose wife, Olive, was a half sister of our mother's; (their son, George D. Kellogg, and family reside at Matherton, in this state); their home was at Marcellus village, where my mother's youngest sister, Harriet, lived. Now came the trying time for my mother—when presents and good byes were given, and tears fell so profusely, for auntie feared this was a final separation.

Our father cheered them by saying my mother might come to them the next year; hands were extended to me and I took my first walk across the room alone, which was a surprise to all, as this was my first birthday; this event made them sure they should never see us again, and my father found it necessary to go before any further omen of ill should develop. A few hours later and we as a family, goods, etc., were snugly stowed away on a packet boat bound for Buffalo. We were several days reaching this place, but thought this a charming way to travel. We secured passage across lake Erie on the schooner Lady of the Lake, and were about two weeks reaching Detroit. We found this a small French town, peculiar in appearance (as since described by my parents), with but one tavern, kept by a Frenchman. A sister of my father, her husband and one child, Mr. and Mrs. John Cobb and Eliza came with us; beds could only be obtained for the women and children; the men were glad to rest on the floor.

Father wanted to stay a day or two longer, but the rest of our party thought best to go if they went on foot. A span of French ponies and a lumber wagon were secured, and the women and children loaded in, also what baggage they could draw, the men securing poles to assist them through the mud and mire. The first night found us in more comfortable quarters on the river Rouge, the mothers rejoicing that their children were not fatherless.

I think it took three days to reach Ann Arbor, when all began to take in the situation—what a home in the west meant. As Ann Arbor has been written up in its infancy and more mature years by others, I pass. I cannot recall the name of the people where we lived while our log house sprang into existence, five miles south of Ann Arbor (it might have been Stratton); it was there my first distinct remembrances of life and happiness began. As I recall those days, there stands before me in imagination, a form so broad, so strong and symmetrical in proportion, with hair of brown and eyes so grey, and hands of honest toil. I see him going forth before the break of day in drab surtout, and cap that Sylvia's hands had wrought, to track the deer or wait for wild cats huge, on winter mornings cold, when crystal forms assuming many shapes descend so slowly; his is no uncertain effort; he knows the licks and runs and bubbling springs where the buck and doe stoop to drink and all their day-dawn pasture grounds, and strong of will and step he goes amid the snows and brush in search of venison. On and on he goes until he nears the passing place or run-way, then breathless stands he like some gnarled oak shorn of top and branches all, save the glorious cap of snow resting upon the trunk; there stands this father mine, thinking of the loving hands and heart that helped to make the leaden balls and wads and patches, who listen in the cabin home for the first report which meant success, so sure a shot was he; this was our mother, 'twas she that knelt beside our bed where we were snugly tucked, my brother James and I, as she listened for other sounds, or more like unto the first, she said get up and see what father brings. Out we bound, dears of another fold, and watch, while mother makes ready the morning meal, soon appears within the clearing around our home our pride, our hope, our trust. As he nearer comes a paw is seen, a tail of grey, more paws, and stripes and hideous claws, and head and ears like cats, say we, and we are left to guess, while father laughs at our surprise; and mother wants to know just how these rebellious ones accepted their unlooked-for capture, and long before the wonder as to how they lived, and where, the daily toil begins; and cats so wild are hung to await the noonday hour or evening time, which could best be used to rid them of their coats; high up they are nailed to dry or by some other process tanned for future use. After piling our log fire, we all sit by its light and work or read, and interchange of thought goes on, as to the day that's past, and consultations as to the morrow. Many a face and form is recalled of our dear absent ones, while we that sit in little chairs read volumes in the sparks and flame, and changing forms of wood, with fire aglow. We sleep; and when we wake the fire is covered for the night, and all is hushed. Our mother's name is called, because our father told us 'twas time for little folks to rest, but we thought 'twere better far to sit and watch the glowing fire than sleep; but does our mother answer? No. She quiet keeps, and after a long pause our father says, such little folks had better stay up all night or retire as best they can without their mother's care; 'twas then we learned that children were not always wise, and troubled were our dreams. That early dawn brought rifle from its place upon the uncovered beam, and powder horn, taken from some pet cow that in the mire went down, with wooden piece so nicely fitted in to make the thing complete, and out our father goes again, the same appearance in the dim morning light, to obtain the desired food, that escaped the hunter's eye the previous morning.

Now in our home, where once hung blankets, white and blue, now hangs a door and wooden latch and hinges long; and tow or leathern string, and near by the window-pane and sash; and loving father's hands with froe and axe and saw had split the logs, and lain the floor, and by the fire-light wrought and bored the holes, till it stood a bedstead so complete except the cord. This great need is soon supplied by bark, so nicely peeled and woven in by magic charm. No sooner were these complete than were they placed on either side, close in the corner, and then appeared our mother, to lift the beds and spread with care and taste. The broom of splint appeared to help remove the chips, while pot-ash cake stood closely covered by bright coals before the fire. In another corner pegs, like great strong arms, were placed supporting boards; on these the blue-edged plates appeared, and cups and saucers, knives of iron or steel, and pewter spoons and platter bright, while just below the iron skillet and wooden bucket stood, and kersey towel hung near by. The baking-kettle lid is raised, the kettle turned and coals upon the lid replenished.

Our mother listens: the echo of a gun is heard, and yet again she hears the report. After hours of anxious waiting, tired and hungry, comes the successful hunter after food and help to bring the strong, persistent deer. After the morning meal, so long in readiness, our mother with right good will goes forth and lends a helping hand. Her parting words—I almost hear them now—"be good and do not touch the fire." We wait not long; with faces all aglow they come, bearing the high horns and sinewy form, all dressed in grey. My brother brings the gambrel, and soon the prize is lifted in its place behind the house. The work of skinning and preparing for future use is soon over and venison hangs suspended from beams above, and days and nights are filled with earnest work, and thoughts of future good or ill; and shapeless forms of wood are worked by fire-light into useful things, with shave and rasp, and bits of glass and pocket-knife—when soon a bow appears, with wooden key, and shaped and fitted to "buck" or "bright," or "diamond's" neck. Then from a straight and shapeless stick appears a crooked wooden yoke, and this is fitted to the sturdy necks that are to bear their part in the daily toil. They bow their handsome horns, crowned with shining knobs of brass to yoke and bow, so white and new, with hickory keys secured.

Next comes the preparation of great runners, shod with wood or iron; beams and raves, and tongue and stakes. Now song is heard from overflowing hearts, which is real worship. Then a neighbor is announced, as new and earnest, come to share the weal or woe of western life; and when the moon is high in heaven, and stars look down, adding their lesser light, we of our cabin home decided to take from stable warm the well-kept pair, to try the yoke and sled with chain made fast to either stake, and hay and quilts and blankets that once were doors and windows, now well spread out. Now all's in readiness, off we go, to know who is our neighbor, what their prospects, hopes or fears, and what kindly aid can stranger faces bring by word or act or living deeds. Now fairly on our way my brother James and I such questions ask about the milky way, and dippers great and small, and star of night, and peoples dark or fair that dwell high in yonder worlds called stars, until my precious mother asks for rest. Then deer-skin whip, on hickory stock swings high, and like a pistol shot it snaps; and "haw" or "gee" is heard as on we go with quickened pace, and none impatient grew. Now we alight with haste, and that most hearty welcome of "come in" is heard from hearts that feel no bitterness; and in this shanty-home is hung many new and wondrous things to children's eyes; how we wonderingly look, and sit all ears to catch each word that comes from young or old, and thus we ask and answer, while to and fro walks the house-wife, with willing hands and glad to spread a sumptuous meal for neighbors true. They chat and eat and drink; no cider goes the round to muddle tongue or brain, for all the apple-trees are crab; nor wine from currants red, as yet they grow not here; a temperance band around that board, whose stimulants are earnest thoughts and high endeavor.

We take our leave and cordial invitations are exchanged to know each other better; and soon the little questioners give the parents rest. They sleep; and oh, how sweet, until the owl is heard asking, "who, who are you?" when we are all intent on knowing how he knew we were out. Our father tried to tell, but no convincing word helped us to understand how he could talk, nor did we cease to wonder, until we saw and handled one, who in a lawless mood came near to our pet hen and brood, that she had reared the summer months before, and learned, too late, that we were trappers of "who are you?"

Thus passed this first winter in our wild-wood home; and spring came with its showers and sunny days; the modest wild flowers spring, and gorgeous adder-tongue, the unfolding mandrake, and jack-in-the-pulpit everywhere. With this resurrection-time came the tender pigs and calves that bruin loves so well; and on old logs in sunny nooks the porcupine and coon, and sly and cunning fox, and many other things came forth, and seemed as much surprised as we to find they weren't alone.

Later came the mother deer and tender fawn, with eyes so bright and gentle, all spotted o'er with more artistic skill than any human hand can do; and disciplined so well that mother's look or motion gave the warning, and out of sight they bound beyond the white man's clearing, or Indian camp-fires, or sound of wood-man's axe.

There were not many cows, yet the few made it literally true that the land flowed with milk and honey, the latter being found in great abundance, and our father and mother knew just how to find it. They spent many a day together lining bees. After the logging was over in the spring of 1827, our mother started for New York state to make the promised visit, and the decision before she started was, that she should invite her sister, Harriet Wickham, to return with her, to share our joys and hopes. Few were the letters we wrote to friends in those times, as each sheet cost twenty-five cents, and such a thing as an envelope had not as yet suggested itself. We heard from mother but once, and that was to tell us when she would reach Detroit, providing the winds and waves did not retard. Oh! how lonely we were without her cheerful face, but when she came and brought her charming sister, a young lady of eighteen, I was so over-awed that I hid behind the door; and even my mother looked so strange, with the new clothes that I had never seen before, and a new bonnet presented by her sister. I could not feel at home with her until they were put in the chest, and she assumed her accustomed dress. I can almost see the silent tears that dropped, one by one, because I did not recognize her.

Soon after her return our father was stricken with that terrible disease that is so often alluded to as nothing but the ague. He was always delirious when the fever was on, and talked constantly. After he had suffered for several weeks, I heard him say to my mother, "Let us go back; I shall never get over this disease." At first she looked sad and did not speak, but when pressed for a reply, she said, "No; I cannot do that; we came to secure a home for ourselves and our children;" and she told him she would work out as well as in-doors until he was better. She cheered him by looks as well as words. When he was well again, how he praised her for her courage and firmness. She did work out, day after day, the first years, to encourage and shield him when he was sick, and they were not the only ones that struggled through every difficulty; hundreds did it, and were just as strong and brave as they. About this time came Mr. Lathrop, Alonzo Holcomb, Mr. Leverance and Webster (the two last being bachelors). Mr. Lathrop planted a nursery, the first apple trees grown for sale in that locality, and the apple trees that now stand on what is known as the Hedden farm, between Ann Arbor and Saline, are on the very spot. Mr. Hancock lived on the south part of the Hicks farm. Thomas Wood, Horace and Virgil Booth are now made known to us by asking for board until they could select farms and make the necessary improvements. The wood man's axe is the music by day, and cow-bells the best music at morning and evening, as the cows follow the Indian trail to and from their frequented quiet nooks, for as yet our roads were marked by blazed trees, and every man carried an axe.

Our Indian neighbors were plenty, and they seemed glad that the Schemake-man had come to raise corn and potatoes, of which they were so fond. They were of the Pottawattamie tribe, and were kindly disposed towards toward the whites. An old chief that had incurred the displeasure of his tribe lived in and about this settlement; his name was Poe-watt. He had a wife and children; when sober he was considerate; when drunk the effect of his fire-water made him warlike and ungovernable. He used to hunt and fish with Timothy W. Hunt and my father, showing them the spot in the lakes where there was an abundance of fish, and the good hunting grounds—he always respecting my father's opinions. The women and children in the settlement were afraid of him, or most of them, especially when he had imbibed freely of what was never known to the red man until so-called civilization introduced it. In the absence of the men he asked for anything he wanted, and generally was supplied. I saw him attempt to enter our home when intoxicated, in my father's absence. My mother met him at the door and told him he could not come in, when he informed her he would, and he made the attempt; she took him by the arm and walked him out, saying, "When you come sober you may come in." Then came the attempt to ape the white man's oaths; the door was shut and the latch-string pulled in. His next appearance was to press his lips and face against the window-pane until he tired of this; then reeling went to the bars, when thoughts of future ill came over him he called my father, cried and whooped as none but Indians can. At last our mother asked what was the matter. He said the Schemoke would kill him when he came from Salt-seba, meaning Saline, because he did not mind his squaw.

Poe-watt's only friends were the whites. He endured terrible persecutions from his tribe, his back being fearfully gashed and he left for dead, until at last they did kill him.

The summer's toil is over, and the winters pass pleasantly by the log fires; the smoke and sparks ascend toward heaven through a stick chimney all plastered over with clay, to prevent the wood from taking fire, while at the bottom and behind were great stones to support the structure.

We could now visit almost any city in our state, and look it over generally, in the time it took us to call on one of our more remote neighbors; and then what about forty miles to mill? this we did, as some of you remember. It is all over now, and we enjoy what they toiled for, and we, as a rule, grumble far more.

In the spring of 1828 we heard of and longed to look upon many other families. They came one by one, and these are the names of some of them: Smith Lapham, Mr. Stillman, Orin Howe, Messrs. Williams and Gooden, Timothy W. Hunt, Harvey Austin, Mr. Beckwith, Mr. Weller, Grant Perry and brother, Mr. Thompson, Harlow Fellows, Messrs. Swain, Hatch and Stewart, also Mr. Gilbert, the husband of the late Mother Gilbert, who used to be called Aunt Hannah by many. She is said to be the first woman that offered prayer audibly in private or in public. Her's was a firm faith and an earnest life, ever drinking at the fountain from whence cometh our strength. It was her's to overcome great obstacles in the spirit of a true Christian, and she has gone to her reward. It did not take famine, war, fire and flood to compel people to love their neighbors as themselves.

This accession brought quite a number of young people, and they made haste to get acquainted. The maple trees were tapped, wooden troughs dug out and sugar making commenced. The young people and some of the older ones gathered in various sugar camps, to eat the wax that looks so like amber on the snow. There was more of merrymaking than ever before, and the old adage seemed fully endorsed by the men, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the Jills thought it equally applicable to them. Next in order came the putting down of board floors, so nice and smooth above and below. Our parlor, dining room, and kitchen being all one room, and the ricketty ladder was supplanted by one strong and new.

The profusion of wild flowers all about us cannot be understood by any that have never been so fortunate as to see them in their native grandeur; and as my brother and I went with hands filled to our mother, we received in return such a slice from one of those luscious loaves, fresh from that great bake kettle, and one of our luxuries was a cake baked in the ashes.

I can never forget the wild turkeys and spare ribs roasted before the fire, while just over in the corner hung the long honey bag, with its constant dripping of the sweets of flowers, and in the other corner, on a clean swept place, on a large stone, are white cobs set up, while under and within are coal to consume them, these cob ashes serve as saleratus.

As the last summer month is about to dawn upon us, the early morning of July 31st, 1828, the ears of a quiet sleeper were startled by strange voices, and when the eyes opened they saw tallow dips moving to and fro, and soon recognized the face of one of my mother's dearest friends, with a bundle on her lap all wrapped in flannel, and I heard her say, "She has a veil over her face; do remove it," she said to another neighbor. I began to feel it was time for investigation, I reached the place in time to see the veil of tisssue removed, when I was informed that I had a sister. We all accepted the gift with gratitude.

The next new thing was our log barn, and young people came often to our home, and one young man came more frequent than the rest; a few months passed, and such a busy time, when all things were complete, in came our neighbors, one by one. I began to ask if this were preaching day, and soon I saw the face that I had seen as teacher of the people, and in the house of mourning as their comforter, and yet I could not understand, but soon I saw my darling auntie, that loved us with so much devotion, led to the marriage altar by this fair haired youth, whose name was Thomas Wood. Their home was all in readiness, about two miles distant, and soon we obtained consent to visit this new uncle's home unattended by our parents. This new departure proved most satisfactory, and many were the days we spent going to and fro.

Mr. Williams owned a pony, the only animal of its kind here, it was much sought for, and for a long time it drew the little wagon that carried the remains of those that died among us; or if a message were to be sent in haste.

Harriet Stillman was the first young lady that died. This event so unlooked for and so sudden made every family feel they must give their presence at the funeral. It was not best always to take children, nor was it best to leave the cabins alone; on this occasion my brother and I were left at home. The weather was severe, and my brother thought best to replenish the fire, and I thought 'twould be a smart thing to shut him out for a time, accordingly the string was pulled in; then getting impatient I stepped out to tell him I had shut him out, and closed the door behind me, thus both were out with no way to get in We tried in vain, and at last resorted to the log barn, where I was covered with dried grass, and was thus kept from freezing until the return of our parents; 'twas father that took me in his arms, and wrapped that drab surtout about me, nor did he chide me; but that great heart gave throbs that I had never felt before, nor were we left thus alone for many months. Death continued to do its work in other homes. Betsy Howe died; her youngest brother Edwin, who graduated at West Point, shot George Phips accidentally.

Barns and school-houses as well as dwellings were appearing in every direction; and each year the Indians went through by hundreds on their trails to get their pay and presents from government; they were paid at Malden. Harlow Fellows and Robert Wheaton were in my father's employ, and they were men of muscle. They could make the log fires glow by day or night in the clearing where they had felled the trees and split the rails; but Josephine Knight and Emily Dwinnell soon captured them, and they were building homes and clearing land of their own. Eli Benton came, and in due time secured a home and made the acquaintance of my father's sister, Ann, and he soon became my uncle, and they still reside near where was their first home on Lodi Plains.

The old Plymouth road to Detroit was the first traveled. Later the territorial road was worked and traveled from Detroit to Chicago. Miss Polly Stratton taught the first school in a school-house. Orin Howe was postmaster for many years, and a member of the legislative body about 1838, and Capt. John Lowry was a member of that body in 1839. Before this my grand-father and grand-mother came to live with us; also my father's brother, Cornelius Lowry, and his family. He still lives on a farm a little southwest of Lodi Plains. Friends from the east began to have a desire to visit the west; among them I remember Elijah Phillips and my cousin George D. Kellogg. They brought a book called, "Yankee among the Nullifiers," which set forth governmental matters in a very funny style. This nullification crisis in 1832 showed how self-conceit led men to distrust the wisdom of our great men that founded and signed that compact which in after years was the pride of all parties and all leaders of parties. There had been no cessation of praise during the nullification troubles. Some praised it because it protected labor in a certain locality; others praised it because it afforded the means of indirectly assailing that sectional scheme. Thus the would-be leaders of our settlements lost much time and nearly all of their influence, while the men of energy and dignity were improving the present hour and looking beyond for practical results.

December 13th, 1833, brought us that world-renowned meteoric shower. That morning father thought to start with a load of wheat at three, but the sight was so grand he did not get started as early as he intended. This wheat was to buy lumber for a framed barn on the plain, he being satisfied that anything would grow there, and this was preparatory to moving the family for a permanent home. The summer of 1834 brought the cholera very near us; eight persons died at Saline, causing intense excitement.

The year 1835 found the farmers willing to mortgage their farms for a stipulated sum to get a railroad from Ypsilanti to Tecumseh, so great was the success of the Michigan Central, and much work was done and a large sum of money expended with no practical result, and years passed before those mortgages were discharged. We left our home, where I had my first days of consciousness, my first play-house near the old mud-over, the orchard where our mother killed the deer, the sugar bush, the paw-paw tree with its brown blossoms and browner fruit, the boxwood and wild plum; but the hardest thing of all to leave was the bubbling brook that ran near by, where brother helped to catch the shining fish, and never tired when I could keep him company, and in our pail well filled with water, carried them alive to show our sister. We left all these with much regret, to live upon the plains, but had no regrets in after years.

In 1839 the lumber was selected with much care, free from knots and choice, and put into a kiln, after being weather dried, and strong and heavy timber used to make the frame of our last home upon the plains.

Our log house stood behind a row of cherry trees, and near by, beyond the well, stood the old corn house, where we used to spin and weave the cloth for daily use.

In January, 1840, we occupied our new home—our last home—and in the kitchen was placed our first cooking stove, which put our old tin oven, or baker, in the shade, and home-made carpets made of wool were sewed and laid and curtains hung, and wheels and reels, great and small, and massive loom, all sent into the wood-house chamber and all arranged for coming days.

In the spring, one April day, the 2d of that month, a bud of promise came to us, and soon in favor grew with all our household, and he was by general consent called John junior. He soon learned, when mother was not easy found, to cry ; that brought her every time, and he would not desist when grandma showed her teeth. Soon his exploring mind led him to walk into the street and call upon our neighbors. In our home lived our father's aged aunt, Hannah by name. She spoke the German tongue most fluently. She was glad to rock this baby John, awake or asleep, and never seemed to tire. This new departure caused her much grief, and to her room she went, and on her knees she asked that he might be restored in safety, and for general blessings on the wanderer's head. That simple faith in broken accents given into the ear of the Infinite, that understands all languages, and all that comes from stammering lips and sincere hearts, that faith helped me to trust and look beyond. Before the prayer had ceased the youngster came, with hat all wreathed in flowers and apron full. As he neared the door he commenced to tell of the wonders and kind words the neighbors gave. It was ever so this aged saint held him in arms of prayer, even when death's cold hand had touched the lips, they breathed a prayer for him of tender years, and now, with whiskers long and hair with streaks of grey, he lives in manhood's prime. One child has he, a son, who has passed his thirteenth summer. He draws the house, the ship, or flower, or water flowing from the pitcher's mouth, or dog, or gun, and many other things this roguish, brown-haired boy can make when in the mood.

Imagination is the mind working upon the materials supplied by memory, dissolving to recreate. Not satisfied with the order prescribed by nature or suggested by accident, it selects parts to form a new and more pleasing whole. When ceaseless care and age enfeebles the body, is not the mind cleared of all its misty shadows? then does not the imagination paint many a picture, and is it not reflected? we may not see that reflection, and if we do we may not understand its meaning. Who knows as well as those that have gathered precious stores of knowledge, like shells upon the shores of time, how to arrange artistically and paint by word pictures? who does not like to listen to those lips that can interest the laborers, the real toilers for humanity, or when heart and brain are summoned, can choose words that shall be like "apples of gold in pictures of silver?" The past is the field from which we gather wisdom for the future. Has not the question been settled long ago that energy and force marked every step of pioneer work? have they not supplied all needs according to the apportionment given? and where shall we look, if not to the pioneer, for dignity of deportment, that dignity without display, that commands respect, that without lavish expenditures makes one feel we are in the presence of real manhood, because self-respect permeates the whole nature, while he fully endorses the sentiment that was given in the sermon on the mount, the pure in heart shall see God? "We have had the Dally Madisons, that were aids and sharers in their husbands' greatness, and we have had men great in heavenly gifts, but, like Burr, they were scorched and burned by consuming passion, making their lives and characters a hideous warning." May we not call our pioneers artists? have they not been constantly translating mind into matter? With almost prophetic gaze the future is foretold. While eye and brain are in the years to come, the hand takes pencil and brush and as against the sky or high on canvas stretched, and near some real home, are massive boards nailed fast to upright posts, and there the artist writes his thoughts, and as the passing traveler nears the place, he looks and stops and reads.

The figure at the right is a female form, with heavy chain in her left hand, but broken are the links. In her right hand she holds the balances; to the left, and in the act of rising, is the figure of a man of darker hue, and lips so thick and hair like wool, but clad in freeman's garb; while around one wrist is clasped the other end of slavery's chain, with many missing links, and to his sister he looks up for help and perfect freedom, their faces all aglow with triumph, and just below appears this motto: "Liberty to the fugitive captive and the oppressed over all the earth, both male and female of all colors."

Many that looked and read seemed not to understand, and others said, "so let it be." One bowed low, and prostrate fell before the prophecy of slavery's struggle looming up in the near future. It was my father's thought transferred to matter, that other minds might see and feel; that relief should come to all the oppressed, and he did not eschew the words of Mr. Webster when he said: "In regard to our country there is no poetry like the poetry of events;" and while the political sea is one of perpetual unrest, some great truths ever ride on the waves as did slavery's overthrow represented by the man, and the ballot in the hands of all was represented by the woman dealing justice to all. Many pioneers were found full of bright hopes and future visions, which we, their children, have lived to see fulfilled. Were these artists of most royal stripe, that would spurn to live at old Vesuvius' feet, subject to his incessant smoke and fiercer wrath of ashes, fire and stone?

No pittance dealt by kingly rule could satisfy our liberty-loving hearts, of nobler birth than kings, on free Columbia's soil. Nor would we stay and longer pine, and longer wait for greater good, had we once tasted of the stream so broad, so free to all, as did the little band that from Genoa sailed, whose faith was in their God.

Did not many of our pioneers attain to the clear and distinct knowledge of first principles in their search after absolute truth and ultimate reality? Did they not enumerate, analyze, determine, designate, ascertain, formulate and deduce until they made some approach to absolute reality? If so, they were translating matter into mind; then who shall say they were not philosophers? Some of them sitting upon the summit of real knowldge, while many helped to form the base or foundation called science, "which is the reduction of individual facts until it rises from the visible to the invisible, from what we observe by sense to what we know by reason." They were master builders, conceiving and executing continually. Were they not literally strong pillars for others to tie to? had they not ventilation and sunlight, pure air and water, and did they not have real homes, from whence sprang most of our presidents and leading minds that mould empires and guide states? Then if it be true that the reserve brain force is nourished in the country, shall we not educate, improve the ground from whence spring these buds of promise, that the flower may attain a high degree of perfection, and the fruitage yield abundance?

What monument of stone can bear any comparison to the monument of a great and noble character that stands out in living lines for the loving reverence of those who will cherish it? Eternity alone can unfold the extent of such labors. Have not many of our households found the spring of perpetual youth? are they not reaching loving hands to welcome us to a land that knows no decay, a land where no darkness is, a land of light, where we may taste with them of the river of life?

WAYNE COUNTY.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF PLYMOUTH.—BY A. B. MARKHAM.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 6th, 1877.

I started from East Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York, on the 6th day of December, 1825, with my pack on my back, bound for the territory of Michigan, with one hundred and fourteen dollars in bank bills in my pocket, proud as the gates of pleasure and pleasing anticipations would allow me to be. I bent my course towards "the west" by way of Buffalo, where I arrived on the 8th at evening. Here I found a young man by the name of Gates, who persuaded me to take passage on board of a small schooner named Goodintent, which was to start for Detroit the next morning at nine o'clock. The lateness of the season made me doubt my safety on board of so small a craft; but the reports that there were thieves and murderers on the route through Canada, together with the thought of the long journey on foot with a heavy pack and the amount of money I had, almost induced me to take the advice of my friend Gates and ship on board the Goodintent. I went on board and asked the amount of fare, but did not yet pay for my passage. I soon began to feel that I was not in the right place; I began to feel alarmed for my safety; my knees trembled and smote together like Belshazzar's, and it seemed as though I was compelled by some power unknown to me to leave that vessel. When the captain came on board and gave the order to "shove off," my pack went onto my back, I ran across the deck, feeling as if I was propelled by the power of a hundred men, and leaped for *terra firma.*

I made the wharf on all fours, and some good man, of whom I shall speak hearafter, helped me to my feet amid the shouts of the multitude on shore, and the jeers of the passengers on board. I made my way toward Black Rock, glad to be once more on land plodding my way toward Michigan in the way I at first intended. I crossed the river at Black Rock and put up at a tavern near the battle ground, in Chippewa. There was a terrible storm that night; it thundered and lightened and rained, then froze and snowed, and the wind blew a perfect gale.

The next morning the Goodintent was found in Buffalo, but not a live man on board. Thanks to heaven and my good legs, I was safe in Canada. I now pursued my journey without much trouble, save the deep snow, which was in many places nearly two feet deep, till I got to the "long-woods," as they were called. Here was a tavern that was kept by a man by the name of Aljo, thirteen miles from any other house on one side and six on the other. Here was the place where thieves and robbers were said to be numerous and active. About two o'clock in the evening there came in a tall man with a pack on his back, but he looked rather suspicious, and the host cautioned me to have an eye single to his inquiries and actions, and advised me to pay my bill that night and be off in the morning very early, and get away from him if it was possible. This placed me on my guard. This fellow was traveling the other way, but proposed to go back with me. These things, all put together, made me think I was again on the Goodintent, bound for destruction; but, sink or swim, I was determined to have me a farm in the territory of Michigan. I therefore took the advice of mine host and started at least one hour before daylight, and at about sunrise I heard this fellow behind me, calling to me to wait for he was coming. He came up and we went on for some time. By and by he began to make inquiries about my business; what I was going to Michigan for, etc. I told him I had an uncle in Detroit, who was an under officer in the army, and wanted me to take care of his horses; he also wanted to know how much money I had, and other like questions, all of which I answered in a very simple, boyish manner, not one word of truth in all I told him. I was obliged to exercise all my wits in order to save my hundred dollars and my life. We had now got to a place covered with thick underwood, and about two miles and a half through to a French settlement, and it was very nearly sundown. Here I made a feint and went into the bushes as though I should rest awhile; he going along, I soon stepped into the road, but did not see him; he had probably gone out, too. Now, I thought, was my time, and if ever my legs served me well, it was then. They carried me through that thicket to the French settlement as quick as ever any man went on foot that distance. I saw no more of my unwholesome companion. I heard he was the head of a noted gang of robbers. I took a good rest that night at a private house, thankful that there were no more long woods to pass through, and again rejoicing that I should be a land holder in the territory of Michigan. I now continued my journey with alacrity, and in one day I was within twelve miles of Chatham. The next day I arrived at Detroit a little after dark, well satisfied with my safe journey through the dominions of George the IV.

On my arrival at Detroit I put up with a man by the name of Campbell, near the river, where I got a good rest from my sixty miles travel of the previous day. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell gave me all the information they could about the country. Their hotel was a small frame building with a bakery attached. They afterward built the Eagle Tavern. They gave me the direction to the home of an old associate by the name of Oliver Torrey, who lived in Bloomfield, Oakland county.

I moved on very quietly over the new and muddy roads, as happy as a man could be in my circumstances. The country I passed through from Detroit to what was then called "Piety Hill" was not very pleasing to me, yet I did not despair of finding a more agreeable spot of ground than there was on this route. At about sun-set I found my friend Torrey, pleasantly situated in a log-cabin and very happy. Such a friendly meeting as we had cannot be described by even the pen of a ready writer. This was the first log-cabin I ever entered in Michigan. Here was contentment in its purity; kitchen, pantry, bed-room, sitting-room, parlor, and even the reception-room, all in good order, all under one roof and in one roem, about twelve by fourteen feet in all. Here I took my first lesson in pioneering. Mr. Torrey gave me all the necessary information for looking lands, and after one day's rest I went in search of a farm.

At Farmington I found uncle Arthur Powers, and he directed me to a new settlement in town one south, range eight east, where a man by the name of Tibbits had settled a few months before. I went through the woods, and with some difficulty found the town and plenty of good land and a few log-cabins, all of which pleased me very much, and paid me for wading through brooks and swamps to find the paradise of Michigan. I soon found a farm, and away to Detroit I went, anxious to become a land-holder, wading through mud and water, sometimes up to my knees, but nothing like mud and water could stop me from having a farm in this noble town. I arrived at Detroit tired and muddy, and went to the bank to get a certificate of a hundred dollars, which was at that time the only lawful tender for lands at all land offices in the territory. The bank was closed for the night, the land office was still open. I told Major Kearsley my wants; he said I must wait till morning. I told him I had run all day through thick and thin to get there before the bank closed, and I had not money enough, beyond the amount to pay for the land, to pay my bill over night. He then asked me what money I had. I handed him five new bills of twenty dollars each on the Bank of Ontario, New York. He gave me a duplicate of the west half of the southwest quarter of section ten, in town one south, of range eight east. I felt better; I was now a "land-holder."

Before I left the city I found my friend Torrey and told him of my good luck and what a fine lot I had entered. He then said, "You are now a citizen of this territory." I held up my head, although my face was scratched by going through the brush, and my pants covered with mud, and I had less than a dollar in my pocket. I was now a land-holder; this put an end to all my anxiety for a farm. The next thing was to clear it of the trees, and I was at it at once, but I must first have a cabin to shelter me from the weather, the bears and the wolves. The first work I did on my new farm was to clear away a spot for my hut. I was careful not to place it where I would want to place my house at some future day. In two days I was ready for a log cabin raising. I therefore invited all the neighbors who lived within two and a half miles, and they all came, every one of them. I thought I would count them. There was David Phillips, G. P. Benton and myself, that was all. We went to work, and by night we had the building up ready for the roof, the next day the shakes were out and ready for laying. These shakes are used as shingles; they are thin pieces of ash, oak, or other timber, about three feet long. They are laid onto poles, which serve the place of ribs. Having finished the roof, I went to work at the inside. The floor is made of logs split through the middle, laid flat side up onto poles for sleepers, and made smooth with an adze. The chimney is built of sticks, then plastered on the inside with clay mortar. The back, or the place for the fire, was made of stone and clay mortar, one or one and a half feet thick. This is the way all the log cabins were made for two or three years of the first settlement of this town. My cabin was a good one, 14 by 16 feet, finished off in good, comfortable style, without a board, nail, or glass. My cabin being finished, I went to work to make a bedstead. I bored into one of the logs in the side of the building, and the end of the same, putting in poles and making one leg only, then laying on shakes for a bottom, then another set of poles over these, making probably the first sofa bedstead ever made in this town. I then went to Farmington where they had raised some wheat the year before and begged some straw of my old friend Hezekiah B. Smith, who had preceded me to this country nearly or quite two years. I bound up with bark a bundle of straw six feet long and two feet thick, raised it onto my back, and started for my cabin through the woods. I arrived home before nightfall and filled my new bedstead, made a good fire, and turned in about nine o'clock, a happy freehold settler, in one of the best towns in the territory of Michigan. This was the first night I ever slept on my own bed, or in my own house, or on my own premises. A more satisfied and happy settler could not be found in the whole country.

The next thing was to obtain something to eat, and things to cook with. Mr. Benton, a single man, living with Mr. Phillips, was going to Detroit to obtain supplies for himself and Mr. Phillips. I prevailed upon him to buy some things for me, and I would chop for him to pay the amount he advanced for me. He was willing to do so, as he had plenty of money and wanted to hire chopping done. I had no money, and worked from sunrise to sunset for fifty cents a day. In a few days he started off with oxen and a sled, leaving me chopping so that his cattle that were left home could have the browse to feed upon, for he had no other feed for them. He had four oxen and three cows, and they all came through the winter in good condition. I was to meet him at Mr. Hoisington's, near to where the Hon. Jonathan Shearer now resides, a distance of about two and a half miles. On the fourth day night—for it took about four days at that time to go to Detroit and back with oxen through the woods—I started in season to get through by sunset, with his best rifle on my back, thinking to kill some game. I got about half way through and there stood before me five wolves—two of them were large ones, the others were smaller. They were only about ten or twelve rods from me, and nothing in the way; they had not discovered me. I got behind a cluster of basswood trees, and, as the bounty was twenty-five dollars each, I was almost sure of two of them the first shot. My imagination led me to see myself with two wolf skins on my back plodding my way to the city to claim the bounty. I got a fair sight at the two largest, and pulled, "clip" went the faithless gun, stopping, as we say, at half bent. I hauled back and got another sight, when "clip" went the old thing again; by this time the wolves were going "west" for safety and future speculation, while I was minus my anticipated bounty. I went through to Mr. Hoisington's, stayed over night, got home the next morning and resumed my work, heaping everlasting contempt on the treacherous old rifle. Mr. Benton arrived home on the fifth day, bringing me a good set of shanty equipage, and some pork and flour. I was now in full rig for keeping shanty. I had three stools, one bench, one table, and a shelf to put my dishes on. The table and shelf were made of split logs, laid on pins at the side of the house; of course they were immovable. The seats were made of the same material, but movable. Now a few more days work for Mr. Benton and I am out of debt; a landholder, a housekeeper, and a citizen of a noble town. Having worked out my indebtedness to Mr. Benton I began keeping house and chopping, piling brush and doing all other work incident to new settlements in general; all of which I was wholly unaccustomed to. In two or three days my hands began to crack, and they were very painful; I had probably been handling some poison vine. For a few days I could not chop, so I visited different sections of this town and the adjoining ones, and found a good country all about. As I was prospecting for others I saw many fine lands, springs, brooks and rivers, all indicative of a good farming country, and my anticipations were fully gratified with regard to my location and prospects.

In these rambles I saw many wild animals, such as deer, bear, wolves, etc. We started up a herd of deer of over forty in number, a very beautiful sight for me at that time. We saw turkeys and other wild game in abundance. There was no danger of starving for the want of meat.

I soon found that I must go to chopping or have nothing the next autumn. My land was very heavily timbered, and it required more than an ordinary amount of labor to clear it for a crop; but I went to work as though there was but little to do, and by the time one acre was chopped I had worked full ten days. So I layed off seven acres for my stent to chop, log, fence and plant, and work out for team hire, seed corn, potatoes, etc. I soon found I could chop an acre in six or seven days, fit for logging. My hands soon got well, and I could lay the big trees down equal to any one. I never had a more pleasant winter's work before or since that time. I finished my seven acres in good season, then worked out for such things as I needed, or to pay for such things as I had had. I got of H. B. Smith, of Farmington, eight bushels of potatoes, for which I split one thousand and six hundred rails, then paid Mr. Benton two days, work for drawing them in, eight miles. This was all right, but about one-third of them froze before he got home with them; so I had only six bushels to eat and plant. Well, I ate them all and planted the rest; that is, I cut off the seed-end of each, and then cut this piece in two and kept these in a trough till June. They then looked as if there was no life in them; but I planted them in the crooks of the fences, putting two pieces in a hill, and making a large hill of muck and leaves, but did not hoe them. In the fall I had eighty bushels of the best potatoes I ever raised.

I had now paid up all my promises and was looking for a good time to burn the brush. At length it came, and guarding my shanty in the best way I could, I set fire to the brush on the west side of the fallow. A good wind from the west increased the flames, and the flames assisted the wind, and the wind the flames, so that in a few hours there was not a brush heap left in the whole fallow. Such a fire had never been known in this region. There was not at that time, after this great fire, a single rod of fence, or a frame barn, house or anything of the kind, within two miles of this scene left standing, save Mr. Phillips' house and my log-cabin. It was a mighty fire; not a log nor a stump but what was as black as a coal in the whole fallow. I got a good burn. I was now ready for logging. I had to work for Mr. Benton two days and for Mr. Phillips one; then they would log for me one day, Mr. Benton with his oxen and chains. In this way I got my logging done, for I had no oxen, yoke or chains. I got a team of Benton or Phillips sometimes to draw out rail-timber, so I could be splitting rails when it was not suitable weather to log, or they did not need my services. I was determined to have a good rail fence, so I did my best every day, rain or shine.

I will mention a few incidents that are not uncommon in the settlement of a new country like this. I think it was in the month of March that Mr. Lovejoy Cady came to my shanty and requested me to go with him to get the dimensions of some lots of land. These lands were the lands whereon the village of Northville now stands. We looked for an hour to find the stake to get a starting point. We followed the line to the river and started to cross on a log, when it gave way and in we went, thankful that the water was only two or three feet deep.

One day, about the same time, an old Indian came to my shanty while I was cooking some pork and beans. It was raining, and he stopped during the rain and then went on, and I went to my work. When I came in from work I thought I would have a fine supper, but there was no food in the house. That old "red skin" had returned and taken everything eatable, pork and beans, and all that I had in that line, leaving me not a morsel for my supper or breakfast. After bringing down all the curses I could upon the old fellow's head, I went to work to prepare something to eat. He left my flour, but took all my pork, say about twelve or fourteen pounds, and a good loaf of bread, etc.

One evening, as I was making a brush-heap, I saw two deer browsing at the opposite end of the heap from where I stood. I let fly my axe at them, but they were twenty feet away when the axe struck in the snow where they stood when the axe started. The deer were very tame at this time of the settlement, for they had not been hunted much.

As soon as the snow went off in the spring of 1826, Mr. Benton, Mr.

Phillips and myself were occupied in cutting out roads, making causeways, etc., for a large portion of our time. Then came settlers, and log-cabins had to be built, some of them six or eight miles away, but generally from one to four miles. We generally had some fun at these log-cabin raisings, as well as hard work; but we were all kind and generous, and no unhappiness existed among us. We were all poor alike, and all rich alike. We had no lawyers, doctors or priests to make dissensions among us; we were a happy people.

There were no mills nearer to us than Detroit on the one side and Pontiac on the other. All had to go or send to one or the other of these places for their groceries, nails, etc., or go without them, which many did. I built the first mill in this town, and ground the first meal. I was two whole days building the mill, and it answered very well for grinding corn. Two boys or two women could grind a bushel of corn in one hour; two men could do it in less time. Many people ground their corn at this mill, but no toll was taken; each one did their own grinding. The mill made very good meal. It was made after this manner: I felled a large oak tree, very tall and straight; then flattened the upper part of it for seventy feet; then struck two lines one foot apart along the length of the flattened part, dug a trough ten inches deep, triangular shape and seventy feet long. I then sawed off a wheel from the but of this tree one foot thick, and brought the surface of the wheel to fit the trough; then put a pole through the centre for an axle, allowing it to project about four feet on each side to take hold of to run the wheel. I then raised the wheel into the trough and the thing was done and in running order. Now put into this trough a half a bushel of corn, run the big wheel back and forth for twenty minutes and you have a fine dish of meal. This was the first mill that was ever made in this town.

Mr. Lincoln built a saw-mill the same autumn (1826), east of Plymouth corners, on the river, but my mill was in full blast before he got his running.

Mr. Lincoln and myself produced the first meal and the first board ever made in this town. He sawed every board that was sawed in this town for more than a year, and my mill ground every bushel of grain that was ground in the town for the same length of time. We had full sway, and monopolized all the milling business of this town and a number of other towns north and west of us. There was no lack of mill power or custom; we had all the business in this line that we wanted.

About the first of June, 1826, three men came to my shanty and wanted me to go with them to look lands. At the land office in Detroit they had taken off plats of lands on the Huron river, where Ypsilanti now stands. We started out, and before night we reached the plains that lie east and north of Ypsilanti. We wandered about and found a line, a stake and a section corner. Night then came on, and we did not know of a house within ten miles. We began to think of camping out, but we had not anything for supper. This being the case, my three companions came near deciding to leave the territory at the first dawning of the morning. A little after dark we kindled a fire and retired to rest on the ground, and I had a good sleep. As soon as morning came we took our lines, found some fine lands, got the dimensions all down correctly, took out our pocket compass and started for the north. We got to the Dix road and my companions went to Dixburg, while I returned to my home, very hungry and tired, having been without supper, breakfast and dinner. We saw many fine herds of deer and large flocks of wild turkies, also both large and small snakes, and one large turtle, which has on his back 1826, if he is still living.

The men gave me one dollar each. I then paid off all my debts, and had some money left.

Logging was now our business. On the 15th of June my fallow was ready for planting. I then took my pack one Sunday (don't tell it) and went to Farmington, to my friend H. B. Smith, and bought some seed corn, returned, fixed up a planter that was made of a hand-spike burned a little at the end and then sharpened; this I would thrust into the ground, make a hole, drop in the corn, make a heavy step on it and let it go. I now laid up my fence, which took me four days, then the corn was up. I borrowed Mr. Benton's hoe, the only one within two miles of my home, cutting out some ox-balms, and a weed that we called deer-weed. There was no grass of any kind. The corn grew with only this tillage, yielding over one hundred bushels of good, sound ears to the acre.

Now, after the fence was made, bars put up, corn dressed out, provisions eat up and the shanty closed up, I started for Bloomfield, near to Pontiac, to work at haying and harvesting. I arrived at my friend Torrey's on the 3d day of July, 1826, with more money in my pocket than I had when I came onto the farm the last of December, 1825, and owed no one a cent.

My friend Torrey and myself spent the 4th in our own pleasures, and then went to haying. Here I found as good grass as I ever saw in Ontario county, state of New York, my native place. Everywhere that I went and all kinds of work that I did, gave me certain signs that Michigan was as good a farming country as any other in the same latitude. We secured the hay in the very best order, and then went to reaping wheat; we had ten acres of excellent wheat.

This was the first haying and harvesting I had seen done in Michigan, and I was satisfied that I had found the right place for farming, and I have held to that opinion ever since. We cut the wheat and stacked it, as he had no barn. We then went to cutting some late grass, but we had worked only a few minutes when my friend began to show signs of insanity. He went to the house and immediately became furiously insane. I remained with him five weeks. He recovered from this attack, but he had taken too much of the white powders to be able to ever open his mouth again. I took out four of his front teeth, which enabled him to take food. He lived fifteen years after this, but never fully recovered from this illness. When Mr. Torrey had so far recovered his health as to dispense with my services I returned to my home and built an addition to my house, for my had father come, bringing mother and the rest of the family. I cut my corn and found I would be able to live quite comfortably. I bought a cow and calf and a pair of steers, but they soon ran away and it took me about a week to find them. I first went to Brownstown, then to Flat Rock, on the Huron river, where I found a tribe of Indians. Their chief was there at that time; he was a graduate of Hamilton college. I stayed with him over night. His name was "Blue Jacket;" he was a fine looking Indian, and was very social. He sent a young Indian with me for a whole day, and would not take pay for his services. He said he did not teach his children to speak English, for he thought they would be none the better for it. I went up the river, intending to reach a house that was situated at what is now called Woodruff's grove. This was the only house on my way up the river before getting to where Ypsilanti now stands. About four miles from the Indian camp I saw a large bear in the trail, about four or five rods from me, standing upon his hind feet in the attitude of defiance. Mr. Bruin appeared to me, at that time and in that position, to be as large as a black ox of the French hornless kind. My active living principle began to beat a tattoo, calling every nerve to action for safety. As soon as I got the master of myself I stepped back to a small maple tree, and drew my "squaw-piece" from my shoulder and leveled it at him with all the caution I could muster, taking good aim at his broadside, just below the shoulder blade, and "let off." Mr. Bruin keeled over, made a very fine noise, as much as to say, "you may have the trail." He took to the woods and I to the trail, and, as far as I was concerned, we were very well satisfied. I soon met two Indians making towards their camp with full Indian speed; I told them, as well as I could, what success I had met with two or three miles back, giving them all my right and title to the wounded bear. I went on and found the house I was in pursuit of; stayed over night, and the next day went up the river to where Ann Arbor now stands. There were not many houses there then, but on the door of one there was an advertisement of my cattle. It was a public house of course, as all houses were at that time. I went on to Lodi Plains and there found the cattle. I started for home the next morning, and when I got back to this public house, out came the two Indians; they took me into the house by force, and there they laid before me the bear skin, with a ball through it exactly where I had pointed my squaw-piece two days before. The Indians were pretty drunk, as they had sold the skin to their host and were getting their pay by degrees. They gave me a drink of "fire-water," and bestowed many thanks upon me. I went on, and on coming to the river, where the mill now stands, I forded it, though it was from two to three feet deep. I think our rivers are not as large and deep as they were fifty years ago. I got through the river all safe and all wet, but there was not a house within four miles where I could warm or dry myself. I arrived home about nine o'clock in the evening, after an absence of ten days, hungry, wet, and as tired as any Michigan pioneer ever was.

I now had my house to finish; for this purpose I went to the new saw-mill and bought seven hundred feet of whitewood boards in payment for which I was to chop one and a half acres of thick timber on the flats below the mill. The boards were paid for in six or seven days; the next thing was to get them home. There was no wagon that I could get within four miles. I got Mr. Taylor's wagon and one yoke of oxen and another yoke from Mr. Benton, then went to the mill with my team and loaded up one half of the boards, hauled them across the river and up the bank on the east side, with much ado to climb up. I cut a long pole and let the leaders go to the top of the bank, I then fastened them to one end of the pole, and the other end was fastened to the end of the tongue. This was the only way we could climb the bank with three hundred and fifty feet of light lumber, with two yoke of heavy oxen. When at the top of the bank I unloaded the boards and returned for the rest, a repetition of the process took the remainder to the top of the bank. I then put all the boards on the wagon and went on through the woods as cheerful as any one, and got home just at night with seven hundred feet of boards for my chamber floor, etc. The next day I took the oxen and wagon home and chopped two days to pay for the use of them, and one day to pay for Mr. Benton's oxen. The mill was about three miles away, only. This was only pioneering a little in a new country. It was all right.

I have now been here about one year and have on hand six hundred bushels of ears of corn, eighty bushels of potatoes, besides corn-stalks, turnips, pumpkins, etc. I am selling my corn in the ear at twenty-five cents per bushel, potatoes at fifty cents per bushel, and pumpkins at one dollar and twenty-five cents per load. I sold over one hundred and twenty-five dollars worth of produce within one year from the time I commenced to chop. This too, is nothing but pioneering. It shows what young men can do in one year if they have a mind to try; without a single dollar, an axe, or anything to eat, or a house to live in, or a bed to sleep on, or anything but their hands, a disposition and a will to work.

Now, for the benefit of timid young men, I will sum up, in a few words, the whole affair of my first year's settlement. In the first place I had nothing but my hands to begin with; in the second place, I had good health; in the third place, I had good land and a good country, and in the fourth and last place, I had a will, a determination, and perseverence.

In one year I had seven acres cleared and fenced with a good eight-rail fence; four more acres chopped; a good double log house, a good log stable, a good well of water, stoned up, arranged with curb, sweep and pole; all in superb old fashion style, a good corn-crib full of ears of corn; one cow, a yoke of steers, a calf, and fodder enough to keep them over winter; a sow and seven pigs, and a plenty of corn for them; half a dozen hens, and provisions for a small family for a year, axes, etc., all paid for and owing no one a cent. More than this, I had fifty dollars of spare money in my pocket.

I now went to Detroit with my neighbor Benton to buy some things necessary for farming and for the house. Here I found Mr. Lyon, Mr. Allen Tibbits, and some other acquaintances, all on the same errand that I was. We put up at Mrs. McMillan's, a small log house opposite the "Yankee boarding house," where the Franklin House now stands, corner of Bates and Larned streets. In the evening the conversation turned on the subject of the back settlements—that is, back of the city—alias, in the country. There was a man present, a stranger to the company, who said: "I wish I could see that young man who jumped from the 'Goodintent' a year ago the 9th of December last, when she was starting from Buffalo for Detroit, and the whole crew and fourteen passengers were lost." One of my neighbors—I think it was Mr. Henry Lyon, who had heard me tell the story of my escape from that ill-fated vessel—said, "He is here!" "My God!" said he, "I had rather see him than any other living man." I was out of the house at the time, but soon came in, and I thought he would pull me to pieces, he was so rejoiced to know that I was alive and that I then stood before him. I had to give him a full history of my trip through Canada, and of my proceedings up to that time. We talked till midnight and then parted, wishing each other a long and happy life.

We pioneers, thinking we were of sufficient consequence to have a township organization, a meeting was called to be held at the house of John Tibbits, some time in the month of February, 1827, the exact date I cannot give. John Tibbits was called to the chair and A. B. Markham was appointed secretary. At this meeting we agreed that the name of the town should be Plymouth. This name was proposed by William Bartow, then a member of the legislative council, appointed by Gov. Cass. The name LeRoy was sent in as the first choice of the people, but if this name had been appropriated by any other town, then Plymouth was to be the name.

The legislative council passed an act, which was approved by the governor on the 12th day of April, 1827, to wit: "Be it enacted by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, that all that part of the county of Wayne included in the surveyed townships one and two south, range eight east, shall compose the township of Plymouth, and the first township meeting shall be held at the house of John Tibbits, in said township."

On the 28th of May, 1827, a meeting was held at the house of John Tibbits. William Bartow was elected moderator, and A. B. Markham clerk. At this meeting the following township officers were elected, to wit: Supervisor, William Bartow; town clerk, Allen Tibbits; collector, A. B. Markham; assessors, Roswell Root, Erastus W. Starkweather and Henry Lyon; poor-masters, Rufus Thayer and Luther Lincoln. I think highway commissioners were also elected. Judge Witherell, of Detroit, who was at that time a justice of the peace, was present and administered the oath of office to those who were elected.

Luther Lincoln built a grist-mill this year, the first one in the town. The Ramsdells built a saw-mill this year at Waterford, now called Mead's Mills.

Many settlers came in this year; of course many log-cabins had to be built and roads cut out. We had logging bees occasionally, and they were always done up in the best of pioneer style. We were called upon to go off about three miles to build a log-house. A log-house is different from a log-cabin; it is larger and taller. We went onto the ground, but no preparations had been made; so we went at it in full pioneer fashion, for the man wanted a house and not a cabin, and there were only six of us besides the man, and he was no pioneer yet, and I guess he never was. We cut the logs, got them onto the ground and got the house up about four logs high, when night coming on we started for our own log-cabins. The next day we were all there in good time and went to work with a will, for we found *we* had got to build the house. The man did no work, but he grumbled some, acted cross, and made a fool of himself. We finished the house at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day. Mr. Wilmarth, the surveyor, happened along just as we completed the job, and as the man was not there to accept the job, or to thank us for the two days' hard labor, and as the jug was empty and had been all day, we thought we would give the building a name, and thus add another item to our pioneer operations. One of us went to the top of the house and the others hoisted the empty jug to him. He then said:

Here stands the walls of a spacious house,
Built not for a man but for a mouse;
The walls stand here without a steeple,
Built by proud and independent people.
Its name is Rosecrans' Delight,
Built in two days and finished before night.

Then the old jug flew, the pioneers shouted and the very trees seemed to clap their hands for joy and bow their heads in perfect submission to pioneer's wit.

I was loaded down with offices. I was fence viewer, road master, collector and constable. I was after runaways a good share of my time, and I found every one I went after—never lost one. When I found them I would seize them and bring them to justice. Led by the tinkling of the bell I would dash through swamps and rivers, over logs and brush till I found the old bell-cow, seize her by the whiskabout, if it was dark, bid her start, and she would take a bee-line for her place of duty. After milking I would take a bowl of johnnycake and milk for my supper, go to bed and sleep like a king. Satisfied with my lot, I passed my days in cheerfulness and health.

I think it was in the early part of the year 1827 that a meeting was held at the house of John Tibbits for the purpose of organizing a military company. Ira M. Hough was chosen captain, Stephen Root, Abram Laraway and others were chosen under officers. I made out the papers and sent them to Gen. Schwarz, and he sent them their commissions at once, and they soon entered upon their duties. All these things were accomplished within two years from the time the first tree was felled in the town.

The first minister that ever preached in this township was Elder Hickox, who then lived on the river Rouge, in the neighborhood of the memorable widow Creamer's tavern. The meeting was held at the house of William Tibbits, on section 28, town 1 south, the John Allen farm. I think it was in May, 1826. The next preacher was Elder Swift, the father of Dr. John Swift, of Northville.

The first doctor who came into this town to attend a patient was Dr. Webb, of Farmington. The first doctor that settled here was Dr. J. D. Davis.

The first postmaster was Gideon P. Benton. He carried the mail in his hat, or tied it up in his handkerchief.

The first justice of the peace was Henry B. Holbrook. He was appointed by the governor and legislative council.

The first frame building erected was at Northville. The first brick building was erected by Henry Ward, on section 32, known as the Shutts farm.

The first blacksmiths that located here were John Miller, of Northville, or near where Northville is now, but it was all woods then, and Mr. Fralick, of Plymouth, or near where Plymouth corners are now, but it was all woods then. Mr. Miller commenced work first.

The first child born in town was Oscar Phillips. The second was George A. Starkweather.

The first white woman that ever shot a deer in this town was the wife of Justus Gilkey, on section 2, town 1, range 8 east. The first bear killed in town by a white man was shot by G. P. Benton.

John Tibbits owned the first pony that was brought here, and the first horse was owned by Samuel Sterling. The first horse team that was started in town was owned by myself; the second was Mr. Fralick's.

The first girl that was married in town was the daughter of Erastus Starkweather; the second was a daughter of Mr. Tibbits.

These items appear to be but trifles, but they are pioneer history.

In the summer of 1827 many new settlers came in, but not so many as in 1826. The roads were cut up very badly. I started a light team to carry passengers and freight to and from Detroit. No one of the present day can imagine the state of the roads. In some places the rich, mucky ground would let the wagon wheels in to the hub, so that from ten to twelve hundred pounds was a load for a good pair of horses. I went to Detroit a number of times and carried land-lookers down and brought others back, at the same time doing some errands and bringing things back, so as to make good wages. During these trips I saw much suffering. Some of it was too bad to be remembered by even an experienced pioneer. One morning I started from Teneyck's to return to Plymouth. I found in the woods, about three miles from Teneyck's, a loaded wagon stuck in the mud. I called out for the teamster, and found a woman and a yoke of oxen hard by in the bushes; the oxen and the woman were covered with mud. The woman said they got fast there the evening before, and worked till late to get out, but the oxen would not draw, so they found a dry spot and camped out. I hitched my horses to the tongue of the wagon and the oxen on ahead, and hauled the wagon out onto hard ground all safe. I left the poor, muddy woman crying for joy, and waiting for her husband to come and be happily disappointed. This is only one circumstance out of many such that occurred at that time.

At one time I was moving a man and his wife with their household goods. We came to a piece of bad road, and the man got off from the wagon, while his wife and myself remained on. We were sitting on a chest, when the fore-wheel on her side dropped into a deep hole where the mud and water was one foot deep for some rods around. She went off headforemost into the mud; her head went all under, but it did not hurt her. It was at this time that pride had a fall, and a muddy one, too. She washed, changed her dress, and then was all right, plus the first lesson in the art of pioneering.

The crops this year, 1827, were large and good, wheat yielding as high as forty to forty-five bushels, and some was said to go to fifty bushels to the acre. Corn and other crops were equally good. There was not much of a cash market for the produce. Wheat was worth from sixty-three to seventy-five cents per bushel, and corn fifty cents. This was the price in Plymouth, but in Pontiac and Detroit it was ten or twelve cents higher. We, of course, had but little to sell. Some of us had to buy, and some had to sell.

This summer a tax was levied and collected for the first time in the town. The two townships were taxed one hundred and fifty-four dollars and forty cents; eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents to the county. More than one-half of this sum was paid by the return of non-resident lands, the rest was paid in money. Sixty-six dollars and ninety cents were paid to the supervisor of the town. There were one hundred and forty tax-payers. I was the collector, and the tax was to be collected by the first of February, therefore January was the month in which to do it. The snow was deep, and I had to trace the section lines for roads, particularly in township 2 south. I plodded through the woods and snow for about two weeks collecting. I then counted up and found that I had collected enough to pay off by throwing in my fees, all but about two dollars and fifty cents. The most of what remained unpaid was over on the south part of the south township, about ten miles from my home, so I went and cut and split rails for Mr. Benton for sixty-two and a half cents per hundred and got the money and paid off, and have ever since been satisfied to live without an office.

After I had got my fall work done I decided to chop and clear eight acres. I measured it off and went to work, and had the timber all down by the 15th of March. I then measured off two acres more, and this was finished by the 1st of April. The result of this winter's work was ten acres chopped and the brush piled.

By this time some of our pole bridges and hollow-log sluice-ways had to be renewed. This we did, and then went to farming. The first plowing of any account that we did was done this spring. On the plains there was considerable plowing done in 1825.

About this time John Miller and Israel Nash built a grist mill near where Northville now stands. Compared with the mills of the present day, it was not much of a mill, but it answered the purpose that it was designed for at that time. The stones were worked out of a large boulder that lay in the vicinity, and they did good work. One day, toward evening, I started with a bag of wheat on my pony to patronize this new mill. I got to the river and found our temporary bridge was washed away; of course I had to ford the river somewhere, so I found the best place I could and made the attempt. I got on behind the bag, to keep it from pulling off, and rode into the river all right, but how to get out on the opposite side was the question, the banks were high, the water was knee deep, and the pony had to jump out with the bag of wheat and myself on his back; but I was in the river and must get out or stay there, so I found the best place I could and bid the pony do his best; he went out, leaving the bag of wheat and this old pioneer in the the water. I hoisted the bag of wheat out and then got out myself, feeling assured that I had had a good ducking, I loaded the wheat onto the pony, then got on myself, and went to the mill as quick as I could, and related my ill luck to the miller. After a hearty laugh he ground my wheat and I started for home. It was very dark, and I was two miles from home, with a river to ford. When I arrived at the river I was a little troubled to know how to get across without getting my flour wet, but I did it. I tied my pony to a tree, took my bag of flour on my back, waded the river, and found the other side in safety. I then returned for my pony, and soon got home all right, minus the wetting.

I think it was in December, 1827, that I started to "go west" on a pioneering excursion. For this purpose I obtained a fine French pony of a Mr. Thomas, who lived on the river Rouge, below Conrad Teneyck's tavern; borrowed a saddle of one of my neighbors, put up some "bread and dinner" for the journey, and some tobacco as a token of friendship to the Indians with whom I expected to associate during my journey, and then started to see the western prairies of which I had heard so much said. I forded the river, passed a few houses where Ann Arbor now stands, and went on to Saline, where I found Mr. Risdon from whom I gathered some information. I then bent my way towards Pocagon, in the western part of the territory, where some of my relatives settled in 1825. After leaving Saline, with its two or three houses, I saw no other dwelling till I got to Jones,' where Jonesville is now. Here I found Mrs. Jones only. She was in a small log cabin, with only half of the floor laid; no other person, save Indians, nearer than Allen's prairie, three or four miles away, so she said. Mr. Allen had just settled on that small prairie. I stayed all night at Jones,' for all houses were taverns at that time—floor or no floor. A fine dish of venison, with hot johnnycake and some cold beans composed our repast. With a few blankets and my saddle for a pillow I laid down in one corner of the cabin for the night, hearing my pony chewing his scanty bundle of stalks and a few ears of corn as he was tied to the corner of the cabin on the outside. I had a good sound sleep, and in the morning fed my pony, then made a fire on the ground in one end of the cabin, for there was no fire place or chimney in the half finished dwelling. After eating as good a breakfast as the cabin afforded I called for the bill, when the noble and venturesome wife of the first pioneer of Jonesville said: "Not anything, unless your are willing to pay a shilling for the corn your pony had; we, too, are pioneers." I thanked my hostess, and took the trail for the west. A few miles brought me to Allen's prairie, a small, but finely located spot for settlers and a good home for pioneers.

This was the first prairie I ever saw, and I thought it could not be surpassed in quality or beauty. I passed along to Bronson's prairie, another beautiful spot. Further on I came to another beautiful prairie, the name of which I have forgotten. The noble pioneers of this prairie had been digging a well, and one poor fellow was buried in the bottom of it by the caving in of the earth. After sympathizing with the people for their loss, I went along to the plains where Coldwater village now is. A small log hut stood there that was known as "Godfrey's trading house." Here I found a Frenchman by the name of Coquillard and a few Indians, all of whom were sober and very friendly. One or two of them could speak very poor English, and I obtained from them much valuable information in regard to the settlements and the country in general. These Indians told me that I would be perfectly safe, in pocket and person, if I did not meddle with their rights. This I found to be correct after being with them for over a week.

A few miles further on I struck Coldwater river, and on its west bank I found another trading house, but I did not find any pioneers here. At these trading houses there were Frenchmen, who were trading with the Indians for their furs and skins, paying them in trinkets of all kinds, and a little silver coin.

The river was higher than common, and I had to ford it as I did all rivers. There were no bridges at that time in the western part of the territory. I went into the river on the east side, making my course directly toward the cabin on the west shore. I passed along very cautiously for two or three rods in water about three feet deep, when, suddenly, down we went, horse and rider, into the cold water, in the month of December, nothing to be seen of the pony above water but his head and neck. The rider let go of the bridle, and with both hands paddled for life to help the little fellow save his life and the life of his master. After swimming two or three rods the pony struck bottom with his feet, and he seemed to be as well pleased as I was to find that we had got safely out of that hole. We finally got across, and I found that if I had gone up stream about four rods, where the water ran more rapidly, I would have avoided the swimming process. This, however, was nothing more than a short lesson in the art of pioneering. I exchanged a few words with the trader, and then went on as fast as the pony could carry me for two or three miles, until he began to be warm, then I dismounted and ran a few miles in my wet clothes, till I felt a reaction, then pony and his rider were all right again.

Passing many fine locations and some pioneer cabins, I soon came to the most beautiful spot of ground I ever saw; it was White Pigeon prairie. There it lay in all its natural beauty, not a bush or a stone was to be seen on any part of it, not a furrow had been plowed or a fence built. There was a new cabin on the southwest end, just in the edge of the woods, but I did not call on my brother pioneer who had located there, so I did not learn his name.

I went down to the St. Joseph river, where the village of Niles now stands, and forded the river with but little trouble. There I found a log cabin that contained a man and his wife, who seemed to be perfectly happy. I staid with them over night.

The next morning I went up the river on the west side to visit a place near the big bend of the St. Joseph river, known as Cary's Mission. Here

I found a fine farm containing several hundred acres, and on it were two or three good log houses, several small out-houses, huts, etc. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Cary. They were good looking white persons. They were teaching the Indians the English language and the Christian religion. There were many tribes of Indians near by, all being taught by these missionaries I went among the Indians, and learned that they were not so well pleased with the missionaries as some would suppose. I dined with the missionaries. They had Indians as servants or helpers. All these helpers could speak English, and were very polite.

After dinner I took the trail through the reservation to strike the Chicago trail, and when eight or ten miles from the mission I found many wigwams and many Indian families, all of whom seemed to be well situated in their way. I called at one of their dwellings and found the head one very intelligent. He could speak some English, and I could speak some Indian. Among other information that I got from him I found that the Indians were not very well pleased with the missionaries. He said it was no benefit to the Indians to learn to speak the English language, or to learn the Yankee tricks. He said the missionaries made the Indians clear their lands, make their buildings and their fences, plant and till their corn, etc., without pay.

I then went on through a beautiful country to a fine rolling prairie, on which a man was situated by the name of Beardsley. There were a number of settlers on this prairie, but Mr. Beardsley was the first to locate there, and the prairie took his name. Here I got supper for myself and pony, and then started on a trail through the woods for Pocagon, ten miles distant. I did not start till after dark, and had got about half way through when I found a large litter of what I supposed to be foxes. I dismounted and went at them and kept up the war for some time, and I think I came off best, as they left the field first. They, however, renewed the attack just after I mounted my pony. I was afterward informed that these foxes, as I supposed them to be, were prairie wolves. I soon got through the woods, saw a light at a distance, made for it and found a log-cabin, about twelve feet square. I entered and found my old uncle and aunt whom I had not seen for more than sixteen years, and that was when I was a boy of about fourteen years old. I thought I would dissemble a little and not let myself be known to the old folks for a while; so I asked if Mr. Malcom, a blacksmith, lived there; I was traveling and my horse needed shoeing. The old lady raised her specs and said, "You are a Markham; you need not try to deceive me," at the same time coming toward me with both hands up. "Now tell me whose son you are, Asher's or Darius'" By this time she had hold of me, and I gave up and told her who I was. Then my aunt, in true pioneer fashion, called to uncle Israel, who was on the bed asleep, saying, "Israel! Israel! here is one of Darius' boys; get up and see him!" So uncle Israel got up, and after a few words with regard to the family, the death of my father, etc., had passed we went and found a place for the pony; he not having a barn, nor even a shed, we went to one of the cousin's and found a yard well filled with corn and stalks. So we asked permission to turn the pony in and this was granted. We returned without giving any information with regard to my unexpected visit. My old aunt had the tea-kettle over a wood fire in a fire-place in one end of the cabin; the chimney was made of sticks and plastered inside with clay. Now commenced the pioneer stories, and a history of good and evil circumstances, which continued until the cock crew in the morning. We then thought it was getting late and time to retire. After a nap or two we got up and renewed our history of pioneer life.

My uncle said the old chief Pocagon was averse to their settling on that prairie unless they had special orders from Gen. Cass. The pioneers satisfied the old chief that they had legal papers, whether they had or not. Fearing that Pocagon would find out their dishonesty, one of the pioneers went to Detroit and procured legal papers from Gen. Cass; all was then quiet.

The Markhams and Putnams occupied this prairie for some time. These Putnams were the sons of Mrs. Putnam, who with her young son were taken by the Indians in the time of the war of 1812, at Sandusky, and taken as prisoners to Detroit at the time that city was in possession of the British. I think one of the sons of this lady is still living as one of the oldest pioneers of Pocagon, and if he should see this little sketch it might induce him to furnish pioneer history that would be of great interest to the pioneers of Michigan. He is now, if living, eighty-five or six years old.

In company with my cousins, I went along the St. Joseph river to its mouth; saw a few trading-houses at the place now called Berrien. We crossed the river near its mouth in a canoe by means of a rope tied to each bank. Only one or two could cross at a time. The canoe was fastened to the rope in such a way that a passenger could draw himself across, and a small cord was fastened to one end of the canoe to draw it back for another load. This was pioneer economy, and the mode of crossing the St. Joseph river in 1827. There were many Indian mounds on the prairies in this part of the country.

In the course of this trip across the state I saw many Indians, and in my stay with some of them I am sure that I was as well treated as wild men of the forest were capable of treating a human being. I visited Little Prairie Ronde and Big Prairie Ronde, Door Prairie, and then on to where the city of Chicago stands. There were no settlers at this last mentioned point save a few trading-houses.

I arrived home safe and sound, well pleased with my journey and satisfied with the country, but too poor to become a settler on either of those beautiful prairies; besides, I had no wife at that time to assist or accompany me. I was gone about three weeks, and camped out on the the prairies four nights, staid with Indian traders two nights, and with the Indians five nights. I forded the Huron river twice, the Raisin twice, the Coldwater twice, the St. Joseph four times, besides several smaller streams. I did not find a bridge in my whole journey.

In closing this sketch let me say:

My hair is white, my whiskers brown,
I'm the oldest settler in this town;
My wife is gone, my children too;
I cannot tell what I shall do;

But I shall live a man, I know,
As long as I can plow and sow,
And when my time shall come to die,
I'll bid you all a kind good-bye.

PLYMOUTH, Wayne county, Mich , January 14th, 1877, and the fifty second of my pioneer life in this town.

A. B. MARKHAM.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT E. ROBERTS,

CORRECTED BY MR. ROBERTS FOR THE PIONEER COLLECTIONS.

From the Detroit Free Press of May 8th, 1877.

Yesterday was the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival in Detroit of Robert E. Roberts and Friend Palmer, who were both passengers on the same boat, and who have been friends and neighbors during the half century that has elapsed. Last evening they met at Mr. Roberts' hospitable board and renewed the friendship begun so long ago.

On the 7th of May, 1827, then in my teens, I arrived at this, the most ancient city of the lakes, after an unprecedentedly quick trip of five days from my native city, Utica, New York, by stage to Buffalo, and thence by the good steamboat Henry Clay, Captain Norton. My neighbor, Mr. Friend Palmer, was my companion up the lake. The passage was up the noble river for eighteen miles after leaving lake Erie, passing the fifteen islands, the ancient Canadian villages of Amherstburg and Sandwich, and numerous wind-mills, on either shore, on the main land, in comparison with the Mohawk, the largest stream of water I had ever before seen, was most enchanting. Father Henepin, who was a passenger in the Griffin, the first vessel that crossed lake Erie in 1679, described the scenery as follows: "The islands are the finest in the world; the strait is finer than Niagara; the banks are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests so well disposed that one would think that nature alone could not have made, without the help of art, so charming a prospect." And early writers refer to the fruit, "oranges growing wild on the banks of the strait." If so, the climate must have materially changed since, as it certainly has within the past fifty years. Spring is about two weeks later now. Fruit trees were often in full bloom on the first of May.

Landing on McKinstry's wharf, at the foot of Campau alley, now occupied by Charles Root's store, and meeting my brother John, who had preceded me about seven years (he came in 1820, a passenger on the Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamboat on lake Erie), and who still resides here, we ascended the alley, flanked on either side by high cedar pickets—a style of fence new to me—to Jefferson avenue. I was at once impressed with the admirable site of the city, and particularly with the grand avenue of 120 feet in width, extending on the summit of a ridge running parallel with the river through the length of the city, draining on the south into the noble strait and into the river Savoyard, a large creek on the north, which creek is "among the things that were." Its glory has since departed. Our subterranean creeks—sewers—have done the work for the "Savoyard." And although before the days of photography, two odd looking structures which met my sight were so photographed on my eyes, they are clear to my vision at this day. One, the old market on Woodward, just south of Jefferson avenue, a low structure with a roof resting on brick pillars inclosed by open perpendicular slats. The other, the stone Catholic church of St. Ann—with its five steeples, constructed by the Rev. Gabriel Richard, the pastor, from 1798 until his death, in 1834, whom none knew but to respect. The edifice still remains, but greatly changed in appearance. Would that it had remained as it was; changes are not always improvements. The second house I entered after arriving here was the old homestead and birthplace of the late Charles Moran, on Woodbridge street, between St. Antoine and Hastings streets, which still remains on the same spot, and at that day was surrounded by extensive pear orchards, the trees of immense growth, they having been brought here and transplanted by the emigrant farmers from France in 1749. A few of those old trees still remain and bear fruit. For many years in the month of June in these orchards, which extended to the river beach, thousands of Indians with their squaws and papooses, from the lake country above, on their way to Malden, in Canada, to receive presents from the British government, pitched their tents and lighted their camp-fires. The beach for half a mile or more would be thickly lined with their birchen canoes. When they broke camp and started on their way, the river would be thickly dotted with their canoes for miles.

Fifty years is not a long period of time, but great changes have taken place here within that time now past. Fifty years ago Detroit was the only municipal corporation in Michigan. The population numbered only about two thousand. Now it numbers one hundred and fifteen or twenty thousand. The inhabitants were principally native French, though there were a number of families here from the eastern states, but not more than a dozen from any foreign country, and but one German in all Michigan, Adj. Gen. John E. Schwartz, whose estimable wife still lives in this county. Now the German inhabitauts in this city number more than thirty thousand.

The city at that time was but little else than a military and fur-trading post. Now it is a commercial and manufacturing metropolis. The buildings were mostly constructed of wood, one or two stories high, with dormer windows (mansard style), of which the only one remaining is the Joseph Campau mansion on Jefferson avenue. The first brick building in Michigan occupied the site where the Biddle house now stands. It was built by Benjamin Woodworth (brother of Samuel Woodworth, the printer-poet, author of the "Old Oaken Bucket") for Gov. Hull, and occupied by him at the time of the surrender in 1812. In 1827 it was owned and occupied by Major John Biddle, brother of Nicholas Biddle, president of the old United States bank. Major Biddle at the time was mayor of the city and register of the United States land office.

On the corner next west, where the firemen's hall is, was the council house and Masonic hall, built jointly by the government and Masons—the first story by the government and the second by the Masons.

At that day the "Cass farm" was but a farm. On it were only the farm-house, barn, and Indian store-house, a distillery and an ox grist mill on the river front, where are now stately mansions, stores, warehouses, manufactories, shops, railway depots and towering church spires.

The site of the Russell house was then a potatoe field. In it a small wood dwelling, in which our fellow townsman, Eben N. Willcox, was born.

The only road at that time leading to Hamtramck and Grosse Point, "Hudson's," was on the river beach, on which, between Detroit and the Point, were the taverns of Chapaton and Van Every—two points of interest for a drive outside the city. The first was near the residence of Wm. B. Wesson, and the other where the pumping works of the city water works are now being constructed.

On reaching the road *via* Randolph street the residence was passed of the venerable medical gentleman of the olden time, Dr. McCoskrey, surgeon of Wayne's army, where he resided from 1796 until his death, about 1830. Dr. McC. was an uncle of the present worthy Episcopal bishop of the eastern diocese of Michigan.

At that time all above Brush street was cultivated farms, with the farm houses fronting the river, where now for two miles it is completely built upon. About that time Jefferson avenue had been laid out, and that year opened as far as Russell street.

Hon. C. C. Trowbridge had constructed the residence where he still resides, and the late Hon. Charles Moran had constructed his residence on the corner of the avenue and Hastings street the year previous. Congress street at that time had not been opened beyond Bates street, and none of the streets north of it had been opened except Gratiot, east of Randolph street. All was cultivated fields. Standing at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Brush street, no houses intercepted the view of the forest to the north. North of the present site of the city hall all was a common to the cultivated fields beyond the grand circus, on which there had recently been constructed, on the site of the present public high school building, the territorial capitol of brick; and on the site of the new public library building, a jail and a court house of stone, and near it a brick meeting-house. All the other buildings there might have been counted on the fingers of one's hands.

Recently, in conversation with Mr. George Clark, of Ecorse, in G. & R. McMillan's store, he informed me he once boarded with Mrs. Beach in a house on that very spot, and was so disturbed by the howling of wolves at night he could not sleep. The wolves were feeding on the carcasses of dead animals that had been carted onto the common, just behind the picket fence of the garrison, immediately north of the site of the new city hall; and my brother informed me that after he came here the wolves carried off several pigs from a pen on the site of the Russell house.

The capitol and jail were built by the late Thomas Palmer on a "dicker" contract with the United States government, for which the government gave him 10,000 acres of land north of the city, known as "the

10,000 acre tract," and one hundred city lots, which were located in the fifth ward, between Michigan and Adams avenues. Deeds for these lots, at $50, passed current on the card tables in those days.

At that time no street had been opened west of Wayne street, between the river and the Chicago road, now Michigan avenue. All then was cultivated farms. A drive or promenade was enjoyable on the river road, along the high banks in front of the Cass, Jones, Forsyth, Labrosse, Baker, Woodbridge, Stanton, Lafferty, Brevoort and Godfroy farms. The high bank has since been sacrificed and leveled low, to accommodate commercial and railway facilities; and the farms above named have been platted into city lots and compactly built upon.

Fort Lernoult, constructed by the British government during the revolutionary war, and after the war of 1812 named Fort Shelby, in honor of Gov. Shelby, of Kentucky, was at that time being removed. The earth of which it was constructed was used by the city to fill up an embankment along the whole river front as a sanitary measure to improve the health of the city, which had been bad for a year or two previous.

On the opposite shore of the strait, in Canada, where now is the flourishing village of Windsor, with its towering town hall and church steeples, there were only the farm houses and ferry houses of Burtis and St. Amour. To the first a horse-boat or catamaran, being two boats between which the paddles were operated by the tread of horses on the deck above, plied regularly from the city, and to the other the ferry consisted of yawl boats and canoes. And Labadie's, from Detroit to Sandwich, was a canoe only. Then there were only the Schwartz, Merchants, Gillets, Jones, McKinstry, Wing, Williams and Berthelet wharves. Now they extend for miles along the river front.

Then there were no paved streets and only an occasional sidewalk in front of some business place, and those of small cobbles. Now there are sixty-five miles of paved streets, some with stone, but mostly with wood blocks, and the sidewalks are sawed flag stone. Street cars on railways were not then in vogue, and not a dozen carriages worthy of the name were here, and the ladies, during muddy times, went shopping and to church in French carts.

Then there were no sewers. Now there are 136 miles of public sewers. It is believed that the city is the best drained of any in the land.

Then, there being no wells of water supplied by living springs, the inhabitants were supplied with water drawn from the river in carts and delivered for one shilling per barrel, or carried in buckets, suspended from wooden yokes on the shoulders, with which most housekeepers were provided. In that year, 1827, pumping works were constructed by private enterprise, to force the water through pipes to the dwellings of the inhabitants. It not proving remunerative, the works were sold to the city. Now the city is supplied by steam engines, forcing the water through 200 miles of pipes into every house.

Then the only light at night was that obtained from whale oil and candle. Now two extensive gas works, through 100 miles of mains, illuminates the streets and houses.

Then there were no railroads, here or elsewhere. Now numerous railroads centre here, and the breath of the iron horse is heard on every hand. Then the stage coach was the speediest mode of conveying intelligence. Now it is flashed as by lightning throughout the land.

Then the protection against fire consisted of one hand engine. Now there are nine steam fire engines drawn by horses, one steam propeller and one chemical engine.

Then there were but four houses for religious worship. I attended at the Presbyterian, then on the northeast corner of Woodward avenue and Larned street. The pastor was Rev. Noah M. Wells, now residing at Monroe. Although at the advanced age of ninety-two years, he frequently is seen among us in the full possession of his faculties.

Then there were no public schools, and but two or three private ones. Now there are twenty-six large public school houses, with a regular attendance of over 12,000 scholars, and a number of private academies and seminaries.

Then there were no circulating libraries of books. Now there is a public library containing 36,000 volumes, in a building constructed for the purpose by the public at a cost of $124,000, besides others of private associations.

At that time only one newspaper was published here, the Detroit Gazette, weekly. To copy from my sketch book, published twenty-two years ago, now out of print:

"Localities formerly occupied by forts, cantonments, block-houses, magazines and navy-yards; the potato fields, farms, commons, where the cattle grazed and grave-yards were, are now compactly built over with buildings occupied by an enterprising population, whose busy hum has so changed the scene of former times that the ancient habitant and those born and reared in the land are scarcely able to recognize it.

On lawn and slope—the red man's late abode—
The steam horse rushes on an iron road.
The steeple rises and vast granaries groan
With products of wide realms by commerce made our own;
Ponds where the sportsman hunted duck and plover,
Now with parterres and parks are covered over.
Green lanes through which the habitant alone
Drove his chariot, to spacious streets have grown,
Paved with cobbles, which perplexed the shore
Of this blue "strait"—by trade not docked of yore;
Straits whose clear depths no pirouge's keel could reach,
Now sullenly give back the screw tug's awful screech.
Fresh from the "back concession"—what surprise
Illumes Jean Crapeau's honest, wond'ring eyes,
To see the terrace where the rampart frowned,
With lofty pile of brick and mortar crowned.
Alas! what greater change upbraid the modern place
Containing now a less contented race,
The simple virtues of the olden time
Exchanged for coin—the more almighty dime."

The active men of that time who are still living here are the following: Alexander D. Fraser, John L. Whiting, Charles C. Trowbridge, E. A. Brush, Daniel Goodwin, John Winder, John Roberts, Peter Desnoyers, Amos Chaffee, John Owen, Robert Stead and J. L. King.

The following removed from the city and now reside as follows: Rev. Noah M. Wells, Monroe, Mich.; Harvey Williams, Saginaw; Renie Marsac, Bay City; Wm. Brewster, Washington.

Of those numbered among the dead, the following are remembered: Lewis Cass, Wm. Woodbridge, John Trumbull, (author of "McFingall"), Solomon Sibley, James Witherell, B. F. H. Witherell, Henry Chipman, John R. Williams, James May, James Abbott, Robert Abbott, John Biddle, Jonathan Kearsley, Elon Farnsworth, Shubael Conant, Chas. Moran, David Cooper, Abram C. Caniff, Thomas Palmer, Friend Palmer, John Palmer, Mason Palmer, Charles Jackson, John Whipple, Thomas Rowland, Henry M. Campbell, Charles Larned, H. S. Cole, George A. O'Keefe, Robert A. Forsyth, Benj. B. Kercheval, John Abbott, Oliver Newberry, Peter J. Desnoyers, Joseph Campau, Barnabas Campau, Tunis S. Wendell, Thomas C. Sheldon, Thomas S. Knapp, Abram Cook, Levi Cook, Orville Cook, Patrick Palmer, Oliver W. Miller, John Cook, Abraham Edwards, Capt. Perkins, John Mullett, Thomas B. Clark, E. Chapaton, Timothy Fales, John Farrar, John Farmer, Nathaniel Prouty, J. W. Woolsey, William Stead, Cullen Brown, Augustus S. Porter, Benj. Woodworth, Ralph Wadhams, Shadrach Gillett, Reynolds Gillett, Chauncy Payne, Walter L. Newberry, George McDougall, Robert McDougall, Elijah Converse, Thomas J. Owen, Bethuel Farrand, Jerry Dean, Dr. McCoskrey, Dr. Wm. Brown, Dr. Marshall Chapin, Dr. R. S. Rice, Dr. Hendrie, Dr. Henry, Dr. Ebenezer Hurd, Dr. T. B. Clark, Dr. Justin Rice, DeGarmo Jones, Melvin Dorr, J. R. Dorr, H. V. Disbrow, Francis Cicotte, James Cicotte, Lambert Lafoy, A. Beaubien, Rev. Gabriel Richard, Rev. D. Cadle, Antoine Dequindre, Timothy Dequindre, Julius Eldred, David French, Henry Saunderson, Felix Hinchman, Henry Whitney, Gen. B. F. Larned, Gen. Hugh Brady, J. V. R. TenEyck, Robert Smart, Joseph Spencer, John McDonald, D. C. McKinstry, Lewis Davenport, Jeremiah Moore, Joseph Jackson, John Scott, Alonzo Merrill, Dexter Merrill, Col. Anderson, Edward Brooks, Austin E. Wing, James Williams, J. B. Vallee, Alva Ewers, H. B. Brevoort, John Burtis, William Russell, John Garrison, John J. Garrison, Ellis Roberts, Michael Hale, John Hale, Col. Baker, D. B. Cole, S. T. Dyron, Richard Smith, John Smith, John Noble, Gabriel Godfroy, Peter Godfroy, N. B. Carpenter, Knowles Hall, E. Hay, Wm. Thorn, Obid Wait, P. Cote, Samuel Day, Wm. Durell, Barney Moon, J. T. Penny, Ellis Doty, S. Rossiter, Henry Berthelet, Augustus Berthelet, Israel Noble, Adna Merritt, Theophilus Mettes, John B. Varnier dit Laducier, Abner Wells, Charles Willcox, James Hammond, Benjamin Chittenden, Asa Madison, Stephen Bain, Alexander Campbell, Robert McNiff, David Dodemead, Cornelius Scanlon, John E. Schwartz, Wm. B. Hunt, George Hunt, Jedediah Hunt, Elliott Gray, John D. Cray, Samuel Colwell, Darius Lamson, Ebenezer Reed, Joseph Andre, John Pherson, F. P. Browning, Francis St. Aubin, Francis Rivard, John L. Leib, James Leib, William A. Fletcher, Samuel Reed, Dominique Riopelle, Francis

Thibault, John Truax, Thomas Stead, Peter Beaubien, John Bronson, Owen Aldrich, James Beaubien, S. Beach, Harvey Griswold, J. O. Lewis, Charles Howard, Conrad Seek, Samuel Phelps, Elias Hawley, Gildersleeve Hurd, Juba Barrows, J. Sears, Jas. Knaggs, Jonathan Kerney, Chauncey Bush, A. McLaren, W. Hoyt, Stephen Wells, James Trowbridge, F. Brewster, John J. Deming, Wm. Bartlow, Benjamin Clark, John Lebot, Jos. Amlin, John Howard.

In the foregoing lists are the names of two hundred and twenty-five men, most of whom were heads of families, who a half century ago were actively engaged in the affairs of life in a population of about two thousand, some twelve of whom still reside here in the enjoyment of health, and four reside elsewhere; and two hundred and six have passed from earth, forcibly reminding us of the solemn truth that "Man that is born of woman is of few days," and that

> "We must all die!
> All leave ourselves—it matters not where, when,
> Nor how, so we die well."

BY-GONES OF DETROIT—GENERAL HUGH BRADY.

By Hon. George C. Bates.

Published in the Detroit Free Press October 14th, 1879.

> "I love the military! I love the military."
> —*Grand Duchesse.*

Among the sweetest memories, and most cherished recollections that cluster around Detroit in these beautiful October days, there are none dearer, purer or nobler than those which are evoked by a visit to the corner of Jefferson avenue and Hastings street, where the headquarters of "The Northwestern Military Department of the United States" were stationed for so many years from 1835; where dwelt that pure patriot, superb soldier and true gentleman, Gen. Hugh Brady, whose nearest neighbor was the genial, jolly, hospitable Frank Larned, who died years afterwards as paymaster general of the United States army.

When I stood last evening in front of that quiet, unpretending, plain, old-fashioned house, built by Gen. Brady in 1835 and occupied by him down to 1851—the time of his death—and recalled the eminent and distinguished men who in "by-gone times" used to crowd its hospitable quarters; when I ran over in my memory the important national army movements that had been prepared and mapped out there; when I reflected that at that time Hugh Brady commanded all the military posts west of Detroit clear away to the Mississippi, then our western outpost; and that then, in all that region—where now are twelve millions of people, in Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, Oregon, and California—nothing but Indians and wild beasts roamed over the plains; when I looked upwards to the twinkling stars, and then down upon the remembrance of "by-gones in Detroit," I was lost in amazement at the rise, progress, growth, and extension of our beloved Union since those days when "I was young and this old town sheltered me." Under that humble roof there used to congregate, in olden times, such men as Gens. Scott, Worth, Macomb, Wool, Whiting, and all the old army soldiers, each one of whom, like Gen. Brady himself, could point to his bleeding wounds received in the war of 1812, for free trade and sailors' rights, and each one of whom were eminent heroes, patriots *sans peur et sans reproche*, true gentlemen of the old school, whose official duties in the far Northwest required an annual visit to military headquarters here. There, too, might have been seen Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, Judge John McLean, of Ohio, a man whose massive brow, solemn dignity, and majestic presence would always remind you of Washington himself; often there also one might meet Col. James Watson Webb, many years before a lieutenant in the army, then editor-in-chief of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, a splendid, elegant and accomplished journalist. Charles King, too, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, afterwards president of Columbia college, who was a kinsman of the Forsyths, Kerchevals and Kinsies here, Millard Fillmore, the pompous, precise counselor-at-law, afterwards President of the United States, while all along each year from 1836 down to 1842 came new regiments of infantry and artillery, commanded by Gen. George M. Brooke, Col. Fanning, Col. Whistler, Col. Belknap and others, all of whom clustered around Gen. Brady as heroes of the revolution would around Washington, and whose families married and intermarried here, until Detroit became literally the military headquarters of the northwest; and to-day, at every outpost of our army, will be found the children, grandchildren and sons of citizens of Detroit. It happened to me to visit the first tent ever pitched by the army of the Union on Puget Sound in 1853, and the first man who greeted me was an old-time army beau of this city, and my first visit to Camp Douglass in Utah was to the quarters of an accomplished army lady, the granddaughter of Col. Edward Brooks, collector of this port under Gen. Harrison, and a resident of Detroit from 1822 down to the time he went to Washington in 1852, or thereabouts.

But of all these distinguished military men none was more respected, loved, admired and sought after than Hugh Brady. Brave as Cæsar, he was as modest as a country girl. With a vast knowledge of public men and public measures, he was as quiet and gentle as a lady. Having again and again faced death on the battle fields at Chippewa, Queenstown, Niagara and Lundy's Lane, where time and time again amidst such slaughter as was never seen on any previous battle field of our country, he was colonel of the Twenty-second Foot corps, which crossed bayonets with Col. Basden, colonel of the British Twenty-first. He was yet so diffident, so modest, so brave that any mention of his gallant exploits in his presence would drive him from the circle of conversation. But whenever duty called him to action there he went calmly, resolutely to do it. Not only was Gen. Brady a true soldier, but in all the broadest aspects of the word, he was an accomplished American gentleman. And his old home was the seat of hospitality, kindness, charity, and bevolence.

He was born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, in 1768, and entered the army as ensign in 1792, and joined his regiment with Gen. Harrison, whose commission bore date the same day, and served gallantly with Gen. Wayne in his western expedition. After the defeat of St. Clair he was made lieutenant, February, 1794 and captain in 1799. Having been dropped in the reduction of the army, he was restored in 1808 by Jefferson, and during the war he fought heroically under Scott in 1813, all along the Niagara frontier and at Chippewa, where Scott in his report of him says:

"Old Brady showed himself in a sheet of fire," and where he was wounded in the groin by a ball striking his sword scabbard, which disabled him. That old battle sword used to lie on the "buffet" in his reception room, and beside it another sword, with solid gold scabbard, set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, presented to him by his native state, Pennsylvania, in token of its appreciation of his services to his country, a legacy to-day for his descendants, which with his character and virtues are worth more to them than all the gold of California, or the bonanza of silver in Nevada.

Among the most important of his public duties here on the frontier was to remove the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies from northern Illinois and Wisconsin west of the Mississippi, which he did in person, in 1835, with so much prudence, care and kindness that these wild sons of the prairie actually worshiped him, and in their incantations and war dances commingled commendations of their "dear old father."

In modern times all men who are sent to take care of the Indians are expected to cheat them of their food, make them presents, then steal and sell them, and our government encourages and winks at these frauds, for the Indian department to-day, in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, is officered by a band of thieves much worse than Charles Williamson and his gang, who robbed the stage on the way to Deadwood, in July last, as the writer hereof can demonstrate, if permitted to bring witnesses before congress.

But had any public governmental thief stolen so much as a handkerchief from the Indians under Hugh Brady's care, he would have been hung under the nearest tree, and his superiors in Washington, if confederates, would have shared the same fate. The army then, and now too, thank God, had on its muster rolls no Indian thieves, or whisky thieves, and to-day if the Indians were turned over, as they ought to be, to Sherman, Sheridan, Terry, Miles, Merritt, and such men, would, under honest treatment, become peaceful and quiet. Modoc Jo, Sitting Bull, and Nez Perces Jo have all been driven to take up arms by a persistent course of villainy, robbery, and plunder by Indian agents and officers in our territories that would disgrace all the road agents of the Black Hills; and every man from the mountains knows and has evidence of this.

But the most delicate duty devolved upon Gen. Brady was the maintenance of peace and law upon the frontier during that war called the "Patriot War," commencing in 1836, and ending with the Ashburton treaty of 1841. Time and space forbid me now to give the history of this singular uprising in Canada, which almost culminated in war between the Kingdom of Great Britain and the United States. But to Winfield Scott and Hugh Brady both nations are indebted for the continuance of peace.

During the winters of 1836-7-8-9, large bodies of men, claiming to be acting under orders of Canadian patriots, collected along our frontier and threatened invasions and incursions into Canada contrary to the neutrality laws of the United States; and in order to arrest and prevent such operations Gen. Brady at first with a few United States recruits and the old Brady Guards—a splendid independent military company composing the very elite of the young men of Detroit—had to guard this frontier from Fort Gratiot on the north to Cleveland on the south; to move his troops from time to time, whenever the patriots gathered, and aiding and assisting Col. Daniel Goodwin as United States district attorney, and Conrad TenEyck as United States marshal, to arrest and disperse all who threatened to invade Canada. Old as Gen. Brady was, he was always on hand; and whenever or wherever a band of patriots gathered, there the old chief was ready to pounce upon them.

As an evidence of his coolness and brave devotion to duty and his country, let the following incident be preserved: On the afternoon of February 18, 1838, one of the very coldest days in all the winter, a large body of patriots and tatterdemalions generally had come up from below, near Toledo, and all along shore; had crossed on the ice and taken possession of fighting island in British waters. They carried with them several pieces of artillery, and as soon as they made a landing commenced to erect their camps, and throw up temporary fortifications. The alarm was soon sounded along the frontier, although we had then no telegraphs, and Judge Wilkins as district judge, TenEyck and Goodwin as civil officers of the United States, soon summoned Gen. Brady and his troops to take position on the American shore opposite the island, and so capture, arrest and punish all the patriots, if they should fall back into the United States, for breach of the neutrality laws. The cold was frightful, but Gen. Brady instantly moved in sleighs the whole command to the point designated, composed of Brady Guards about 120 strong and some 700 of United States recruits that Gen. Scott had pushed on from Buffalo on the old steamer United States, which landed here about the 12th of February, 1838, the lake having been open all that winter, until closed by the intense cold of the last few days.

The Brady Guards, of which the writer was one, and the recruits got into position in front of fighting island. About 4 o'clock P. M. pickets were thrown out for some miles above and below the island, and strict orders were given to the command to halt and arrest all persons "going to and from the island, and, if resistence was offered, to destroy and crush them."

Hugh Brady, then just seventy, moved up and down that line straight as an arrow and every inch a soldier, quietly giving his orders and encouraging all the men—some of whom strongly sympathized with the patriots—to do their entire duty. Having completed his own arrangements, he called to the front Lieut. Edmund Kearsley, of "the Brady Guards," and his own aid of the regular army and giving this message to them in tones which were heard along the lines he dispatched them on the ice to Malden, where old Col. Basden, of the twenty-first English foot, commanded the garrison, the same old hero who had crossed bayonets with Brady, in 1813, at Lundy's Lane. "Present," he said, "Gen. Brady's compliments to Col. Basden, and say to him that I am here in command of the United States troops, with Judge Wilkins, the United States district attorney and marshal; and that if the patriots shall break up and retreat from fighting island to our shore, I shall arrest, and my government will try and convict them."

Now Col. Basden was an old-fashioned soldier, and at his mess dinner he and his brethren in camp drank deeply, and it so happened Brady's envoys arrived and delivered the message when they were all deep in their potations.

Col. Basden received the message without even asking its bearer to sit down, and instantly replied: "Present Col. Basden's respects to Gen. Brady, and say that I have the highest respect for him personally as a soldier and a gentleman, but that I have none for his government and its outlaws; that I shall attack with all the force at my command those damned rascals on fighting island as soon as I am ready, and if they retreat over the United States line I will follow and destroy them wherever I may find them." He then rudely dismissed the envoys. Just at early twilight, that fearful cold night, the long roll beat and our whole command rushed to arms, formed in line of battle, and waited for what next was to come.

With all possible dispatch some twenty soldiers, with guidons, or red flags, were sent to mid-channel on the Detroit river, on the American side of Fighting island, and measuring off distances, planted those flags on the ice, some hundreds of rods apart, thus marking clearly and distinctly, the *dividing line between Canada and the United States.* This done, the bugle sounded the call, the troops formed in hollow square, old Hugh Brady in the centre, when, taking off his hat, and the troops uncovering, he repeated distinctly his message to Col. Basden, the rude reply received, and, pointing to those flags, he said: "Men, that is the boundary line between our government and the British. If a damned red-coat crosses that line, attack them—beat them back; and I have faith you will do it." The troops marched to their several positions, the sentinels, wrapped in overcoats and blankets to keep from freezing, resumed their weary rounds, and all waited in anxiety for what next might happen. The old Brady Guards, the very best volunteer troops ever organized, thought that they snuffed the scent of battle afar, and were eager to see how they would feel under real fire. Night wore away—cold, oh so cold—and about 4 o'clock A. M. the rumbling of the British artillery was heard on the ice opposite the island, and directly the roar of cannon along the line, the skipping of balls on the ice, the knocking of snow and ice from the trees, which could plainly be seen, told that work had at last begun in earnest, with shot and shell. Our call sounded and line of battle was promptly formed, Gen. Brady watching every detail, and like the old war horse he walked to and fro as if ready for anything, and our men watched with breathless interest what was to come. Soon the patriots broke and fled, and our troops arrested them in large numbers as they came to the shore. After a brief cannonading we heard the rattling drum and shrilly fife of the British troops. Breaking into two columns, one from the right, the other from the left, they marched like one man, above and below Fighting island, endeavoring to capture the retreating patriots, and we watched them coming on until to our great relief we saw that they kept close to, but moved not beyond the British lines, and as they filed away, great red-coated beef-eaters and beer-drinkers, stood in *silent* admiration of their prudence and our good luck; it was simply because old Hugh Brady was there, and would tolerate no huzzas from our rejoicing hearts.

But I must pause. These memories grow as I recall that noble patriot and those by-gones. In 1851, in driving a team of spirited horses, they became entangled in telegraphic wires dropped from poles for repairs, ran away with him, threw him from the carriage, fatally injured him and God called him away. But as he had lived a soldier's life, so he died like a soldier. When his hour had come, and his weeping family saw that his end was near, they sent for the Rev. George Duffield, their pastor, a man whose long life illustrated in all his acts and doings the characteristics of his master Christ, himself, whose purity, devotion, self-denial, eloquent appeals and keen admonitions to the erring, made him the man for all true Christians to imitate, and to whom the writer hereof is under greater obligations than all his spiritual pastors and masters. Mr. Duffield came. The family gathered around the bed-side of that poor old man, and kindly and quietly as a child took the hands of the soldier to tell him death was at last there, and this colloquy then ended all there was on earth of Hugh Brady.

"General, you are very ill, my friend, very ill."

The General opened his eyes and pressing Mr. Duffield's hand replied:

"Yes. Yes, sir, I know it. I know it."

"But, General, you are badly hurt and very ill."

"Oh, yes," he faintly replied; "yes, I know it, Mr. Duffield."

A pause—a silence—a few deep sobs—when Mr. Duffield said:

"But, General, you are very, very ill. I am sorry to tell you you are just about to die."

Instantly raising himself up straight as in health, his eye flashed under his bandaged forehead and he firmly spoke out:

"Mr. Duffield, let the drum beat; my knapsack is slung; I am ready to die," and sank away into the arms of death.

His funeral escort was commanded by Col. Whistler, and consisted of the Fourth United States Infantry, in which Grant was captain, and 136 Brady Guards constitutued the mourners, and as

"The soldiers discharged their farewell shot
O'er the grave of our hero we buried,"

They were forever disbanded, and now—gray-haired, worn out—they are among the "By-gones of Detroit;" but may the family of Hugh Brady, and his namesakes, the old Brady Guard, be ever ready in all hours of their lives, and especially in its last moments, to echo his dying words:

"Let the drum beat; my knapsack is slung."
But Brady is not dead—he but sleepeth;
For the brave die never; being deathless,
They but exchange their country's arms
For what is now their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due. 'Tis
They who saved us.

THE FERRY.

THE EARLY MODES OF TRANSIT AT DETROIT—THE ORIGINAL FERRY-BOAT AND ITS SUCCESSORS.

From The Detroit Post, October 7th, 1877.

The first steam ferry between Detroit and the Canada shore was established in 1830. Just prior to that a horse ferry-boat was started, but it did not prove very satisfactory. Ferriage by canoe or row-boat was, of course, the original style of transit. The business of transporting passengers in this way was for many years in the hands of one Francois Beneteau, whose home was in Windsor. When any person wished to cross, and the ferryman was on the other side, he was signaled by means of a tin dinner-horn. In the year 1818 a young man named Edwin Baldwin, who had recently come hither with his father's family, started an opposition ferry, and with the true spirit of Yankee enterprise, sought to establish an improved method of transit by means of a sail-boat. He rigged out a small craft, but it was not regarded with much favor by the slow-going denizens of the town, who mostly preferred the old canoe. But in time prejudice wore away, and the safety of the craft being assured by repeated experiment, it became the approved means of crossing. Baldwin continued in the business about five years, when he sold out to Major McKinstry, who got from the town authorities the exclusive right to maintain a ferry.

But the business was not to his liking, and two or three years later he sold out to Capt. John Burtis. About this time an old French waterman named Jean Baptiste St. Amour constructed an unique craft by combining the hulls of two boats together and propelling them by horse-power. The thing was a miserable failure, and after a few trips he abandoned it. Capt. Burtis then made a decided improvement in the means of transit by building a steamboat. This came out, as before stated, in 1830. It was modeled after the Walk-in-the-water, the original steamer on the lakes, and would hardly pass muster in these days of floating palaces. It was a little dumpy concern that moved with great deliberation and an air of self-importance, increased by the terrible commotion which it produced when moving through the water. It was called the Argo, and was the projenitor of all the later Argos, as well as the whole race of modern ferries. Its popularity was early assured, and nurse girls and their charges frequented it for health and pleasure, as they now ride back and forth across the river on summer afternoons. It is said there were flirtations in those days the same as now.

The little Argo did good service for four years, when she was leased by her owner, Capt. Burtis, to the late Horace Davenport, of Windsor. The original lease is now in the possession of James A. Girardin, of this city. It reads as follows:

THIS INDENTURE, made the twenty-second day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty four, but to have full force and effect from the first day of January, last past, between John Burtis, of the one part, and Horace Davenport, of the other part, witnesseth:

Whereas, I, the said John Burtis, am and being the owner of the one-third interest in the ferry from Detroit to the Canada shore, as well as the one-third of the steam ferry boat Argo, and other boats appertaining to said ferry. Now know ye that I, the said John Burtis, for and in consideration of the rent, warrants and agreement hereinafter mentioned, on the part of the said Horace Davenport, to be done and performed, hath granted, demised, leased and letten, and by these presents doth grant, demise, lease and let unto the said Horace Davenport, his executors, administrators and assigns, the one-third interest and avails before mentioned, together with the steam ferry boat Argo, and all other boats and things made use of and appertaining to the said establishment; to have and to hold the one-third part of the said steam ferry boat Argo, with everything appertaining thereto, for and during the full end and term of one year from the first day of January, as aforesaid, to be fully completed and ended, paying therefor unto the said John Burtis, his heirs, executors and administrators the sum of $275, of good and lawful money of the United States, one-twelfth of which sum—that is to say, $22.92 at the expiration of every month during the continuance of the lease, free of all expenses, costs and charges that may accrue in prosecuting said ferry, and expenses attending in keeping in repair said steam ferry boat and boats, and every other article pertaining to the same, (wear and tear excepted). And the said John Burtis, for himself, his heirs and assigns, doth hereby covenant and agree to and with the said Horace Davenport, his executors, administrators and assigns, that they and each of them, paying the rent aforesaid, and performing, fulfilling and keeping all and singular the warrants, conditions and agreements herein contained, on his and their, and each of their parts, to be performed, fulfilled, and shall and may lawfully, peaceably and quietly have, hold, possess, occupy and enjoy the one-third of the interest and avails of the ferry aforesaid, as well as the one-third of the steam ferry boat Argo, and other boats hereby conveyed, and every part thereof, unto the said Horace Davenport, his heirs, etc., without any suit, trouble, hindrance, or molestation whatever, during the continuance of their lease, fully to be complete and ended.

In witness we have hereunto set our hands and seals, at Detroit, in the Territory of Michigan, the day, month and year first above mentioned.

JOHN BURTIS, [Seal.]
HORACE DAVENPORT, [Seal.]

An addendum follows the lease, in which the lessor agrees to make all necessary repairs, pay taxes, etc.

The Argo did good service for several years, and was succeeded by the United States. She was followed by the Alliance, and after her came the Undine. She was short-lived and gave place to another Argo, which long held a place on the route, and only disappeared a few years ago. Then came the Ottawa and the Essex, the latter just now finishing up her long and prosperous career. Each of these boats was an improvement on its predecessor, and we can all testify that the boats put upon the route within the past few years are a great way ahead of those they superseded.

THE FIRST TAX ROLL OF THE TOWNSHIP OF PLYMOUTH, WAYNE COUNTY.

PRESENTED BY ABRAHAM B. MARKHAM.

[The original is placed in the archives of the Society.]

TERRITORY OF MICHIGAN,
COUNTY OF WAYNE.

To Abraham B. Markham, Collector of the town of Plymouth:

You are hereby required to collect from the several persons mentioned in the annexed tax list, the sum placed in the last column on each page thereof oppôsite to their respective names, and you are hereby authorized in case any of them shall refuse or neglect to pay such sum or sums, to levy the same by distress and sale, and you are hereby required to pay the sum of eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents to the treasurer of the said county for county tax, and the sum of sixty-six dollars and ninety cents, being the residue of the tax, to the supervisor of said town for the payment of town expenses on or before the first Monday of February next, retaining in your hands out of the said sum so to be collected, for your services, five cents for every dollar you shall collect and pay over as before directed, for which this shall be your warrant, and hereof fail not at your peril.

Given under our hands and seals at Detroit this second day of October, 1827.

MARCUS S. GIFT,
ABRM. C. TRUAX,

WILLIAM BARTOW,
PETER GODFROY,
JACQUES CICOTT.

RESIDENTS.	No. lot, Town 1 south.	No. lot, Town 2 south.	No. acres.	Real estate.	Personal.	Total amount.	$ cts.
Almerin, W. Allen	15	----	320	400	----	400	2 11
Andrews, Justus	12	----	133	166	10	176	91
Andrews, Morris	11	----	74	92	10	102	53
Barto, William	1	----	74	180	70	250	1 31
Boughton, Richard	1	----	160	200	10	210	1 10
Benton, Gideon P.	10	----	304	395	50	445	2 34
Bradford, Moses	----	5	160	256	10	266	1 39
Bradford, Amnah	----	5	360	450	500	950	5 01
Bird, Samuel	----	5	80	130	10	140	73
Bird, Philander	----	4	120	144	40	184	95
Cady, Daniel L	3	----	240	300	----	300	1 57
Cole, Samuel	----	18	80	100	10	110	57
Cummings, Isaac	----	12	80	100	10	110	57
Clovey, Orry	----	6	400	518	50	568	2 98
Carlton, Dexter	31	----	80	100	10	110	57
Downer, Lucretia	----	36	80	100	10	110	57
Dana, George W.	34	----	80	100	----	100	52
Davis, Jonathan	32	----	38	37	20	57	34
Erskine, Henry	25	----	80	100	20	120	63
Folsom, Jacob	----	6	25	31	----	31	16
Fellows, Festus	----	8	80	100	10	110	57
Fellows, Leonard	----	8	80	100	10	110	57
Fellows, Albert G.	----	7	160	200	10	210	1 10
Fairman, Jerard	----	5	80	100	40	140	73
Gilkey, Justus	----	20	80	100	10	110	57
Griswold, Clark	36	----	80	100	----	100	52
Hazen, Paul W.	12	----	65	89	25	114	59
Hough, Ira M.	----	12	80	100	10	110	54
Hoisington, Earl	27	----	160	200	10	210	1 10
Lincoln, Luther	28	----	160	711	70	781	4 09
Lincoln, Senica	28	----	80	100	----	100	52
Lyon, Henry	21	----	160	230	50	280	1 46
Leach, Clement	17	----	160	207	30	237	1 24
Laraway, Hiram	30	----	100	125	10	135	70
Markham, Abraham B.	10	----	80	115	34	149	77
Murry, Archibald T.	----	6	240	300	190	490	2 57
Moore, Alfred	----	6	351	481	80	561	2 94
McFarlin, Walter	35	--	160	230	60	290	1 51
Miller, John	3	----	147	221	20	241	1 26
Phillips, David	15	----	80	115	40	155	80
Ramsdell, Jedediah	14	----	560	700	----	700	3 68
Root, Roswell	31	----	400	577	60	637	3 36
Rice, Ira	3	----	160	200	70	270	1 41
Starkweather, William	26	----	240	330	50	380	1 98
Starkweather, Erastus W.	12	----	151	248	90	338	1 77
Stone, Warren	13	----	320	418	50	468	2 46
Sterling, Samuel	17	----	160	226	80	308	1 61
Simmons, Gardner	12	----	240	300	10	310	1 62
Stuart, Ira	1	----	80	100	10	110	57
Sanders, Amos	14	----	80	100	74	174	80
Sheldon, Timothy F.	----	34	160	200	20	220	1 16
Slocum, Benjamin	33	----	160	260	60	320	1 68
Turrel, Lyman	8	----	160	200	----	200	1 05
Tichnor, Caleb	27	----	80	100	20	120	63
Tibbets, John	28	----	400	621	150	771	4 04
Taft, James F.	32	----	282	382	50	442	2 33
						$15140	$79 17

RESIDENTS.	No. lot, Town 1 south.	No. lot, Town 2 south.	No. acres.	Real estate.	Personal.	Total amount.	$ cts.
Amount brought forward	----	----	----	----	----	15140	79 17
Taft, Jabe	33	----	240	318	60	378	1 97
Teeple, William	29	----	200	250	100	350	83
Teeple, Peter	29	----	100	125	10	135	70
Tibbits, Allen	28	----	160	215	25	240	1 26
Tibbits, William	28	----	160	226	25	251	1 31
Tailor, Philo	18	----	240	300	70	370	1 93
Thayer, Rufus, Jr.	18	----	200	261	50	311	1 62
Utley, Hildreth	18	----	100	125	----	125	65
Williams, Daniel	21	----	80	100	----	100	52
Ward, Henry	32	----	320	452	100	552	2 90
Woods, Reuben	35	----	80	100	10	110	57
Welsh, Benjamin	1	----	77	96	----	96	50
Yerkes, Joseph	2	----	480	511	125	636	3 35
Yerkes, William	12	----	80	100	----	100	52
Yerkes, John	6	----	240	300	----	300	1 57
						$19194	$99 37

DESCRIPTION.	Section.	Town 1 south.	No. Acres.	NAMES OF NON-RESIDENTS.	$ cts.	$ cts.
w ½ of n w ¼	7	1	77	Charles Pinkerton	96 25	50
e ½ of s e ¼	1	--	80	Ephraim Francisco	100 00	52
e ½ of n w ¼ and w ½ of n e ¼	--	--	147	Alvah Smith	134 00	95
w ½ of n w ¼	3	--	73	Lanson Aldridge	91 25	46
e ½ of n w ¼	--	--	74	John D. Comhard	92 00	46
n w ¼	4	--	154	Abraham Letts	192 50	99
e ½ of n e ¼	--	--	77	Hiram L. Foller	96 25	50
n e ¼	5	--	155	Holmes Rosecrans	194 00	1 00
s e ¼	7	--	160	Henry Whipple	200 00	1 05
e ½ of n e ¼	--	--	80	Arnold Whipple	100 00	52
w½ of s w ¼	--	--	81	James C. Bevely	101 25	53
e ½ n w ¼ and w ½ n e ¼	--	--	161	William Hubbard	201 00	1 05
e ½ n e ¼	8	--	80	Silas Sly	100 00	52
s w ¼	--	--	160	Henry Whipple	300 00	1 57
w ½ n w ¼	--	--	80			
w ½ s w ¼	27	--	80	Henry Wells	100 00	52
e ½ s w ¼ and w ½ s e ¼	--	--	160	Joseph Moss	200 00	1 05
w ½ n e ¼	--	--	80	Eli C. Matthews	100 00	52
e ½ n e ¼	26	--	80	Thomas Grant	100 00	52
w ½ s e ¼	--	--	80	John Potter	100 00	52
e ½ s e ¼	--	--	80	John Vansickle	100 00	52
w ½ n w ¼ and e ½ s e ¼	--	--	160	Cornelius Davis	200 00	1 05
e ½ n e ¼	29	--	80	Erastus Horton	100 00	52
w ½ n e ¼	33	--	80	Daniel D. Cady	100 00	52
e ½ n e ¼ and n w ¼	34	--	240	Joseph Moss	300 00	1 57
e ½ n e ¼	35	--	80	John Gilbert	100 00	52
					$3,498 50	$18 45

DESCRIPTION.	Section.	Town 2 south.	No. Acres.	NAMES OF NON-RESIDENTS.	$ cts.	$ cts.
				Brought forward	3,498 50	18 45
w ½ n e ¼			80	Jacob Hines	100 00	50
w ½ n w ¼, e ½ n w ¼ and w ½ n e ¼	36		240	John Gilbert	300 00	1 57
e ½ n w ¼	2		78	Erastus Waterman	97 50	51
w ½ s w ¼	4		80	Morton Lincoln	100 00	52
w ½ n e ¼			80	Zenas Bird	100 00	52
w ½ n w ¼	8		160	James S. Hanford	200 00	1 05
w ½ n e ¼	12		80	Harvey Tuttle	100 00	52
e ½ n e ¼			80	Freely Chub (mistake)	100 00	52
w ½ n w ¼	17		80	Henry H. W. Hopkins	100 00	52
e ½ n e ¼	18		80	Henry H. W. Hopkins	100 00	52
w ½ n w ¼	19		77	Michael Roberts	96 25	50
e ½ s e ¼	25		80	Grove Smith	100 00	52
w ½ n e ¼	35		80	Zelotes Shelden	100 00	52
s e ¼	8		160	John Patterson	200 00	1 05
w ½ s e ¼	35		80	Leonard F. Walden	100 00	52
e ½ n e ¼	35			Solomon Kingsley	200 00	1 05
w ½ n w ¼	11		160			
n e ¼			160	Henry Bradley	200 00	1 05
e ½ n w ¼			80	B. Pierson	100 00	52
n e ¼	13		160	Erastus Huzzy	200 00	1 05
e ½ n w ¼			80	Edward Frink	100 00	52
w ½ n w ¼			80	Jesse Gardner	100 00	52
s w ¼			160	Ebenezer Baker	200 00	1 05
e ½ n e ¼	14		80	J. J. Andrews	100 00	52
w ½ n e ¼			80	Lyman Wilcox	100 00	52
w ½ s e ¼			80	C. Baker	100 00	52
w ½ n w ¼	15		80	Jonathan D. Butler	100 00	52
s w ¼	17		160	Henry Whipple	200 00	1 05
e ½ s e ¼	18		80	David Crooks	200 00	1 05
and e ½ n e ¼	19		80			
n e ¼	21		160	Jaheal Davis	200 00	1 05
s ½	21		320	Earl Wilcox	400 00	2 11
n ½ and s w ¼	22		480	Thomas Osborn	600 00	3 16
w ½ s e ¼			80	David A. McFarland	100 00	52
s ½	23		320	Abraham Spears	400 00	2 11
n w ¼			160	Benjamin Palmer	200 00	1 05
e ½ s e ¼	24		80	James Wood	100 00	52
e ½ n e ¼			80	Daniel Newman	100 00	52
w ½ n w ¼			80	Cornelius Hoxie	100 00	52
s w ¼			160	John Gullie	200 00	1 05
w ½ s w ¼	25		80	John Gilbert	100 00	52
e ½ s w ¼			80	Daniel Ferguson	100 00	52
w ½ s e ¼			80	John Gilbert	200 00	1 05
and e ½ s e ¼	26		80			
w ½ s e ¼			80	Jacob Hindes	100 00	52
e ½ n w ¼			80	John Morris	100 00	52
					$10,292 25	$35 54

We do hereby certify that we have the assessments of real and personal estate in and for the town of Plymouth, in the county of Wayne, for the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, according to the best of our knowledge and ability, as the law directs.

July 10th, 1827.

ERASTUS W. STARKWEATHER,
ROSWELL ROOT,
HENRY LYON,
Assessors.

Real and personal estate as assessed in Plymouth, $29,746.15.

VALUATION OF ITEMS.

Lands unimproved,	$ 1 25
Lands improved,	5 00
Oxen,	30 00
Cows,	10 00
Three years old,	7 00
Wagons,	40 00
Horses,	from $25 to $60

ABSTRACT OF TITLE.

BELLE ISLE, HAMTRAMCK, WAYNE COUNTY.

The names borne by this island are: Wah-nah-be-zee—the swan; Isle au St. Clair; L'Isle a'Cochon—or Hog Island; Belle Island, since July 4th, 1845.

The island was subject to the government of France from the first settlement to the treaty of Paris, February 10th, 1763.

The island was subject to the English government till November 30, 1782, and still occupied by them till after the Jay treaty of November 19, 1794—the regular government of the United States not being organized till July 2d, 1805.

[American State Papers.

Robert Navarre.	American State Papers, Vol. 16, p. 280. Sworn to June 2, 1770.

Affidavit of occupation of Hog Island from 1730 to 1770.

"Hog Island was then considered as commons, where each individual had the right (that is to say, the liberty, for the undersigned having never seen any title of concession, cannot say that the inhabitants had a right), to put in their cattle; but be it liberty, privilege, or right, he has seen the inhabitants put their cattle upon that island. Some of the inhabitants have even been obliged and compelled, by order of the commandant, to put on that island certain animals which committed waste in the grains, or wild fields.

"Sworn to as above by Robert Navarre, ancient receiver of the domain, before T. Bruce, Major Sixtieth regiment, commanding at Detroit."

Abstract from the report of Judge A. B. Woodward, communicated to the house of representatives, March 18th, 1806, as to the land titles in Michigan, American State Papers, vol. 16, p. 263:

"In 1786 William McComb acquired L'Isle a'Cochon, in the strait, by a purchase from George McDougall, whose right is not fully understood, as up to the year 1764 it had been held by the French as an appendage to the garrison at Detroit."

The Ottawa and Chippeway Nations of Indians, To George McDougall.	United States Land Records, Detroit, March 5th, 1769, Liber H, p. 309.

By an order of his Majesty and counsel, dated at St. James, May the 4th, 1768, transmitted to the Honorable Thomas Gage, Major General and commander-in-chief of all his Majesty's forces in North America, etc., etc., ordering that he shall put Lieut. George McDougall, late of the Sixtieth regiment, in possession of Hog Island, situated and lying in Detroit river three miles above the fort of Detroit: provided that can be done without umbrage to the Indians, and upon consideration that the improvements projected by the petitioner be directed to the more easy and effectual supply of his Majesty's fort and garrison maintained at Detroit. The commander-in-chief having transmitted the same to George Turnbull, Esq., captain in the Sixtieth regiment, commanding at Detroit, that he shall see the same executed by being present when the said George McDougall shall receive a deed from the Indians for the said island, etc. By virtue of the above order this indenture, made by and between Lieut. George McDougall, late of the Sixtieth regiment, of the one part, and Oketckewandug, Couttawgin, Ottowachkin, chiefs of the Ottawas and Chippewa nations of Indians, in the other part, do for ourselves and by the consent of the whole of the said nations of Indians: Witnesseth, that the said chiefs, for and in consideration of five barrels of rum, three rolls of tobacco, three pounds of vermillion and a belt of wampum, and three barrels of rum and three pounds of paint when possession was taken, valued at £194 10s., current money of the province of New York, to them in hand paid, the receipt whereof the said Indian chiefs doth hereby acknowledge, hath granted, bargained, sold, alienated and confirmed, and by these presents doth grant, bargain, sell, alien and confirm unto the said George McDougall, his heirs and assigns forever, the aforesaid island, that he may settle, cultivate, or otherwise employ it to his and * Majesty's advantage, as he shall think proper, the aforesaid island in Detroit river, about three miles above the fort, together with all the houses, out-houses and appurtenances whatsoever on the said island, messuage or tenement and premises belonging, or in any ways appertaining. And also the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents and services of the said premises; and every part thereof, and all the estate, right, title, claim and demands whatsoever of them the said Indians, of, in and to the said messuage, tenement and premises, and every part thereof. To have and to hold the said messuage or tenement, and all and singular the said premises above mentioned, and every part and parcel thereof, with the appurtenances, unto the said George McDougall, his heirs and assigns forever. And we, the above mentioned chiefs, do hereby engage ourselves, our heirs, our nations, executors, administrators and assigns forever, to warrant and defend the property of the said island unto the said George McDougall, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, against us or any person whatever claiming any right or title thereto.

COUTTAWGIN,
OKITCHWANONG,
OTTOWACHKIN.

Witnesses—

GEORGE TURNBULL, Capt. Second Battal. Sixtieth Regiment, Commandant.
DANIEL MCALPIN, Lieutenant Sixtieth Regiment.
JOHN AMIEL, Ensign Sixtieth Regiment.

Received and recorded in the register's office in Quebec on Thursday, the 23d day of January, 1777, at one o'clock in the afternoon, in the English register, letter E, page 616.

GEORGE ALLSOP.

Estate of George McDougall. File 53, Probate office. Papers gone from file.

It would appear from subsequent deeds that said George McDougall died between the years 1769 and 1794, leaving two chilren, George McDougall and John Robert McDougall,

John Robert McDougall, to William Macomb.	United States Land Records, Liber H, p. 314, November 11, 1793. W. D. £818 16s.

"THIS INDENTURE, made at Detroit, in the western district and province of Upper Canada, by and between John Robert McDougall, of said Detroit, gentleman, of the one part, and William Macomb, of the same place, esquire, of the other part, witnesseth, that whereas, the said John Robert and George McDougall, also of said Detroit, merchant, his brother, are jointly possessed in the right of their father, George McDougall, late of Detroit aforesaid, esquire, deceased, in an island situate in Detroit river about three miles above the fort, commonly called and known by the name and description of Hog Island, containing about seven hundred superficial acres.

Now this indenture further witnesseth, that the said John Robert McDougall, for and in consideration of the sum of eight hundred and eighteen pounds and sixteen shillings, New York currency, to him in hand paid at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and thereof and of every part and parcel thereof doth exonerate, acquit and discharge the said William Macomb, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, and every of them forever, by these presents hath grantad, bargained, sold, aliened, enfeoffed and confirmed, and by these presents doth grant, bargain, sell, alien, enfeoff and confirm unto the said William Macomb, his heirs and assigns forever, the one-half of that messuage, tenement and island situate, lying and being in Detroit river aforesaid, about three miles above the fort, commonly known and described by the name of Hog Island, together with the one-half of the said quantity of seven hundred superficial acres, be they more or less in the said island, and one-half of the buildings and cultivated, or what may be considered improved parts of the said seven hundred acres of land, by whatsoever name or names, or howsoever the same or any of them are called or known, with their and every of their rights, members and appurtenances whatsoever. And the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders of all and singular the said messuage, farm and premises hereby granted, and of every part and parcel thereof, and all rents, issues and profits to the said hereby granted premises belonging, or in any wise appertaining. And also all and every the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand whatsoever of him, the said John Robert McDougall, of, in and to the said premises and every part thereof, to have and to hold the one-half of the said island, messuage or tenement, and all other the buildings and improvements thereon, hereby granted, bargained, sold, or mentioned, or intended to be hereby granted, bargained and sold, and every part and parcel thereof, with their and every of their appurtenances, unto the said William Macomb, his heirs and assigns forever. And the said John Robert McDougall doth hereby grant, for him and his heirs, that the said William Macomb and his heirs the one-half of the said island and premises hereby granted, and every part and parcel thereof, with ali and singular their rights, members and appurtenances unto the said William Macomb, his heirs and assigns, against him the said John Robert McDougall and his heirs and assigns, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents.

In testimony whereof the said parties have to these presents set their hands and affixed their seals at Detroit aforesaid this eleventh day of November, in the year of our Lord 1793.

JOHN RT. McDOUGALL [L. S.]
WM. MACOMB, [L. S.]

Sealed and delivered in the presence of
GEORGE McDOUGALL,
W. ROE.

Mem: On the day of the date within written full quiet and peaceable possession and seizin of the within mentioned premises was delivered by John Robert McDougall, therein named, to James McIntosh, of Detroit, gentleman, the attorney of William Macomb, the feoffee, according to the intents and true meaning of the within written indenture in the presence of us by delivering him a twig in the name of the whole premises.

GEORGE McDOUGALL,
W. ROE.

George MacDougall (Son of George McDougall and brother of said John Robert)
to
John Robert MacDougall.

United States Land Record,
Liber H, p. 311.
January 6, 1794.
W. D. Love and affection.

THIS INDENTURE made at Detroit in the western district and province of Upper Canada, this sixth day of January, in the year of our Lord 1794, by and between George MacDougall, of said Detroit, merchant, of the one part, and John Robert MacDougall, also of said Detroit, gentleman, of the other part, witnesseth, that whereas, on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1785, he, the said George MacDougall, in and by his certain letter addressed to the said John Robert MacDougall, bearing date the same day and year, presented to and promised the said John Robert MacDougall, the undivided half of an island situate in the river of Detroit, about three miles above the fort, commonly called and known by the name and description of Hog Island, the property of the said George MacDougall, but from the embarrassed situation of the said John Robert MacDougall since that period he, the said George MacDougall, did not execute to the said John Robert MacDougall any legal title thereof.

And whereas the said John Robert McDougall hath lately obtained a release from the person to whom he was principally indebted, whereby the said John Robert MacDougall is enabled to take and receive a grant of the hereinbefore mentioned premises. Now, this indenture further witnesseth that as well towards confirming the promise made by the said George MacDougall, to the said Robert McDougall, as aforesaid, as for and in consideration of the natural love and affection which he, the said George MacDougall, hath and beareth unto the said John Robert MacDougall; as also for the better maintenance, support, livelihood, and preferment of him, the said John Robert MacDougall, he, the said George MacDougall, hath given, granted, aliened, enfeoffed and confirmed, and by these presents doth give, grant, alien, enfeoff and confirm unto the said John Robert MacDougall, his heirs and assigns, forever the one-half of that messuage or tenement and island, the property of him, the said George MacDougall, now in the occupation of Messrs. Meldrum and Park, of said Detroit, merchants, situate, lying and being in Detroit river aforesaid, about three miles above the fort, commonly known and described by the name of Hog Island, containing the said undivided half of the said island, about three hundred and fifty superficial acres be they more or less. And one-half of the buildings and cultivated or what may be considered improved parts of the said island by whatsoever name or names, or howsoever the same or any of them are called or known, with their and every of their rights, members, and appurtenances whatsoever. And the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders of all and singular the said messuage, farm and premises hereby granted, and of every part and parcel thereof and all rents, issues, and profits to the said hereby granted premises belonging or in any wise appertaining. And also all and every the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand whatsoever of him, the said George MacDougall, of in and to the said premises and every part thereof, to have and to hold the one half of the said island, messuage, or tenement and all other the buildings and improvements thereon, hereby given and granted, or mentioned, or intended to be hereby given and granted, and every part and parcel thereof, with their and every of their appurtenances, unto the said John Robert MacDougall, his heirs and assigns forever. And the said George MacDougall doth hereby grant for him and his heirs that the said John Robert MacDougall and his heirs the one-half of the said island, buildings and improvements hereby granted, and every part and parcel thereof with all and singular their rights, members and appurtenances unto the said John Robert MacDougall, heirs and assigns, against him, the said George MacDougall, his heirs and assigns shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents.

In testimony whereof the said parties have to these presents set their hands and affixed their seals at Detroit aforesaid, the day, month, and year first above written.

GEORGE MACDOUGALL. [L. S.]
JOHN RT. MACDOUGALL. [L. S.]

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
WILLIAM CHRISTIE,
W. ROE.

Mem:—On the day of the date within written, full, quiet and peaceable possession and seizen of the within mentioned premises was delivered by George MacDougall, the grantor therein named, to John Robert MacDougall, the grantee, by delivering him a twig on the premises in the name of the whole thereof, according to the intents and true meaning of the within written indenture in the presence of us.

WILLIAM CHRISTIE.
W. ROE.

John Robert MacDougall, to William Macomb.	United States Land Records, Liber H, p. 317. April 7, 1749. W. D. £776 0*s.* 0*d.*

"THIS INDENTURE, Made at Detroit, in the western district and province of Upper Canada, by and between John Robert MacDougall, of said Detroit, gentleman, of the one part, and William Macomb, of the same place, esquire, of the other part, witnesseth, that whereas, the said John Robert MacDougall, on the eleventh day of November last, for and in consideration of the sum of eight hundred and eighteen pounds, sixteen shillings, New York currency, bargained, sold, aliened, enfeoffed and confirmed unto the said William Macomb the one-half of a certain messuage or tenement and island situate lying and being in the river of said Detroit, about three miles above the fort, commonly known and described by the name of Hog Island (the whole of the said island containing by estimation about seven hundred acres), together with one-half of the buildings thereon erected and also one-half of the cultivated or what might be considered parts of the said seven hundred acres of land; and also all the estate, right, title, claim and demand of him the said John Robert McDougall of in and to the one-half part of the said island and premises as in and by a certain indenture bearing date the day and year last aforesaid, under the hands and seals of the said parties, may fully appear, reference being thereunto had.

Now, this indenture further witnesseth that the said John Robert McDougall, for and in consideration of the sum of seven hundred and seventy-six pounds, six shillings and eight pence, New York currency, to him in hand paid at and before the sealing and delivering of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and thereof and of every part and parcel thereof, doth exonerate, acquit and discharge the said William Macomb, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns and every of them forever, by these presents hath granted, bargained, sold, aliened, enfeoffed and confirmed, and by these presents doth grant, bargain, sell, enfeoff and confirm unto the said William Macomb, his heirs and assigns forever, the remaining half of the said messuage or tenement and island situate, lying and being in Detroit river aforesaid, about three miles above the fort commonly known and described by the name of Hog Island, together with the remaining half of the said seven hundred superficial acres, be they more or less, in the said island, and the remaining half of the buildings and cultivated, or what may be considered improved parts of the said seven hundred acres of land, by whatsoever name or names or howsoever the same or any of them are called or known with their and every of their rights, members and appurtenances whatsoever, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders of all and singular the said messuage, island and premises hereby granted and of every part and parcel thereof and all rents, issues and profits to the said hereby granted premises belonging or in any wise appertaining. And also all and every the right, estate, title, interest, claim and demand whatsoever of him, the said John Robert McDougall, of in and to the said premises and every part thereof, to have and to hold the remaining half of the said island, messuage or tenement and all other, the buildings and improvements thereon hereby granted, bargained, sold or mentioned or intended to be hereby granted, bargained and sold, and every part and parcel thereof with their and every of their appurtenances unto the said William Macomb, his heirs and assigns forever. And the said John Robert McDougall doth hereby grant for him and his heirs that the said William Macomb and his heirs the half of the said island and premises hereby granted, and every part and parcel thereof with all and singular their rights, members and appurtenances unto the said William Macomb, his heirs and assigns against him, the said John Robert McDougall, his heirs and assigns, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents.

In testimony whereof, the said parties have to these presents set their hands and affixed their seals, at Detroit aforesaid, this seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord 1794.

JOHN ROBERT McDOUGALL. [L. S.]
WILLIAM MACOMB. [L. S.]

Sealed and delivered in the presence of
FRANCOISE DROUIJARD,
W. ROE.

Mem.: On the day of the date within written full, quiet and peaceable possession and seizin of the within mentioned premises was delivered by John Robert McDougall, the vendor, by delivering him a twig in the name of the whole premises, according to the contents and true meaning of the within written indenture, in the presence of us,

FRANCOISE DROUIJARD,
W. ROE.

Estate of William Macomb. File 146, probate office. Papers gone from file.

By report of commissioners and decree of register on estate of William Macomb with reference to the Cass farm, it is stated that said land was devised by William Macomb by will, dated April 11, 1796, to his sons, John, alias John W. and William W. and David Macomb. Said John died intestate June 15th, 1815, leaving four children, Isabella, Maria de la Merced, Maria Teresa Elvira, and Frances Sarah Dring Macomb, all infants.

Estate of John W. Macomb. File 161, probate office.

Ann Macomb, a sister of deceased, appointed administratrix January 6th, 1819. Bond dated January 6th, 1819. The appraisers report that no real or personal property has been exhibited to them by the administratrix.

PROCEEDINGS OF UNITED STATES LAND BOARD.

American State Papers, Vol. 16, p. 273.

DOCUMENT F.

On Monday, the 2d day of December, A. D. 1805, the board met pursuant to adjournment, and proceeded to the examination of the claims of the heirs and legal representatives of the late William Macomb, deceased. Whereupon the notice filed by the said heirs with the register of the land office being read, of which the following is an extract, viz:

"John, William and David Macomb claim an island situate in the strait about three miles above Detroit, commonly called Hog Island, containing, by Mr. Boyd, who surveyed it in 1771, seven hundred and four acres, by purchase from the Ottawa and Chippewa nations of Indians, who in council under the direction of his Britannic Majesty to the Hon. Thomas Gage, commander-in-chief of all his said Majesty's forces in North America, for that purpose, did convey the same to lieutenant George McDougall on the 5th day of June, 1769, whose heirs sold the same to Wm. Macomb on the 11th of November, 1793."

(Then follows a deed, as above, Liber H, p. 309 of United States land records, with the following note):

[This "and" appears evidently to have been inserted after the above instrument was written, if not after the same was executed, for it is written on an erasure, and renders the sense thereof somewhat less clear and perspicuous than what it must have been before. There is no memorandum of the erasure, nor of another interlineation which is in the instrument.]

A deed of feoffment, executed by John Robert McDougall, conveying a moiety of said island, in fee simple to William Macomb, containing a clause of warranty against himself, his heirs and assigns, dated the 11th day of November, 1793, with a memorandum of livery of seizin endorsed on the back of said deed.

Also, a deed of gift from George McDougall to John Robert McDougall for a moiety of said island, with the like clause of warranty therein, and the like memorandum of livery and seisin endorsed thereon, dated the 6th day of January, 1794.

Also, a deed of feoffment, executed by John Robert McDougall, conveying and transferring the other moiety of said island to the said William Macomb in fee simple, containing a clause of warranty against the feoffer, his heirs and assigns, with a memorandum of livery and seisin endorsed thereon, dated the 7th day of April, 1794.

The claimants then brought forward George Meldrum to be examined as a witness with regard to Hog Island, who, being sworn, deposed and said that the late lieutenant McDougall built on this island a dwelling house and sundry out-houses, about the year 1770 or 1771. About the same time one Cassety, as a tenant of the said McDougall, went on a part of these lands, who, in the course of some few of the following years, cultivated about thirty acres, and as well as this deponent recollects, built a small house. Said Cassety was succeeded by one Ridley, and the said island has been constantly occupied by successive tenants of the said Mc-

Dougall and Macomb families to the present day. At the request of the claimants the said claims, generally, were continued for further investigation.

On Tuesday, the 3d day of December, A. D. 1805, the board met pursuant to adjournment, the fourth claim of the heirs and legal representatives of the late William Macomb, deceased being again under consideration. John Laughton was brought forward as a witness, who, being sworn and examined, deposed and said, with respect to Hog Island, that, in the year 1776, he, the deponent, leased the said island of one Cassety, who at that time held it under the lease of the late lieutenant McDougall. When in occupation of the said island he, the said deponent, was ousted of his possession by the order of Col. DePeyster, then the commanding officer at Detroit, who put thereon some prisoners brought to his garrison by the Indians. The late William Macomb, as the guardian of the then infant sons of the said McDougall, petitioned Gen. Haldiman for redress, who ordered the said Macomb to be again put in possession thereof. The deponent also recollects that Col. DePeyster, on restoring the said island, left with the said Macomb a barn erected at the expense of the government and a scow, as a compensation for the disseisin. This property, the deponent imagines, must have been worth about twelve or fourteen hundred pounds. When the deponent first went to the island there were two farms thereon, each of which was improved with a dwelling house, and inclusively had about eighty acres of cultivated land and two large barns.

John Robert McDougall being sworn deposed and said, with respect to Hog Island, that some short time after Col. DePeyster had taken forcible possession of this island, that officer was desirous of purchasing it for the use of the government, and made an offer to this deponent and his mother of six hundred guineas therefor. These terms were, however, rejected. The said DePeyster then paid to Alex. Macomb a quantity of corn as the rent of said island, for which said Macomb as guardian of the infant children of this said deponent's late father afterwards accounted. Some few years before the evacuation of this garrison of the British troops Major Clans, commanding Detroit, put a number of cattle on the said island to pasture, for which damages were awarded to the deponent in the court of common pleas of the upper province of Canada.

The order of the King of Great Britain, by the advice of his privy council, referred to in the instrument of writing executed by the Indians therein named, was this day produced by the claimants as evidence of their title to the said island, and is in the words following, viz:

[L. S.] At the court at St. James', the fourth day of May, 1768.

Present: The King's Most Excellent Majesty, Lord President; Duke of Grafton, Duke of Ancaster, Duke of Northumberland, Marquis of Granby, Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Huntington, Earl of Denbigh, Earl of Shelburne, Viscount Weymouth, Viscount Falmouth, Viscount Howe, Viscount Clare, Viscount Villiers, Welbore Ellis, Esq., Richard Rigby, Esq., Thomas Townshend, Esq., and George Ouslow, Esq.

WHEREAS, There was this day read at the board a report for the right honorable the lords of the committee of council for plantation affairs, dated the third of this instant in the words following, viz: "Your majesty having been pleased, by your order in council of the 12th of December, 1767, to refer unto this committee the humble petition of Lieutenant George McDougall, of the royal American regiment, on half pay, praying, for the reasons therein contained, that your majesty will be graciously pleased to grant to him a certain small island, three miles above Detroit, called Hog island." The lords of the committee, in obedience to your majesty's said order of reference, did, on the third of March last, take the said petition into their consideration, and thought proper to refer the same to the lords' commissioners of trade and plantations, who have thereupon reported to this committee:

"That the above mentioned island, lying within that territory which, by your majesty's proclamation of the 7th of October, 1763, is reserved and set aside as hunting grounds for the several tribes of Indians, it follows that no absolute grant of the same can be made consistently with the terms and reservations of the said proclamation, and in its full extent; but as the merits of the petitioner, in clearing part of the said island, building a house, and making a settlement thereon, in consequence of permission obtained from the commanding officer at Detroit, in 1761, appear to be true; and as he has sustained considerable damage by being dispossessed of these improvements by the savages in the subsequent war, more especially as it is evident that considerable savings may be, and actually have been, made in the articles of supply and provision for the garrison at Detroit, by stocking and cultivating lands in the neighborhood thereof. The said lord's commissioners are of opinion that advantages may be derived to the public service from the settlement and improvements of this island, and as the petitioner, as well from his intercourse and acquaintance with the Indians, as by his interest and connections in those parts (he being married and having a wife and family now residing at Detroit), doth appear both willing and able to carry his proposals into execution; and as it is represented that the said island, though within the limits of the Indian territory, yet has always been considered as an appendage to the fort, the said lords commissioners are of opinion that every encouragement should be given to him in the settlement of the said island as far as the tenor of the proclamation above recited will allow; and this they think can best be done by referring the matter to the commander-in-chief, in America, recommending to him to allow the petitioner a temporary occupation of the said island, so long as your majesty shall think fit to continue an establishment at Detroit, provided this can be done without umbrage to the Indians, and upon consideration that the improvements projected by the petitioner will be directed to the more easy and effectual supply of your majesty's fort and garrison maintained at Detroit."

The lords of the committee, upon consideration thereof, do humbly report to your majesty that they agree in opinion with the lords commissioners for trade and plantations, and thereupon humbly propose that your majesty will be graciously pleased to direct the commander-in-chief of your majesty's forces in America, for the time being, to allow the petitioner a temporary occupation of the said land, so long as your majesty shall think fit to continue an establishment at Detroit, provided this can be done without umbrage to the Indians, and upon consideration that the improvements projected by the petitioner will be directed to the more easy and effectual supply of your majesty's fort and garrison maintained at Detroit.

His majesty, taking the said report into consideration, was pleased, with the advice of his privy council, to approve thereof and to order, as it is hereby ordered, that the commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in America, for the time being, do allow the petitioner a temporary occupation of the said island, so long as his majesty shall think fit to continue an establishment at Detroit, provided the same can be done without umbrage to the Indians, and upon consideration that the improvements projected by the petitioner be directed to the more easy and effectual supply of his majesty's fort and garrison maintained at Detroit. Whereof, the commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in America, for the time being, and all others whom it may concern, are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

WILLIAM BLAIR.

A writing purporting to be a "paragraph of General Gage's letter to Capt. Turnbull, of the 29th August, 1768, relating to Hog Island, given to Mr. McDougall by his Majesty and council," was also exhibited as evidence of the claim aforesaid, and it is as follows, to-wit: As Mr. McDougall occupying these lands depend upon the suffrage of the Indians, who have claims thereto, it will be necessary that those Indians should be collected by the friends of Mr. McDougall and publicly signify to you or rather give a written acknowledgment of their consenting to the cession of those lands in favor of Mr. McDougall. You are to contract no expense upon this account; the collecting and supporting these Indians must be the act of Mr. McDougall or his friends. In his absence you are only to acquaint them that you cannot admit them to take possession till you are satisfied of the Indians' intentions and acquiescence therein. This must be a solemn act, performed in your presence, by Indians concerned in the property of the lands, to which they must sign the marks of their tribes, and you will certify the same to be done by you and under my authority and in your presence. Their permission must at the same time be had to people the island for cultivation, for every necessary particular should be mentioned in the writing for the cession of these lands, and the whole fully and distinctly explained to the Indians to prevent future claims or disputes. You are likewise to attend to the nature of the improvements carried on by Mr. McDougall, and see that they are such as may when called upon serve to the purposes intended, of an effectual and easy support of the garrison at Detroit.

GEORGE TURNBULL, Capt. 2d Bat., 60th Regt.

(The whole of the above document F) received and recorded in the register's office, in Quebec, on Thursday, 23d of January, 1777, at one o'clock in the afternoon, in the English register, letter E, page 615.

GEORGE ALLSOPP.

United States, to the heirs of William Macomb, Deceased.	American State Papers, vol. 16, p. 384, Tuesday, August 2, 1808. No. 256.

The board took into consideration the fourth claim of the heirs of the late William Macomb, deceased, to-wit: John, William and David Macomb, to an island called Hog Island, which was entered with the former commissioners of the land office at Detroit, in vol. 1, page 354, under the date of the 2d of December, 1805. This island contains, by estimation, seven hundred and four acres, is situate in the strait, about three miles above the city of Detroit.

Whereupon, George Meldrum was brought forward as a witness in behalf of the claimants, who being duly sworn, deposed and said, that, in the year 1793, the late William Macomb was in possession and occupancy of the premises, and continued so until he died, since which time to this day the premises have been cultivated by tenants placed thereon by one of the executors of the last will and testament of the said William Macomb. Postponed.

Vol. 16, p. 525, Nov. 6, 1809.

The board reconsidered the claim of the heirs of William Macomb, deceased (No. 256), which was postponed on the 2d of August, 1808.

Whereupon, Gabriel Chene was brought forward as a witness in behalf of the claimants, who, being duly sworn, deposed and said, that, on the 1st July, 1796, George Meldrum was in posssession and cultivated the premises as tenant to the late William Macomb, and that from that time to this day the premises have been cultivated every year by tenants placed thereon by the claimants, or by one of the executors of the last will and testament of their father, the said William Macomb; that there are on the premises two dwelling-houses and two stables, and between sixty and seventy arpents under cultivation and enclosure. And, thereupon, it doth appear to the commissioners that the claimants are entitled to the before described tract of land, or island, but not to exceed six hundred and forty acres, and that they have a certificate thereof, which certificate shall be No. 256; and that they cause the same to be surveyed, and a plot of the survey, with the quantity of land therein contained, to be returned to the register of the land office at Detroit.

Proceedings on the petition of David and William Macomb, praying for a partition of Hog Island and other land.	Liber 3, p. 401 Co. Rec. Recorded January 15, 1817.

Petition to the register of the district of Erie, Huron and Detroit. Recites that April 11, 1796, William Macomb made his will and therein devised to his sons, John Macomb (alias John W. Macomb), William Macomb and David Macomb, all his lands; and in 1796 said William Macomb, the elder, died, and that by virtue of the said will, said devisees came into possession of said lands, and that May 1, 1809, said John W. Macomb (alias John Macomb) and his wife, Isabella, mortgaged to Alexander Macomb the undivided one-third of Hog Island and other land. That June 1, 1811, or July 24, 1811, the president of the United States granted a patent of tract on Hog Island, containing 640 acres, beginning on border of Hog Island at southwest angle of said island, thence N. 45°, E. 10 chains, thence N. 89°, E. 6 chains, thence N. 62°, E. 20 chains, thence N. 70°, E. 7 chains, thence N. 59° 30′, E. 20 chains, thence N. 79°, E. 19 chains, thence N. 71°, E. 9 chains, thence N. 27°, E. 27 chains, 34 links, thence N. 75° 45′, E. 48 chains, 35 links, thence S. 49°, E. 18 chains, 17 links, thence S. 29°, E. 15 chains, thence S. 20° 30′, E. 11 chains 50 links, thence S. 37°, W. 10 chains, thence S. 70°, W. 19 chains, thence S. 80°, W. 25 chains, thence S. 65°, W. 80 chains, thence S. 89°, W. 32 chains, thence N. 40°, W. 19 chains, thence N. 23° 30′, W. 3 chains 3 links to beginning.

That said description was included in said mortgage under the description of Hog Island. That June 29, 1815, said John W. (alias John) Macomb died, leaving four (4) children, Isabella, Maria de la Merced, Maria Theresa Elvira and Francis Sarah Dring Macomb, all infants, and pray that said lands may be partitioned; on said petition said register appointed Lewis Cass, John R. Williams and Philip Lecuyer commissioners to make partition in said matter, who report that they have made such partition (Jan. 7, 1817), and have set off said Hog Island (and other land) to said David Macomb in severalty.

David B. Macomb,
to
Barnaba Campau.

W. D. $5,000. Liber 3, p. 454 Co.
Dated March 3, 1817.
Rec'd June 11, 1817.

All that certain tract or parcel of land containing 640 acres, situate on Hog Island at the southwest angle of said island, thence N. 45°, E. 10 chains, thence N. 89°, E. 6 chains, thence N. 62°, E. 7 chains, thence N. 59° 30′, E. 20 chains, thence N. 79°, E. 19 chains, thence N. 71°, E. 9 chains, thence N. 27°, E. 27 chains 34 links, thence N. 75° 42′, E. 48 chains 35 links, thence S. 49°, E. 18 chains 70 links, thence S. 29°, E. 15 chains, thence S. 20° 30′, W. 19 chains, thence S. 80°, W. 25 chains, thence S. 65°, W. 80 chains, thence S. 89°, W. 32 chains, thence N. 40°, W. 19 chains, thence N. 23° 30′, W. 3 chains 3 links to the place of beginning, being a tract or parcel of land originally confirmed to John, William and David Macomb, heirs of the late William Macomb, and since confirmed to me, said David B. Macomb, by a decree of the registers' court for the judicial district of Erie, Huron and Detroit.

NOTE.—The name of Mary Tiffin Macomb, wife of the said David B. Macomb, is mentioned in the body of the deed as one of the grantors, but she neither signs nor acknowledges the deed.

David B. Macomb,
to
Barnabas Campau.

W. D. $2,000, Liber 4, p. 9 Co.
Dated March 3, 1817.
Rec'd Nov. 24, 1817.

Certain parcel of land containing 640 acres, situate on Hog Island, beginning along the border of Hog Island, at the southwest angle of said island, thence N. 45°, E. 10 chains, thence N. 89°, E. 6 chains, thence N. 62°, E. 20 chains, thence N. 70°, E. 7 chains, thence N. 59° 30′, E. 20

chains, thence N. 79°, E. 19 chains, thence N. 71°, E. 9 chains, thence N. 27°, E. 20 chains 34 links, thence N. 75° 42′, E. 48 chains 35 links, thence S. 49°, E. 18 chains 70 links, thence S. 29° 15 chains, thence S. 20° 30′, W. 19 chains, thence S. 80°, W. 25 chains, thence S. 65°, W. 80 chains, thence S. 89°, W. 32 chains, thence N. 40°, W. 19 chains, thence N. 23° 30′, W. 3 chains and 3 links to place of beginning, being a tract or parcel of land originally confirmed to John, William and David Macomb, heirs of the late William Macomb, deceased, and since confirmed to me, the said David B. Macomb, by decree of the registers' court for the judicial district of Erie, Huron and Detroit.

NOTE.—Mary Tiffin Macomb, wife of the said David B., purports to be one of the grantors to this instrument, but she does not sign or acknowledge receipt for $5,000, the consideration expressed in the above instrument from Barnabas Campau, March 3, 1817, and signed by

DAVID B. MACOMB.

Mary T. Macomb, wife of David B. Macomb, To Barnabe Campau.	Release of dower, Liber 4, p. 101, co. $10. Dated June 3, 1817. Rec'd December 29, 1817.

All my right, title, and dower in a certain parcel of land lying and being on Hog Island in the Detroit river, in the district of Detroit, Michigan, containing 640 acres, which was the property of my husband David B. Macomb.

NOTE.—One witness. Executed in the state of Ohio.

David B. Macomb, To Barnabe Campau.	Q. D. $500, Liber 7, p. 33 Co. Dated March 4, 1817. Rec'd December 22, 1823.

All my claim and interest to all that tract of land situated on Hog Island in the Detroit river.

Barnaby Campau.	American State Papers. Public Lands, Vol. 5, p, 274. Dated August 28, 1821.

Claim for private claim 256.

Said Campau, as assignee of David B. Macomb and proprietor of P. C. 256, being Hog Island, recites the above conveyances to himself and claims the second concession of 640 acres in conformity to act of congress. Also claims the whole of said Hog Island by virtue of the treaty with England November 19, 1794, guaranteeing the property of the inhabitants of the present territory of Michigan to them, this claim having been entered with the former United States commissioners. December 2, 1805. Vol. 3, p. 354.

DETROIT, July 29, 1823.

Gentlemen: Independent of my notice of August 28, 1821, which I filed with the former commissioners in conformity to the then existing laws of congress as proprietor of Hog Island, being claim No. 256, to which I beg leave to refer, claiming the whole of said island, and the second concession thereof, in conformity to the acts of congress then in such cases made and provided. I now take the liberty, in conformity with another act of congress, approved on the 21st of February last, to renew my notice of said claim, and to state what grounds I, in justice and equity, expect in consequence of former and present notice to have the whole of said island confirmed to me, my heirs and assigns by this honorable board, as well as its appendages, being *Lestelle au Sable et le batture qui va a isle au Jouc, en approchant la dit isle au Cochon;* that is to say, as well as Sandy isle and the sand bar leading to and comprehending Rush isle, near Hog Island aforesaid; the whole of which appearing above water being considerably less than an acre in extent, lying and being about two thousand two hundred feet from Hog Island aforesaid, as being appendages to the latter, and to which I am entitled, as the second concession to the same, viz:

1st. The old commissioners of the land office at Detroit confirm this claim to the heirs of William Macomb, deceased, their heirs and assigns, provided it did not exceed six hundred and forty acres of land, for which quantity your applicant, as assignee of said heirs, holds the President's patent.

2d. On actual survey, which your applicant has lately caused to be made of Hog Island, aforesaid, by J. Mullett, surveyor general of Michigan, he finds that the said island does not contain the six hundred and forty acres as patented; but, on the contrary, there is considerable deficiency; therefore, should Sandy isle, the said bar, and Rush isle, aforesaid, which I heretofore claimed and now claim, be added to Hog Island as appendages thereto, the whole would not complete the quantity patented.

3d. Your applicant, independent of the full quantity of six hundred and forty acres to which he is entitled, as aforesaid, claims the second concession to the same as a donation, in conformity to the several acts of congress above referred to. Hog Island, bordering on the river Detroit, fronting to the south by the line dividing the British dominions in Upper Canada and this territory, and in rear, towards the north, like the other farms on the Detroit river, eighty acres in depth, as a second concession would certainly comprehend Sandy island, the said sand-bar, and Rush isle, aforesaid, and entitle him, by reason of lands in said river and adjacent prior claims, to the residue from the United States lands unsold in the vicinity adjacent to and back of Hog Island, so confirmed to him as aforesaid.

Your claimant therefore humbly prays this honorable board to grant him your subpœna, directed to J. Mullett, to testify in the premises aforesaid, and to cause justice and right to be administered to your claimant; and, as in duty bound, he will ever pray.

B. CAMPAU.

On examination of the preceding claim of B. Campau, the commissioners decide as follows: That in consideration of the fact, which is made to appear, that the survey of the original grant to the claimant did not, through mistake, contain 640 acres, that the claimant has an equitable right to the benefit of the law granting additional donation, or back concession on the Detroit river; that the whole of the island called Hog Island was originally entered upon strong grounds of claim; and believing that said Hog Island does not contain more than, or very little beyond 640 acres, the commissioners recommend that said island be confirmed entire to said B. Campau.

Estate of Barnabas Campau. File 1287, probate office. Will of Barnabas Campau, dated October 5, 1845. Probated October 13, 1845.

Appoints Theodore Williams, John B. Campau, Alexander M. Campau, executors. Gives to Emily C. Campau, John Barnabas Campau and Alexander M. Campau, each, one quarter of his estate, real and personal, and the other one-fourth to Charles Moran and Theodore Williams, or survivor in trust, to take charge of, and rent and improve the same during the life of the testator's daughter, Angelique, wife of John B. Piquette, and pay the said Angelique all of the income thereof, after the necessary charges, taxes, etc., are paid; and that, upon the decease of said Angelique, without issue or other lineal descendants surviving her, or in the event of all lineal descendants dying before they become twenty-one years of age, said Charles Moran and Theodore Williams, or survivor, shall divide said one-fourth share between said Emily, John B. and Alexander M. Campau, their legal representatives, heirs and assigns. The intention being ,that if no child, grand-child, great-grand-child or other still more remote descendant in the same direct line of lineal descent shall live to the age of twenty-one years, then that said one-fourth shall accrue and be given and distributed by said trustees to said Emily, John B. and Alexander M. Campau, their legal representatives, etc. And if, upon the decease of said Angelique, she shall leave surviving her child, children, or other lineal descendants, as aforesaid, all of whom are under the age of twenty-one years, the said trustees shall manage said property as during the life-time of said Angelique, and shall pay the surplus to said children, and as often as such children arrive at the age of twenty-one years, such child or other lineal descendants shall have his or her share or portion, and if any are of the age of twenty one years at the time of the death of said Angelique, such an one shall be entitled to his or her portion immediately.

The child or children of any deceased child of said Angelique shall be entitled to the same share that the parent would have, if living.

The names of the heirs as stated in petition to sell real estate dated February 7, 1863, are:

EMILY CAMPAU,	
ALEXANDER M. CAMPAU,	
ANGELIQUE PIQUETTE.	
CHARLES L. PIQUETTE,	Children of John B. Piquette.
ELSIE A. PIQUETTE,	
EMILY A. PIQUETTE.	
ALEXANDRINE M. WILLIS,	Children of J. B Campau.
ALBERT CAMPAU,	
THOMAS CAMPAU.	

CHARLES MORAN,	Trustees for Angelique Piquette, and children of J. B. Piquette.
THEODORE WILLIAMS.	

Will also recorded January 16, 1872, in Liber 151, p. 580, Co. Rec.

John Barnabas Campau and Alexandrine M., his wife, to Eben N. Willcox.	Q. D. Liber 79, p. 69, co. $50,000. Dated March 15, 1859. Rec'd April 4, 1859.

The undivided fourth part of all "Hog" Island or "Belle" Isle, with all its fisheries and rights of fishery, and points, projections and strips and bars of lands thereto attached or belonging, whether covered by water or otherwise. Also other land.

Eben N. Willcox and Marie Louise, his wife, to Alexandrine M. Campau.	Q. D. Liber 79, p. 70, co. $50,000. Dated March 16, 1859. Rec'd April 4, 1859.

Undivided fourth of Hog Island, etc., as in preceding deed.

Signed

E. N. WILLCOX.

Alexandrine M. Willis vs. Emily Campau, Alexander M. Campau, Charles Moran and Theodore Williams, trustees, and Charles Piquette, Therese Piquette, Eliza Piquette, and Eugene St. Amour.	Lis Pendens. Liber 1, p. 38. Lis Pen. No. 527. February 3, 1862.

Notice of commencement of a suit in Wayne County Circuit Court in Chancery in favor of said complainant and against said defendants.

For partition of land in Wayne county, Michigan, being all that parcel of land situate in the Detroit river, Wayne county, Michigan, commonly known as "Hog Island," or "Belle Isle," containing about seven hundred acres.

THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE, IN CHANCERY.

Alexandrine M. Willis, vs. Emily Campau, Alexander M. Campau and Theodore Williams, as trustees; Charles Piquette, Emily A. Piquette, Eliza Piquette, infants; Eugene F. St. Amour, and Angelique Piquette, guardian of said infants.	Liber 113, p. 383, Co. Dated April 29, 1862. Rec. May 28, 1866.

Stipulation that the testimony of Alexander M. Campau may be taken as to the title of the parties to the premises sought to be partitioned by the bill filed in this cause and returned to this court without formal reference to a commissioner. That such testimony shall have the same effect as if reported to the court upon order of reference and that partition of said premises described in said bill shall be made, and that Edmund A. Brush, Robert P. Toms and George Jerome may be appointed commissioners for the purpose of making such partition by the decretal order of this court.

Signed,
ALEXANDER M. WILLIS,
By E. N. Wilcox and O. B., her solicitors.
ALEX. M. CAMPAU,
EMILIE CAMPAU,
ANGELIQUE PIQUETTE,
Guardian.
C. MORAN,
THEO. WILLIAMS,
Trustees,
GRAY AND O'FLYNN,
Solicitors for Defendant.

Alexandrine M. Willis,
vs.
Emily Campau, Alexander M. Campau, and Charles Moran and Theodore Williams, as trustees; Charles Piquette, Emily A. Piquette, Eliza Piquette, infants; Eugene St. Amour, and Angelique Piquette, guardian of said infants.

Decree, Liber 113, p. 384.
Dated May 5, 1860.
Rec., May 28, 1866.

Decree of Circuit Court, Wayne county, adjudging that the complainant, Alexandrine M. Willis, is entitled to one equal undivided one-fourth part of said premises so sought to be partitioned; that the defendant, Emily Campau, is entitled to one equal undivided one-fourth of said premises; that the defendant, Alexander M. Campau, is entitled to one equal undivided one-fourth part of said premises; and that the defendants Charles Moran and Theodore Williams, trustees, are entitled, as such trustees, to one equal undivided one-fourth part, subject to the uses and purposes and trusts in the last will of the late Barnabas Campau.

It is further ordered that partition be made of the premises described in the bill in this cause, which is as follows: That tract of land in Detroit river, Wayne county, Michigan, known as Hog Island, or "Belle Isle," containing about 700 acres, among the parties to this suit; and also that Edmund A. Brush, Robert P. Toms and George Jerome be appointed commissioners for the purpose of such partition, as above decreed, and that a commission issue to them for that purpose.

Liber 113, p. 386, County Records.
Dated June 5, 1862. Rec., May 28, 1866.

Report of commissioners Edmund A. Brush, Robert P. Toms anp George Jerome to the circuit court, of the partition of the estate of Barnabas Campau, in a cause wherein Alexandrine M. Willis was complainant, and Emily Campau, Alexander M. Campau, Charles Moran, Theodore Williams, trustees, Charles and Emily A. and Eliza Piquette, infants, Eugene St. Amour, Angelique Piquette, guardian of said infants, were defendants. Commission authorizing the partition and supplemental decree of said court, authorizing said courts to partition and set apart such portion of said premises as could not be partitioned without prejudice to the same. We, the said commissioners, have made partition in the manner following: A part of said premises, consisting of valuable fisheries, we found incapable of partition without great prejudices to all the parties, we caused to be set apart for sale according to the provisions of said supplemental order and commission, and we have designated them as follows:

South point fishery, containing 2 12-100 acres; East point fishery, containing 6 46-100 acres, with the right of seine fishing up to the line between lots 3 and 4 extended into Detroit river, which right is reserved and made appurtenant forever to said fishery; and North point fishery, containing 8 34-100 acres, with the right of seine fishing up to the line between lots 3 and 4 extended into the Detroit river, which right is expressly reserved and made appurtenant forever to said fishery, and which we marked upon the plat of said island herewith returned and made a part of this report.

We caused the remaining portion of said island to be divided into four parts, as follows:

Lot I., containing 37 acres of improved and timber land and 13 acres of marsh, in all 50 acres. with the brick and other buildings and dock.

Lot II., containing 146 acres of timber and improved land and 27 11-100 acres of marsh, in all 173 11-100 acres—reserving from said lot where it joins III. and IV. a strip of land 33 feet in width and running across said lot II. to form one-half of the private road on said map designated.

Lot III., containing 160 acres of timber land and 60 acres of marsh, in all 220 acres—reserving from said lot where it joins lot II. a strip of land 33 feet in width and running across said lot III. to form one-half of the private road on said map designated.

Lot IV., containing 159 acres of timbered land, 23 acres of black-ash swamp and 32 61-100 acres marsh, in all 214 61-100 acres—reserving from said lot where it joins lot No. II. a strip of land 33 feet in width and running across said lot IV. to form one-half of the private road on said map designated, according to said plat.

That we have set off in severalty to said Alexander M. Campau said lot I.; to said Alexandrine M. Willis lot II.; to said Charles Moran and Theodore Williams, trustees, in trust for the said Charlotte Piquette, Emily A. Piquette and Eliza Piquette, said lot III.; to said Emily Campau said lot IV.

Alexandrine M. Willis (late Campau) and Richard Storrs Willis, her husband, to Alexander M. Campau.	Q. D. $1,900, Liber 96, p. 68 Co. Date Aug. 12, 1862. Rec'd Aug. 12, 1862.

All the interest, etc., of said Alexandrine to the fisheries of Hog Island, or Belle Isle, the interest of said Alexandrine being the equal undivided one-quarter part of said fisheries, described as follows, to-wit:

1st. East point fishery, commencing at a point on the border of Detroit river, running thence N. 40°, E. 21 chains 30 links to the border of said river, thence along the border of said river S. 14° 35′, E. 4 chains 30 links, thence S. 7°, W. 2 chains 72 links, thence S. 19° 45′, W. 4 chains 23 links, thence S. 51°, W. 2 chains 45 links, thence S. 18° 15′, E 1 chain 86 links, thence S. 57° 30′, W. 1 chain 58 links, thence N. 15° 20′, W. 1 chain

17 links, thence N. 81° 30′, W. 3 chains, thence S. 65° 30′, W. 4 chains 14 links, thence S. 71° 15′, W. 3 chains 64 links to the place of beginning, containing 6 46-100 acres, together with the exclusive right of fishing for white fish along the channel bank of the Detroit river from the southerly or southeasterly point of said fishery to a point at the intersection of said channel bank, with the line of partition drawn through Hog Island on a course N. 65° 15′ E. extended according to the plat of partition filed by the commissioners in partition of said island.

2d. North point fishery, commencing at a point on the border of the Detroit river, and running thence along the border of said river N. 1° 10′, W. 9 chains 6 links, thence N. 51° 40′, E. 1 chain 59 links, thence N. 85° 45′, E. 1 chain 98 links, thence S. 73° 15′, E. 1 chain 40 links, thence S. 38° 20′, E. 12 chains 73 links, thence N. 89° 15′, W. 12 chains 28 links to the place of beginning, containing 8 34-100 acres, together with the exclusive right of fishing for white fish along the channel bank of the Detroit river from the southerly or southwesterly point of said fishery to a point at the intersection of said channel bank with the line of partition drawn through said Hog Island on a course N. 65° 15′ E. extended according to said plat..

3d. South point fishery, commencing at a point on the border of the Detroit river, running thence N. 69°, E. 19 chains 10 links to the border of said river, thence S. 68° 40′ W. along the border of said river 1 chain 95 links, thence S. 57° 25′, W. along the border of said river 11 chains 68 links, thence S. 88° 45′, W. along the border of said river 7 chains to the place of beginning, containing 2 12-100 acres, all in Wayne county, Mich.

Charles Moran, Trustee under will of Barnabas Campau, deceased, to Charles L. Piquette, Elise A. Mitchell, Emily A. Piquette, children of Angelique Piquette, deceased.	Trustees' D. Liber 163, p. 609 Co. $1. Date May 28, 1873. Rec'd June 7, 1873.

All that part of the island in the Detroit river in township of Hamtramck called Belle Isle, being lot 3 of sub. of said island, containing 222 acres, more or less.

Executed in pursuance of will of Barnabas Campau.

A copy of will recorded in Liber 151, p. 580 Co. Rec. signed C. Moran, trustee.

Grantor is surviving trustee mentioned in said will, and conveys all interest which said first party should or could grant by virtue of the will of said Barnabas Campau, deceased.

Charles L. Piquette, Elsie A. Mitchell, to Emily A. Piquette.	Q. D. and Liber 163, p. 606 Co. Partition dated June 6, 1873. $1, etc. Rec'd June 7, 1873. 87 $\frac{52}{100}$ acres, part of lot 3.

Beginning at a point on southerly line of said lot 3, said point being 60 chains 52 links, neither more or less, from southeast corner of lot 3, thence N. 24° 45′, W. 27 chains 78 links to border of Detroit river, thence easterly along the border of said river and the southerly line of north point fishery to southeast corner of said north point fishery, thence southerly along the easterly line of said lot 3 to south line of said lot 3, thence S. 65° 15′, W. 34 chains 72 links to beginning; also other land. Q. D., with covenants against grantors' acts.

Charles L. Piquette and Emily A. Piquette to Elise A. Mitchell.	Q. D. and Liber 163, p. 607 Co. Partition. Dated June 6, 1873. $1.00, etc. Rec'd June 7, 1873. Part of lot 3—50 acres.

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of said lot 3, and running north 65° 15′, east along the south line of said lot 3—30 chains 59 links, neither more or less, thence north 24° and 40 links west, parallel to the west line of said lot, 19 chains 85 links to the border of Detroit river, thence westerly along the border of the Detroit river to west line of said lot 3, thence south 24° 45′, east 18 chains 55 links to beginning. Also other land.

Q. D. with covenants against grantors' acts.

Elise A. Mitchell and Emile A. Piquette (signed Emilie A.) to Charles L. Piquette.	Q. D. and Liber 163, p. 611, Co. Partition. Dated June 6, 1873. $1.00, etc. Rec'd June 7, 1873. Part of lot 3, 82$\frac{52}{100}$ acres.

Beginning at a point in the southerly line of lot 3, said point being 30 chains 59 links, neither more or less, from southwesterly corner of said lot 3, thence N. 55° 15′, E. along the S. line of said lot 29 chains 93 links, neither more or less, thence N. 24° 45′, W. parallel to W. line of said lot 27 chains 78 links to border of Detroit river, thence westerly along the border of Detroit river, to a line parallel to and distant 30 chains 59 links from W. line of said lot 3, thence S. 24° 45′, E. 19 chains 85 links to beginning. Also other land. Q. D. with covenants against grantors' acts.

Alex. M. Campau to Thomas Lorimer, William Lorimer, Thomas Lorimer, Jr.	Lease. Liber 181, p. 618, Co. $500 per annum. Dated January 3, 1876. Rec'd January 8, 1876.

Thirty-five acres, more or less, lower portion of Belle Isle, particularly described as the brick house and premises surrounding, being grove, orchard, and field situated on west of said orchard, with the shoal forming a portion of said island, extending within channel banks of Detroit river to the wreck of the Nile, reserving fishing ground and houses, stables and pond on east and south side of said island; also reserving fishing grounds on west and northwest shores, and the right to establish fishing grounds on said shoals and to erect and control telegraph lines; also right of ingress and egress for himself and all employes; also right to use wharves for landing purposes, pile driving and right to repair and protect said premises.

Lease for term of six years from January 1, 1876, at annual rental of $500, in three equal installments on the first day of June, July and

August. Said second parties are not to hold said first party liable for damages in case any part of said island should be taken by public authority for bridge, railroad, or any other purpose.

Elise A. Mitchell to Emilie A. Sands.	Q. D. $1,500. Liber 196, p. 429, Co. Dated November 13, 1876. Rec'd December 1, 1876.

All grantor's interest in north, south and east point fisheries belonging to the estate of Barnabas Campau, deceased, now held under lease by Alex. M. Campau, executor of said estate, intending to convey all her interest in the fisheries belonging to said estate, on or in the vicinity of Belle Isle. Executed in Illinois.

Charles Louis Piquette.	File 8187 and Liber 85, p. 401. Probate Rec. Will. Dated May 11, 1876. Proved and allowed January 8, 1877.

Gives to his wife, Fanny Ellison Piquette, all his estate real and personal absolutely, appoints her executrix and guardian of his children. Executed in Paris, France, and probated in Wayne county. Executrix and legatee's bond dated January 13, 1877, and filed and approved January 23, 1877.

Richard Storrs Willis and Alexandrine M., his wife, to City of Detroit.	W. D. $50,000. Liber 217, p. 605, Co. Dated July 23, 1879. Rec'd September 11, 1879.

All interest in Belle Isle, said interest consisting of lot No. 2 of the sub. of said isle, containing 173 acres. Executed in Massachusetts.

Emilie Campau to City of Detroit.	W. D. $50,000. Liber 217, p. 612, Co. Dated July 19, 1879. Rec'd September 12, 1879.

All interest in Belle Isle, said interest consisting of lot 4 of the sub containing 214 61-100 acres and the undivided ¼ interest in the north and east and south point fisheries. Executed in Washington, D. C.

Alexander M. Campau and Eliza S., his wife, to City of Detroit.	W. D. $50,000, Liber 217, p. 617 Co. Dated July 26, 1879. Rec'd Sept. 15, 1879.

All interest in Belle Isle, consisting of lot 1 of the sub. of said island, containing 50 acres; also the undivided one-half interest in the north and east and south point fisheriss.

Fannie E Piquette, to City of Detroit.	W. D. $16,666.66, Liber 221, p. 152 Co. Dated July 29, 1879. Rec'd Sept. 25, 1879.

All interest in Belle Isle, consisting of that part of lot 3 of sub. of said island, commencing at a point in southerly line of said lot 3, 30 chains 59 links from southwest corner of said lot 3, thence N. 65° 15′, E. along the south line of said lot 29 chains 93 links, thence N. 24° 45′, W. parallel to W. line of said lot 27 chains 78 links to the border of Detroit river, thence westerly along said border to a line parallel to and distant 30 chains 59 links from W. line of said lot 3, thence S. 24° 45′, E. 19 chains 85 links to beginning, containing 82 52-100 acres, more or less; also an undivided one-twelfth interest in the northeast and south point fisheries.

Elise A. Mitchel,	W. D. $16,666.66, Liber 221, p. 154 Co.
to	Dated July 19, 1879.
City of Detroit.	Rec'd Sept. 25, 1879.

All interest in Belle Isle, consisting of that part of lot 3 of the sub. of said island, commencing at the southwesterly corner of said lot 3, thence N. 65° 15′, E. along S. line of said lot 30 chains 59 links, thence N. 24° 40′, W. parallel to W. line of said lot 3, 19 chains 85 links to border of river Detroit, thence westerly along the border of said river to W. line of said lot 3, thence S. 25° 45′, E. 18 chains 55 links to beginning, containing 50 acres.

Emilie A. Sands	W. D. $16,666.66. Liber 221, p. 159, Co.
to	Dated July 19, 1879.
City of Detroit.	Rec'd Sept. 25, 1879.

All interest in Belle Isle, consisting of that part of lot 3 of the sub. of said island, commencing at a point in the southerly line of said lot 3, 60 chains 52 links from the S. corner of said lot 3, thence N. 24° 45′, W. 27 chains 78 links to border of river Detroit, thence easterly along the border of said river and the southerly line of the north point fishery, thence S. along the easterly line of said lot 3 to the S. line of said lot 3, thence S. 65° 15′, W. 34 chains 72 links, more or less, to beginning, containing 87 52-100 acres; also the undivided two-twelfths interest in the northeast and south point fisheries.

MORTGAGES.

Liber 1, p. 18, Probate Rec.

John W. McComb and Isabella,	M. $9,700. Liber 2, p. 365, Co.
his wife, to	Dated May 1, 1809.
Alexander McComb.	Rec'd November 22,

Undivided ⅓ of Hog Island, containing 704 acres. Also other land. No venue to acknowledgment, and not officially signed.

Liber 18, p. 22, Probate Rec.

Alexander McComb	Assg't. Liber 2, p. 368, Co.
to	$7,700. Dated October 25, 1809.
John A. Rucker.	Rec'd November 22, 1810.

Assignment of "within mortgage." One witness. No venue to acknowledgment. Acknowledgment not officially signed.

William McComb to Henry Jackson Hunt.	£1515 3s. 11d½, being $3,787.99½ Liber 2, p. 373, Co. Dated January 26, 1811. Rec'd ——— —, ———.

Undivided one-third of Hog Island. Also other land. Execution proved by subscribing witness.

William McComb to William Hull.	M. $272. Liber 2, p. 428, Co. Dated May 1, 1811. Rec'd April 2, 1814.

Undivided one-third of Hog Island. Also other land.

William Hull, by Henry J. Hunt, his attorney and agent to Anan Harmon.	Assg't $405.28. Liber 5, p. 254, Co. Dated July 30, 1819. Rec'd July 30, 1819.

Assignment of mortgage given by Wm. Macomb to William Hull. Executed May 1, 1811, for $272.

William Hull to Henry Jackson Hunt.	Power of attorney. Liber 5, p. 254, Co. Dated October 14, 1815. Rec. July 30, 1819.

Power "to deliver to William M. Macomb a deed of quit claim duly executed by myself and Sarah Hull, my wife, bearing even date with these presents, of all my right, title, and interest which I have by virtue of a mortgage, deed, or any other way or manner to his said Wm. Macomb's real estate in Michigan, and to execute to said Wm. Macomb any other instrument which may be necessary in the premises, on condition that the said William Macomb pays to the said Henry Jackson Hunt, as my attorney, the full amount, principal and interest, of a debt due to me, the said Wm. Hull, which is secured by a mortgage on the estate of the said William Macomb, lying in the Territory of Michigan." Executed in Massachusetts.

Anan Harman to Wm. Macomb.	Release. Liber 5, p. 275, Co. $1.00. Dated July 30, 1819. Rec. July 30, 1819.

Release of Hog Island and other land from the preceding mortgage, and release of one other mortgage.

Alexander M. Campau and Eliza S., his wife, to William B. Moran, executor of estate of Alfred J. Ducharme.	M. $2,700. Liber 118, p. 109, M. Dated June 9, 1875. Rec. June 10, 1875.

Land in Wayne county, Michigan, lot 1 of sub. of Belle Isle, in the Detroit river, containing 50 acres, as per recorded plat.

William B. Moran, executor of estate of
Alfred J. Ducharme, to
Alexander M. Campau and wife.

Release. Liber 118, p. 109 M.
Dated August 16, 1878.
Rec. August 16, 1878.

Release of preceding mortgage.

Charles L. Piquette and Fannie E.,
his wife, to
Charles Moran.

M. $30,000. Liber 120, p. 326, M.
Dated October 23, 1875.
Rec. October 25, 1875.

Land as above. Liber 163, p. 611, Co. Also other land. Charles Moran, estate of; file 8240, Probate office. Deceased died intestate October 13, 1876. William B. Moran appointed administrator; bond dated December 13, 1876.

Wm. B. Moran. Admin. of C. Moran
estate, to
Justina Moran.

Assg't $30,000, Liber 15, p. 483, Assg'ts.
Dated Nov. 30, 1877.
Rec'd Nov. 30, 1877.

Assignment of preceding mortgage.

Elise A. Mitchell,
to
Levi L. Barbour.

M. $2,000. Liber 121, p. 249, M.
Dated Dec. 29, 1875.
Rec'd Jan. 25, 1876.

Land as above. Liber 163, p. 607 Co. Also other land. Executed in France. Signed Mitchell.

Levi L. Barbour,
to
Mechanics' Bank of Detroit.

Assg't. $2,000. Liber 13, p. 263, Assg'ts.
Dated Jan. 25, 1876.
Rec'd Jan. 28, 1876.

Assignment of preceding mortgage.

Mechanics' Bank of Detroit,
by President, to
Elise A. Mitchell.

Release. Liber 121, p. 249 Co.
Dated June 19, 1877.
Rec'd June 19, 1877.

Release of preceding mortgage. (No corporate seal attached.)

Elise A. Mitchell,
to
Society of Alumni of the
University of Michigan.

M. $2,000.
Liber 117, p. 53, M
Dated Sept. 2, 1876.
Rec'd Sept. 6, 1876.

Land as above. Liber 163, p. 607 Co. 50 acres. Subject to mortgage recorded in Liber 121, p. 249, M.

Elise A. Mitchell,
to
Society of Alumni of the
University of Michigan.

M. $2,000.
Liber 126, p. 335, M.
Dated July 28, 1876.
Rec'd Aug. 8, 1876.

Land as above. Liber 163, p. 607 Co. 50 acres. Subject to mortgage recorded in Liber 121, p. 249, M.

Elise A. Mitchell, to Adelia L. Abbott.	M. $1,000. Liber 115, p. 518, M. Dated Nov. 19, 1878. Rec'd Nov. 22, 1878.

Land as above. Liber 163, p. 607 Co. Executed in D. C. 50 acres. Also other land.

Adelia L. Abbott, to Elise A. Mitchell.	Release. $1. Liber 201, p. 85, Dis. Dated Sept. 5, 1879. Rec'd Sept. 9, 1879.

Release of mortgage dated Nov. 19, 1878, on part lot 3 sub. Belle Isle. 50 acres, described as in preceding mortgage.

Emilie Campau, to Robert E. Mix.	M. $7,000. Liber 117, p. 73, M. Dated April 11, 1877. Rec'd April 19, 1877.

North one-half of lot 4, being about 107 30-100 acres. Executed in D. C.

Robert E. Mix, to Wm. B. Moran.	Assg't $7,000. Liber 15, p. 398, Assg'ts. Dated April 16, 1877. Rec'd Nov. 1, 1877.

Assignment of preceding mortgage. Executed in Ohio.

Wm B. Moran, Admin. of estate of C. Moran, to Mary J. Mix.	Assg't, $7,000. Liber 6, p. 564, Assg'ts. Dated Nov. 27, 1877. Rec'd Nov. 28, 1877.

Assignment of preceding mortgage. Said Moran acknowledges as Admin. and in his own right.

Alexander M. Campau and Eliza S., his wife, to William B. Moran, Extr. of estate of A. J. Ducharme.	M. $2,700. Liber 149, p. 6, M. Dated June 9, 1878. Rec'd Aug. 16, 1878.

Lot 1 of sub. of Belle Isle. 50 acres.

Elise A. Mitchell, to Charles King.	M. $1,000. Liber 148, p. 166, M. Dated Oct. 25, 1878. Rec'd Nov. 14, 1878.

That part of lot 3, Belle Isle, beginning at southwest corner of said lot 3 and running N. 65° 15′, E. along the S. line of said lot 3 30 chains 59 links, thence N. 24° 45′, W. parallel to the W. line of said lot 19 chains 85 links to border of Detroit river, thence westerly along the border of the Detroit river to the W. line of said lot, thence S. 24° 45′, E. 18 chains 55 links to beginning. 50 acres. Executed in D. C.

Charles King,	Release. Liber —, p. —, Dis.
to	Dated Aug. 28, 1879.
Elise A. Mitchell.	Rec'd Sept. 9, 1879.

Release of preceding mortgage.

Charles King,	Attachment. No. 286.
vs.	Attachment made June 14, 1879.
Fannie E. Piquette.	Filed June 16, 1879.

Attachment on writ issued out of the circuit court for Wayne county. Amount claimed due, $3,985.35.

That part of lot 3 of sub. of Belle Isle beginning at a point on thesoutherly line of said lot, 30 chains 59 links from the southwesterly corner of lot 3, thence N. 65° 15′, E. along S. line of said lot 3 29 chains and 93 links, thence N. 24° 45′, W. parallel to W. line of said lot 27 chains 78 links to river, thence westerly along river to a line parallel to and distant 30 chains 59 links from W. line of said lot, thence S. 24 chains 45 links, E. 19 chains 85 links to beginning, containing 82 52-100 acres. Also all her right in the northeast and south point fisheries. Also other land.

The Society of the Alumni of the University	Release. Liber 16, p. 326, Dis.
of Michigan, to	Dated Sept. 8, 1879.
Elise A. Mitchel.	Rec'd Sept. 25, 1879.

Release of mortgage recorded in Liber 117, p. 53, M.

Marie J. Mix,	Release. Liber 16, p. 327, Dis.
to	Dated — —, 1879.
Emilie Campau.	Rec'd Sept. 25, 1879. Acknowledged Sept. 11, 1879.

Release of mortgage recorded in Liber 117, p. 73, M.

The Society of the Alumni of the University	Release. Liber 16, p. 325, Dis.
of Michigan, to	Dated Sept. 8, 1879.
Elise A. Mitchel.	Rec'd Sept. 25, 1879.

Release of mortgage recorded in Liber 126, p. 335, M.

Wm. B. Moran, Extr.,	Release. Liber 21, p. 454, Dis.
to	Dated Sept. 8, 1879.
Alexander M. Campau and wife.	Rec'd Sept. 25, 1879.

Release of mortgage recorded in Liber 149, p. 6, M.

NARRATIVE OF COLONEL MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,

OF THE PART TAKEN BY THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT MICHIGAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY IN THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER, OR MURFREESBORO, IN TENNESSEE, ON THE 29TH, 30TH AND 31ST DECEMBER, 1862, AND THE 1ST, 2D AND 3D JANUARY, 1863.

On Friday, the 26th of December, 1862, the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by Gen. H. S. Rosecrans, broke up their camp near Nashville, Tennessee, and commenced moving towards Murfreesboro.

The Thirteenth regiment of Michigan volunteer infantry, of which I was in command, was part of the third brigade of the first division of the left wing, which was under the command of Maj. Gen. Thomas Crittenden, of Kentucky.

Our brigade was commanded by Col. Chas. G. Harker, of the sixty-fifth regiment Ohio volunteer infantry, and was composed of the fifty-first regiment Indiana volunteer infantry, Col. A. S. Straight; the seventy-third regiment Indiana volunteer infantry, Col. Hathaway; the sixty-fourth Ohio volunteer infantry, Col. J. Ferguson; sixty-fifth Ohio volunteer infantry, Lieut. Col. Young; my own regiment and the sixth Ohio light battery, commanded by Capt. Cullen Bradley.

Col. Harker was a graduate of West Point, a young man about twenty-six years of age. Our division moved out towards Lavergne in the rain, which continued to fall all the forenoon. The enemy were directly in our front, and there was more or less skirmishing with our advance guards during the afternoon. The confederate army, commanded by Gen. Braxton Bragg, which had retreated from Kentucky, was encamped between Nashville and Murfreesboro, and we encountered their outposts soon after leaving our camp. They resisted our advance, giving ground only as they were forced to do by the pressure in front and want of support by the main body of their army, which would, if it had been given, have brought on a general battle.

We encamped for the night near Lavergne. On the 27th we continued our advance, my regiment marching with full regimental front on the left of the road, and as the other regiments advanced on our right and left, in the same manner, the whole face of the ground was swept over. Our skirmishers, who were well in advance, were almost constantly engaged, and at Lavergne the first brigade of our division had quite a sharp fight, with a number of men killed and wounded, before they could dislodge the confederate forces from the houses and other defenses which they occupied. There was skirmishing and fighting along our entire front all day, the enemy slowly but constantly retreating as we steadily advanced, but disputing every inch of ground.

They kept a battery in the road, which would occupy every elevation in it and fire upon us until we came dangerously near, when they would limber up and retreat to the next favorable position, where they would halt and again open fire upon our ranks. This was repeated all the day, and gave us considerable annoyance. We moved forward in this manner to Stewart's creek, where we encamped. The rain fell steadily all of the afternoon, but did not in any manner retard our progress. There was heavy firing on our right all day. We remained in camp on the creek from Saturday night until Monday morning. Sunday was a very pleasant day. The birds were out singing, so much so as not only to attract our attention, but also to afford us great pleasure, it being to us a novel experience for a day in mid-winter. I took advantage of my leisure moments and wrote to my wife, with a pencil, as follows:

"STEWART'S CREEK, December 28, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE—We have had three days of hard work, with more or less fighting every day. A few men have been killed and quite a number wounded, but none in my regiment, though we were under fire each day. Yesterday, at Lavergne, we had quite a heavy skirmish, and a shell struck a short distance in front of me, but did not explode. Christmas day we were out all day for forage. We drove the confeder-ates three miles and loaded three hundred wagons. We did not get back into camp till long after dark. Got supper and to bed about 11 P. M. The next morning the whole army commenced to advance, and we are now within eight miles of Murfreesboro. The enemy contest every foot of ground, and we expect a strong opposition when we attempt to cross Stewart's creek, on which we are now resting. Friday and Saturday were very unpleasant—we had rain half of each day. This is a very pleasant Sunday morning. It is now 10 A. M., and you, I suppose, are preparing to go to church. We shall undoubtedly go on to Murfreesboro and may have a big fight. * * * I doubt if we shall have anything like a battle until we pass that point. I wrote a long letter on the 24th. I have received none since the 23d. I suppose communication will now be very irregular. There is a report that the rebels have possession of the railroad at Cave City. If so it will interrupt the mails. When I learned we were to advance I made no application for leave, as I would not be away from my regiment at such a time. We are all sitting around a camp fire awaiting orders. We have but three wagons to a regiment, and our accommodations are of course limited, yet we all enjoy it, with all its discomforts and hardships. It is early up and late out now every day, and frequently after being out all day we have to do picket duty all night. We took quite a number of prisoners yesterday. They say we will have a battle at Murfreesboro, but I don't believe it. Lieut. Col. Worden is not with us. * * * Kiss the children for me.

Affectionately your husband,

M. SHOEMAKER.

Our skirmishers crossed Stewart's creek on Sunday afternoon and captured a wagon load of muskets and sabres.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE BATTLE.

Monday morning, December 29th, 1862, broke bright and pleasant, the birds singing as though all the world was at peace, and as happy as they.

Our army resumed its march and we advanced to Stone river under a continuous fire from the confederates. Our brigade struck the river at the ford, just below Murfreesboro, where it bends to the east, and on the east side of the railroad. About sun-set we were ordered to cross the river and force our way into Murfreesboro. My regiment was on the left and in the advance, with company "A," Lieut. VanArsdale, and company "I," Lieut. Slayton, thrown forward as skirmishers under command of Major Culver. The confederate troops occupied the opposite bank, and as we entered the river we were received with a perfect shower of balls, which did us no damage, as they all passed over our heads, but they kept up a disagreeable pattering in the leaves and branches under which we were advancing. The ground occupied by the enemy was much higher than the river, and this probably was the cause of their shooting so wide of their mark. They retired as we advanced, and we continued our onward march up the bank, through the woods, until we reached a cornfield, where we halted and corrected our alignment. I found my regiment quite in advance and considerably overlapping the fifty-first Indiana. In getting my regiment into position I placed part of my men so that they could enfilade any force approaching us. The entire brigade was now ordered to lie down on their arms and await further orders. It was now quite dark, and evident that the confederates were in front in force but not in battle array. I could distinctly hear their officers giving the words of command, and that apparently in hot haste, for the purpose of securing a proper formation to resist our attack.

I have always been of the opinion that, if our advance had not been stopped by order of our own superior officers, we would have surprised the enemy before they could have formed their ranks, and would have driven them from their position, which would have left Murfreesboro open to us without further fighting or opposition of any kind. The confederates would then have retreated to the Tennessee river without giving us battle; but as it had to be fought, perhaps the ground was as favorable for us here as it would have been elsewhere. The confederates evidently were not expecting us to cross Stone river so late in the day, and were not, in my opinion, prepared to offer an effectual resistance to our advance had it continued directly upon them after reaching the cornfield in which we halted.

While our forces were lying in the corn-field, and between 9 and 10 o'clock P. M., the enemy, who had now got into line, poured volley after volley into what they supposed to be our position. They were correct in locating my regiment, and had not my men been lying down our loss would have been quite large, for the bullets rattled among the cornstalks above our heads like hail-stones. As it was we had but two casualties; one boy was wounded within a few feet of myself, and Walter Delong, orderly sergeant of company "F," who was in advance with the skirmish line, was killed. Thus the first man wounded and the first killed in the battle of Stone river, or Murfreesboro, belonged to the Thirteenth Michigan.

About 11 P. M. we were ordered to recross the river, which we did as silently as possible, and my regiment bivouacked in the open field on the rising ground near the river. I was very much fatigued, having been on the move since three o'clock in the morning. Randall, my attendant, took my saddle from my horse, placed it on the ground as a pillow, with a thin rubber blanket for a mattress, and on it I stretched myself, with my cap on my head, booted and spurred, my sword buckled to my side—in fact, I lay down accoutred as I had been throughout the day. My head was hardly on the saddle before I was sound asleep, although the crack of the musket could still be heard quite frequently. Adjutant Culver said to me the next morning, "Colonel, your head was not fairly on the saddle before you commenced snoring, and you snored so loudly that I could not get to sleep for an hour." I want it understood that ordinarily I do not snore at all, but at this time owing to extraordinary fatigue I had undergone, I undoubtedly made some lively music of that kind.

THE SECOND DAY.

The morning of the 30th of December was quite bleak and cold. It was ushered in with sharp skirmishing; the confederates again occupying the ground on the opposite side of the river, from which we had driven them the night before. Our brigade did not change its position during the day, and some of my men built several impromptu windbrakes or shields, with rails and corn-stalks, to protect them from the strong, cold and piercing wind which prevailed all day. This was done on our left and over a rise of ground which protected them from the fire of the enemy, as they could not be seen by any of them within musket shot, though even there the whiz of the bullets as they flew over their heads would be heard every few moments. No fires were allowed, and the situation at best was uncomfortable. At night we again slept on the ground, the "starry decked heavens" our only covering, except a few army blankets, but these latter proved a very welcome addition.

I have never been able to understand why Gen. Rosecrans allowed, as he did, his army to remain inactive all this day, the 30th. Had he followed up his plan of attack as commenced on Monday (the 29th), the advantage of an offensive movement would all have been on our side. By the delay he enabled the confederates to concentrate in overwhelming numbers on his right wing, which taken by surprise on Wednesday morning, was overpowered and lost largely in guns and prisoners, besides endangering his whole army.

THE EVENTFUL THIRD DAY.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 31st of December, we were ordered to cross the river again, while other troops of the left wing were to do the same at a ford lower down the river.

In the meanwhile, from earliest dawn, the incessant booming of cannon and rattling of musketry in the distance on the right made it apparent that a desperate battle was being fought in that part of the field, and before we had made any movement we learned that it was resulting in disaster and defeat to the right wing of our army, composed of the divisions of Johnson, Davis and Sheridan, commanded by Gen. McCook, which had been for the most part completely surprised. The confederates having massed their forces and taken the initiative, had attacked them with the first appearance of light, and found them, particularly the divisions of Johnson and Davis, which were first struck by their advancing colums, quite unprepared to receive and check them. The horses of many of the batteries were away for water, and the guns were captured without firing a shot. The men of numbers of regiments were not in line and were captured or driven from their position and dispersed before they had time to form. The attack was so unlooked for, sudden and impetuous that the troops of the right wing that were enabled to offer resistance could not stem the torrent and were driven steadily from one line to another, many of them were taken prisoners, and a large number of cannon (twenty-eight pieces) were captured by the confederates.

Gen. Rosecrans, in his official report, says: "Soon after a second officer from Gen. McCook arrived and stated that the right wing was being driven, a fact but too manifest by the rapid movement of the noise of battle toward the north."

Again he says: "At this moment fugitives and stragglers from McCook's corps began to make their appearance through the cane-brakes in such numbers that I became satisfied McCook's corps was routed. I therefore directed Gen. Crittenden to send Vancleve to the right of Rosseau, Wood to lead Col. Harker's brigade further down the Murfreesboro pike, to go in and attack the enemy on the right of Vancleve, the Pioneer brigade meanwhile occupying the knoll of ground in the rear of Palmer's center, supporting Stoke's battery."

Gen. Wood did not lead Harker's brigade, but remained with the rest of his division, in the left wing, with Gen. Crittenden, where, sometime during the day, he was slightly wounded in the foot, and went to Nashville, where he remainded until after the confederates retreated from Murfreesboro.

The fortunes of the day were so far decidedly against us. In the meantime Gen. Rosecrans had formed a new line of battle with the center and left wing of his army, in part facing west, and at right angles with his former one, and when the retreating but stubbornly fighting portion of the right wing, which still retained an organization, fell back upon it, the enemy were so warmly received that their advance was checked, and the fighting was of the most sanguinary character. The confederates, encouraged by their success in the morning and up to this time, made attack after attack, marching up to our lines on all parts of our front with a bravery that could not be surpassed, delivering their fire as they advanced, with the evident determination of breaking through them and of driving our troops from the field, but they were met with a bravery and determination equal to their own, and failed in every attempt. So terrible and deadly was the fire of both artillery and musketry with which they were received that they found it impossible to break our line of battle or force it further back, and they were compelled to retire as often as they advanced.

The fortune of the day now seemed to be more evenly balanced. All this time the confederates were sending fresh troops to reinforce their attacking columns, and Gen. Rosecrans was as constantly giving fresh support to his line where it seemed most to need it, Gen. Rosecrans himself moving rapidly from one part of the field to another, proving himself to be equal to the occasion, and justifying the love and admiration which was felt for him by his whole army.

The battle had now continued for several hours with unabated fury, but was now being fought with more equal chances for our being able to check the further advance of the confederate forces. It is but seldom if ever that an army receiving such a shock as overwhelmed our right wing can recover from it, and that our army did not suffer a most disastrous defeat is owing to the indomitable bravery of our troops and the admirable disposition of his forces by Gen. Rosecrans when he found his right wing defeated, and most of what was left of it rushing back on his center in the greatest confusion and disorder. He made amends as far as in his power for his error in allowing the confederates to take the initiative and surprise one third of his army.

Until the new line was formed our brigade had taken no part in the conflict, but the order to cross the river had been countermanded, and we were held in readiness to be placed "where we could do the most good." Our time had now come; the confederates were out flanking our troops on the extreme right, and it became necessary to meet and check a movement which otherwise might prove fatal, as all our transportation, commissary stores and amunition were endangered, and if they were lost all was lost.

COLONEL HARKER'S BRIGADE.

Our brigade was detached from the division of Gen. Wood and ordered to the extreme right of the army, to meet and if possible repulse the enemy, who were making an advance which, if successful, threatened to be attended with such disastrous results. In executing this movement we necessarily traversed the entire field of battle, and were witnesses of more of its incidents than any other portion of the army could possibly be. Fugitives were flying in every direction. Many regiments had become completely disorganized, a portion of them captured, and those escaping making the best of their way to any point of safety within our lines or to the rear, some with and many without their arms. Batteries of artillery were changing position and apparently moving in every direction. Baggage wagons and transportation were mixed up in the rout in inextricable confusion. Dead and wounded men were lying in all parts of the field, and there was a degree of disorder pervading that gave anything but a promising appearance to the aspect of affairs. Through all this turmoil and confusion our brigade steadily pursued its way until we had left it all behind, when we were formed into line of battle and faced towards the enemy. The sixty-fourth Ohio, sixty-fifth Ohio and seventy-third Indiana infantry forming the front line with the fifty-first Indiana in the reserve; Bradley's sixth Ohio light artillery on the left flank of the advance, supported by my regiment, the thirteenth Michigan. In this order we moved west from the Murfreesboro pike, and passing directly in the rear of the log house which had been the headquarters of Gen. Rosecrans the day previous. We advanced through the first piece of woods, across an open space of cleared fields, into the woods beyond, where the sixty-fourth Ohio, sixty-fifth Ohio and seventy-third Indiana regiments became actively and hotly engaged; the battery forming in the cleared field and opening a rapid fire on the enemy. My regiment was supporting the battery, and not being in a position to take an active part in the conflict was obliged to sustain a heavy fire while in a state of inactivity, and unable to return it. This is one of the most trying situations in which troops can be placed, but my men bore it bravely and without flinching, but were soon ordered to fall back with the battery, which, in consequence of the repulse of the other regiments of our brigade, was obliged to retreat out of the cleared field into the openings where it again formed and opened its guns on the confederates, who were advancing rapidly and in force directly in our front.

The sixty-fourth Ohio, sixty-fifth Ohio and seventy-third Indiana had struck the enemy soon after entering the woods, and after a sharp and well contested fight were defeated and obliged to retreat in disorder before the superior numbers of the confederates. They (our forces) came out of the woods, retreated across the cleared fields, followed by the fifty-first Indiana, and disappeared at some distance on our right.

THE GALLANT FIGHT OF THE THIRTEENTH MICHIGAN.

My regiment was now left alone with Bradley's battery to contend with two brigades, which had just defeated four of our regiments, any one of which mustered more men than my own. Col. Harker, our brigade commander, was with the defeated and retreating troops trying to rally them and bring them into line. No forces of ours but my own regiment were in sight, and I was the only officer on horseback on the field. We were on the left side of the battery, the ground sloping down in our front to a fence, about forty rods distant, which divided the openings from the cleared fields. The openings, or wood land, had scattered trees of small size at intervals, but not enough in numbers sufficient to obstruct observation or action. The confederates came forward on a run, charging and firing as they advanced. Capt. Bradley kept his guns working, throwing case and canister shot into their ranks as fast as his men could load and fire, but he was unable to check their advance, and having lost several men and eight horses, which were shot down at his guns, and fearing his entire battery would be captured if he should longer attempt to hold his position, he limbered up such of his cannon as he could draw with his remaining horses and left the field, leaving two guns of his battery on the ground, one of which he spiked. The fact that the men and horses lost by Capt. Bradley were killed by musket balls proves how determinedly he contested the field, and how closely he was pressed before he abandoned a part of his battery. My regiment now alone confronted the enemy, who were fairly within musket shot. I had determined not to retreat without fighting unless ordered to do so, although I knew it was expected that my regiment would leave the field with the battery which it was ordered to support, but over which I had no control. I would not only have been justified in retreating but I knew Col. Harker expected me to do so, as he had no hope that my regiment could for a moment withstand the superior force which he knew was advancing against it, and which had already defeated all the rest of his brigade, but "the battle is not always to the strong."

I knew that my regiment could be depended upon, and was eager for the fray. When the enemy was near enough so that every shot would tell I ordered my men to open fire upon them, which they did with the most telling effect. We had not as yet been in the fight at all, my men were excited, but fresh and cool, so that every shot told. The advance of the confederates was checked at once, and they retreated to the fence between the woods and the open fields, which they lined with their men and which became at once a line of fire blazing at my little regiment. We returned it with such precision and effect as to hold them there, but unfortunately our line was much shorter than theirs, they outnumbering us probably ten to one, consequently the overlapping line did not come under our fire, and continued cautiously and slowly to advance, so that after we had been fighting about thirty minutes it was reported to me that the enemy was coming upon and about to turn our right flank. As there was no appearance of support for us I ordered the regiment to retire, which was done in good order. Fortunately for us, there was a cedar thicket just in our rear, after passing through which I halted and formed my regiment facing the confederates, who were halting on the line we occupied during the fight, and showing signs of hesitation about a further advance. While forming my regiment I was joined by Col. Harker, who asked me to try and hold my position until he could bring me support, leaving immediately in order to do so. As the enemy had evidently halted and were not following up their advantage I determined to attack them, and I now ordered my regiment to advance, charge and regain the position we had lost. The blood of my men was now up, every man moved forward with a will and as if actuated by a common impulse. As we advanced every man, officers and men, shouted and yelled to the top of their bent, and as if confident of success. As we emerged from the thicket our men poured a volley of musketry into the ranks of the confederates, who were engaged in examining our dead and wounded, and in breaking the muskets lying by them on the ground. The enemy were evidently taken by surprise by our bold and unexpected movement, and stunned and confused by the fire of our men delivered almost in their faces, they believing that they had fallen into an ambuscade, scattered and fled without offering the least resistance, many of them throwing away their arms, some hiding among the rocks or behind trees, and others turning and firing upon us as they ran. We gave them no time to recover from their panic, but pursued them, yelling and shouting so that they might think us thousands instead of hundreds, driving them down out of the woods, across the cleared fields, and into the woods beyond. Their whole line was equally affected by the panic, and all fled together, as well on our flanks as in our front.

We captured sixty-eight prisoners, and recaptured the two pieces of cannon lost by Capt. Bradley's battery. As our men approached these guns there was a strife as to who should first reach them. Julius Lillie was then the orderly sergeant of company "E," a tall, strong young man, a good officer and one of the bravest soldiers of the army. His length of legs and fleetness of foot enabled him to outstrip all his comrades, and as he reached the gun he slapped it with his hand. At that moment a musket ball fired by one of the retreating confederates struck him in the side just below the ribs, and the space between its entrance and exit was about eight or nine inches. It did not, however, penetrate his bowels. Notwithstanding this wound the sergeant refused to quit the field, and although I sent him to the hospital every night, he rejoined his regiment every morning, doing duty through the day, and this he continued to do until Sunday, when the enemy had retreated from Murfreesboro and the fighting was at an end. As I was reforming my regiment I saw the fifty-first Illinois volunteer infantry advancing in line in rear of our left flank, but they did not in the least participate in the charge or fight, or in any manner aid in the rout of the confederates. It was all accomplished before that regiment came up, and the official report shows that when it did come it halted some rods short of the ground which we occupied during the fight, and which was the most advanced position of the confederate forces when my regiment charged them. I think there was not a gun fired from their ranks, but their skirmishers picked up some prisoners who were hiding among the rocks and trees. The credit of this victory, (for such it was), belongs entirely and exclusively to the thirteenth regiment of Michigan volunteer infantry, and its importance cannot be overestimated.

When we made our fight my regiment was the only organized force (for the fifty-first Illinois were not yet in position) between the advancing confederates and the Murfreesboro pike, the railroad and the river, and right here in the rear of our army and between it and Nashville, entirely exposed, lay all our commissary and ordnance stores, our transportation trains and hospitals, which would immediately have been cut off and captured but for the success of the thirteenth Michigan in this fight, and worse than this, the flank of Gen. Rosecrans' army would have been so completely turned that to have saved his army, much more the day, would have been almost an impossibility.

THE FRUITS OF THE VICTORY.

I have always claimed that this repulse of the confederate forces by my regiment was the turning point of this day's fight, and therefore of the battle of Stone river or Murfreesboro. The enemy had in other parts of the field failed to carry positions they had attacked, but were returning again and again to the charge, while this was the first and only instance where a position they had once carried was taken from them. The advantage we gained at this point was never lost; we held the ground we had won, and that night bivouacked on the spot where we had fought the confederates.

To show the fierceness of the combat, the close proximity of the opposing forces, and the deadliness of the fire, I have only to state that my regiment had in killed and wounded over one-third of its entire number (the exact per centage of casualties in my regiment in this action was 35 71-100 per cent.), and this in a fight which did not in time exceed thirty minutes, but during this time the pattering of the bullets was like a storm of hail, and of the few scattering trees in front and rear of our line, none of which exceeded in diameter the body of an ordinary sized man, there were none in which twenty bullets could not be found in a space of ten feet from the ground. This is not mere assertion, but the result of actual observation, and the wonder is, not that so many were killed and wounded, but that any escaped. The trees, however, intercepted all the bullets they received. While the enemy occupied the fence in our front it actually appeared like a wall of fire. It was thickly lined with men, but so dense was the smoke that nothing could be seen but the flash of their muskets, and at this was the fire of my men directed.

After this was over all the fighting in this part of the field was mere skirmishing, in which I do not know that a man was killed. During the battle I was on horseback, the only officer on the field who was mounted, and yet neither myself or horse were touched, though the bridle was cut off just above the bits, so that they fell out of the mouth of the horse. Fortunately he was very steady, a gray belonging to Lieut. Jas. R. Slayton, and had on a halter with which I guided him until the regiment was reformed, when I had it fixed so that I could use it. I attribute my escape to the formation of the ground, as it ascended from the fence, and we must have been thirty or forty feet higher than the confederates, and to the smoke which prevented them from seeing anything but the line of fire made by the flash of our muskets, which were on lower ground somewhat than that I occupied. At the close of the day I found myself so hoarse from shouting during the fight that I could hardly speak above a whisper.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

In his report after the battle, speaking of the action of the 31st of December, Capt. Cullen Bradley, commanding sixth Ohio light battery, says:

"I retired my battery and took up a position five hundred yards in the rear and again opened on the enemy with case and canister, who were advancing in force. After an engagement of five minutes I was compelled to retire my battery, and to abandon two pieces of the battery, one of which I had spiked (since removed), and sustaining a loss of one man killed, two wounded and one man missing; also eight horses killed and three wounded. About this time Col. Shoemaker charged the enemy with the thirteenth Michigan, driving them off the field and recovering the guns, and for which Col. Shoemaker should receive full credit."

Signed, "CULLEN BRADLEY,
Commanding Sixth Ohio Light Battery."

Captain Bradley was in a position to know the merit of our achievement better than any other officer, and aside from the casualties of my own regiment, the fact that with a battery of six guns loading and firing as rapidly as possible with case and canister he was only able to maintain his position *five minutes*, and then obliged to retire with a loss of two guns, with eight horses killed and three wounded proves the fury and force of the attack which my regiment not only checked but repelled. There was no better or braver officer than Capt. Bradley and no better served battery, and such was their reputation in the army. Capt. Bradley was highly elated over the recovery of his guns, and from that time forth could not say enough in praise of the thirteenth Michigan and of the steady and determined valor of its officers and men. He said he always wanted them as the support of his battery. Col. Harker, who commanded the brigade, in his official report says:

"The thirteenth Michigan from this position fired upon the enemy with telling effect, and having caused their ranks to waver, followed up his advantage, supported by the fifty-first Illinois, which had come to our relief. They completely routed the enemy. The thirteenth Michigan retook the two pieces of artillery abandoned by our battery and captured sixty-eight prisoners.

"For this act of gallantry Col. Shoemaker and his gallant regiment are deserving much praise. The enemy thus driven from our right did not again attempt to annoy us from that quarter."

Thus terminated the action of our brigade and my regiment in that part of the battle of Stone river or Murfreesboro, which was fought on Wednesday, the 31st day of December, 1862, and as our engagement took place late in the afternoon there was but little fighting after our own. There was an attempted advance of our cavalry on our right, but it did not result in an engagement at close quarters. We bivouacked on the ground we had recovered.

REFLECTIONS AND NIGHT.

The day closed with brighter prospects than it had opened; for while up to or near noon all had been loss and disaster for us, we were now everywhere holding the enemy in check, and in our fight we had repulsed them most decidedly. Although the fortunes of the day had on the whole been strongly against our army, yet there was no despondency in our ranks, or apparent among our superior officers; on the contrary all were cheerful and confident of ultimate success. Gen. Rosecrans, who I saw frequently during the day, was perfectly cool and collected, and seemed to feel equal to the emergency, exposing himself to the fire of the enemy without any apparent thought of danger. Col. Garascha, his chief of staff, was killed while riding at his side, his head having been taken off with a cannon ball. Lieut. Kirby, another of his staff, was also wounded and lost a limb.

In fact, no officer or man could be on any part of the field without being constantly under a fire more or less severe. Now it was the roar of artillery and the flying of cannon balls; now the shriek of the passing or the roar of the bursting shell; now the rattling discharge of musketry and whizzing of bullets; and if not these, it was the whir of the ball from the rifles of the sharp-shooters who were in tops of the trees, and often so far distant as to be not only unseen but the report of the guns unheard. Once during the day, while at the head of my regiment, as we were standing at rest near the edge of the woods just previous to our advance, several bullets struck near me, and it was so evident that the sharp-shooters were making a mark of me, being on horseback, that several of my officers and men called to me, "Colonel, the sharp-shooters are firing at you." I changed my position, but I could not see the sharp-shooters, nor hear the report of their rifles, nor could any of my officers. After the battle a number of guns belonging to this corps of sharp-shooters were found. They were the finest and heaviest guns of the kind that I ever saw. There were, during the week, many casualties resulting from their use in the hands of the experienced marksmen in the confederate ranks. After night set in the rain began to fall, and continued to do so in a greater or less degree until morning.

INCIDENTS OF THE NIGHT.

Soon after we had made ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances, having no tents or shelter to protect ourselves from the falling rain, and but few blankets to keep us warm, I received an order to get my regiment in marching order and hold them in readiness to march with the brigade to rejoin the division of which it was a part in the left wing of the army. We were on the extreme right of the army, and in crossing the field to regain our position we necessarily had to pass over the ground occupied by the right wing, the center and part of the left wing of our army. We found them all in motion and became aware that Gen. Rosecrans was disposing his forces for the morrow's fight. Regiments, brigades and divisions were constantly passing and repassing, apparently crossing the track of each other in every direction, and many of the scenes of that night are vividly impressed on my memory.

In the first brigade of our division was the one hundredth regiment Illinois volunteer infantry, in which Rodney Stevens Bowen, the only child of my eldest sister, was serving as captain. Having been in a distant part of the field during the entire day, I was very anxious to know how it had fared with him. I knew his brigade had been in the fight, and feared he might have been wounded, if not killed. In changing position we were finally halted quite near his regiment, and to my great satisfaction I found him unhurt. At no time during the battle were my feelings so much excited as when I met him. After exchanging congratulations we made mutual inquiries as to the part our respective regiments had taken in the battle, and who of our mutual friends had been hurt. His regiment had lost a number of men, and I learned with regret that Lieut. Mitchell, of Capt. Bowen's company, was severely wounded, and I will add that he died of his wound soon after. I had known the father of Lieut. Mitchell many years before at Wilmington, Illinois, and was grieved to hear that the lieutenant was so badly injured, but our minds were so taken up with the work before us that we had not much thought for anything else.

The incidents of the night were not all sad; some were amusing and some provoking. Among the former was a little transaction connected with Capt. Bowen and his mess. After we met them, and when we had chatted some time, I said to them that neither myself, my officers or men had had anything to eat since Wednesday morning, except what we happened to have in our pockets—it was now past midnight—that having been away from our division, we had also been away from our supplies, and as a consequence were in a ravenous condition. Capt. Bowen said their mess had some provisions, and that he would divide with me. He immediately sent for them and gave me a good share, which we (myself and officers) soon dispatched without standing very much upon the order in which it was done. In the meanwhile the provisions which he had retained for the future wants of his mess had been placed near us, and presently one of the officers discovered that they had disappeared. Immediate search was made, and to my mortification they were found in the possession of my orderly (Townley), who with his mates had about finished them, and were eating with great evident relish and enjoyment.

This gave Capt. Bowen and his brother officers an opportunity for a hearty laugh at the expense of my regiment and its reputation, which was good for procuring and keeping supplies in its mess chests. It had always been said in the division, when we were on short rations, which was only too often, that the thirteenth were never out of supplies, and I am not only willing to admit, but take pride in the fact, that my regiment had an admirable good faculty of taking care of itself, but when we were given one-half, it was going rather too far to appropriate the other, the circumstances, however, made the offense a slight one, and it was looked upon as rather a good joke than otherwise.

A more provoking incident occurred later in the night. As we were marching and countermarching we were finally halted near the front, and remained some time in that position. I wrapped my blankets around me, and with my staff officers lay down under a tree to try and get some rest; but I was so damp and chilly that I could not do so, and found myself getting very numb and stiff. I had not been near a fire since leaving Stewart's creek, and was very cold. Seeing a fire at a distance in the rear I said to some of the officers that I would go to it and try to get warm, and requested them, if there was any movement of our troops to notify me. I left my blankets on the ground and went to the fire. Very soon thereafter all who had been lying near me came straggling, one after another, to the fire, but each with his blanket around him. I soon returned to my resting place and found my blankets gone. Some regiment in marching had passed near the spot, and acting on the rule which mostly governed in the army, of taking what you wanted if you could find it, had appropriated my blankets. I was vexed and sorely annoyed, for the loss was one that could not be replaced while the army was engaged in actual hostilities, and I reproved my officers for leaving them so carelessly. Fortunately I had on at the time a heavy, rough overcoat, so that I did not suffer as much from the cold and rain as I otherwise would have done. We attained finally, before daylight, as did the entire army, the position we were to occupy at the opening of the battle on the next day, and were allowed to get what rest and refreshment we could, but our condition was such that the amount of either at our command was of the most limited kind. Thus passed the night of December 31st, 1862, and January 1st, 1863. It was truly a *watch night*, and we saw the old year out and the new year in under circumstances such as to deeply impress on our memories its manifold and various incidents.

THE FOURTH DAY.

Thursday, January 1st, 1863.—On the morning of New Year's day, instead of making social calls on our friends at home, ours was a call to battle on the banks of the Stone river, opposite Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Our army was in order for the fight, and responded to that call in a manner reflecting the highest degree of credit upon it for courage, for discipline, for endurance, for self-reliance, and all the qualities which go to make up a good army; but if it as a whole is entitled to this credit, still greater praise is due to our gallant commander, Gen. Rosecrans, for the skillful manner in which on this eventful morning he handled his army. After the events of Wednesday, it was to the masterly tactics of Gen. Rosecrans, more than to all other things combined, that our ultimate success was due, and for this he has never had the credit he so richly deserves. It was the position in which he placed his army on the morning of the first of January, and the results which followed from his tactics at that time, which finally decided the battle in our favor, and it has always been a source of wonder to me that no more notice has been taken of this fact in the official report, or by those who have written of this battle.

When the fight closed on the night of Tuesday, Dec. 31st, our army was facing westward, with the left resting on or near the river at the first ford below Murfreesboro, and extending northerly nearly parallel with and crossing the railroad and stone pike, to or near the hospitals, where the transportation was parked.

During the night the left wing was swung back and formed, with the centre, a line facing south, crossing the railroad at right angles, and situated on rising ground, with the force of artillery of both sections, said to be one hundred guns, in front, but masked so far as it was possible for it to be. This movement caused our army to vacate most of the ground which, on this line, had been so stubbornly and successfully held by the left wing and part of the centre on the previous day.

Our battery was immediately in front of and supported by our brigade, and was stationed just east of the Nashville pike and between it and the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad.

On New Year's morning the first call was made by the confederates, who came out of the woods to the right of our front, and finding the ground abandoned which they had fought so bravely but so ineffectually to win on the previous day, they evidently thought we had abandoned the field and were retreating towards Nashville. On they came, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, and division after division came marching on to the ground our forces had vacated, all shouting and cheering as they advanced so as plainly to be heard as well as seen by us. This continued until the plain was filled with their troops, all exulting in the belief that our army was in full retreat. Their exultation was of short duration, for when their forces were fairly uncovered, and were in the most exposed situation possible for them to be, our artillery, along the whole line, at a given signal, opened fire upon them as one gun. The effect was terrible and almost instantaneous. The cheering and shouting was at once changed to shrieking and groaning, and the interval was very short between the opening of our fire and the time when this whole splendid and exulting array of troops were rushing and surging, a disorganized mass, fleeing into the woods in their rear for protection from the sweeping and terrible shower of shells and balls which was mowing down their ranks. Most of them apparently ran for their lives, without any regard to their military organization, and all of them rapidly availed themselves of the welcome protection of the woods from which they had marched forth but a short time before so confidently, and, in their own minds, with victory securely within their grasp.

This all occurred under my own eyes; I saw and heard it, and nothing I have ever seen or heard before or since will at all compare with it in any respect. I never saw a finer sight than that presented by the confederate forces as they marched, making the welkin ring as they came into the fields in our front, or a grander one than when our whole line of artillery opened fire upon them, nor one more exciting than when surprised and struck with sudden fear and astonishment "at the reception they had met with," they broke and ran howling back into the woods. This was the manner in which we received their New Year's call, and this was the last of the fighting for the day. There was more or less skirmishing, and a continuous whistling of bullets from the rifles of sharpshooters, but aside from this the day passed in quietness, though not in peace.

GEN. ROSECRANS.

It was this display of generalship in organizing and arranging his forces during the night, and the resulting very decided repulse of the enemy in the morning which, coming as it did under my personal observation, more than all else caused me to admire Gen. Rosecrans, and to believe that he had greater ability as a military commander than most of the officers who have commanded our armies, and more than he now has credit for having had.

I have never seen any particular mention of these maneuvers, and of the splendid results arising from them, and have often wondered to myself why they had received no greater attention; but, if the truth must be told, I have never read any account of the battle that would be recognized as describing it, by any officer who took part in it, if he did not know to what it referred, and from this criticism I will not exempt the official report of Gen. Rosecrans. He is, in my opinion, much better qualified to command an army than to write its history.

If a true history of any of our battles is ever written, it can only be after the writer shall have examined and consulted the reports of commanders of regiments, brigades and divisions, but more particularly the first named. The reports of regimental commanders give the detail; they state where was success or defeat; what were the casualties, and give particulars which can be found nowhere else, and from which an intelligent and true account of the battle can be compiled. They not only give all the details, but they must also almost invariably state the precise facts, for they are reporting to their superior officers, where falsehood can at once be detected and where it will not be allowed. With the advance in rank there is less accurate knowledge of the facts, and usually, I am satisfied, there is more latitude in the statement of them, made to effect some personal end, or the advancement of some favorite, or of one's self.

NIGHT OF JANUARY 1ST, 1863.

In the evening our battery and others were advanced in front of our lines, our own being placed in front of a small clump of trees, just west of the railroad, and my regiment moved from its position in rear of our battery to one directly in its front, so as to prevent the guns being taken in the night by surprise. Our outposts and pickets were thrown forward and every precaution taken to insure that my command would be ready for action at a moment's notice, after which we lay down on our arms to get what rest we could. Some of my men found a large piece of canvass, a wagon cover I think, which they brought to me, and as many of us as could crawled under it, so that outside of the four sides were four lines of heads, the bodies being covered with canvass, and all pointing towards the centre. This covering was very acceptable, as we had been two nights without any, and although we were from the "frozen north," yet we did not find it over comfortable to sleep on the ground in the open air in the month of January, even in the balmy clime of Tennessee. Before daylight, on the 2d of January, we moved to the rear of our artilley, and rested on our arms ready to support it when necessary.

The confederates had in the night brought up three batteries of artillery, eighteen guns, and placed them point blank at a distance of about eighty rods from and immediately in front of our position, which was protected by our own battery and two others, giving us at this point the same number of guns (eighteen) as the enemy.

THE FIFTH DAY.

Friday, January 2d, 1863.—In the morning, after some preliminary skirmishing, the ball opened and these thirty-six pieces of artillery were loaded and discharged as rapidly as possible, so that it was one continuous and deafening roar of cannon. My regiment was in the open ground immediately in rear of Capt. Bradley's battery, behind us being quite a little elevation of cleared ground, and the ground in our front also rising gradually to the point where the batteries were placed, so that we were in a slight hollow as it were.

When the cannonade commenced the men were ordered to lay down on their arms, and in this trying position they were obliged to remain for an hour or more, while the balls and shells were flying not only over and around them, but into their ranks, killing and wounding their comrades, and scattering their blood, brains and limbs over the survivors in every direction.

This, in my opinion, was the most trying ordeal through which my regiment passed while under my command, and was the severest test of its courage and discipline which it could undergo. When the men were actually engaged in the conflict, there was an excitement and necessity for exertion, which of themselves took away all thought of personal danger, or of self at all, but here, perfectly inactive, with the flash and the roar of artillery, and the ceaseless tearing of the balls over and through their ranks, or in the ground immediately around them; the shrieking and bursting of shells, taken altogether, was a more trying test of all the qualities which go to make up a good soldier than any other which it has been my fortune to witness. My regiment went through that trial without flinching, though one out of every eighteen of the little band I had remaining after the fight of Wednesday was either killed or wounded while thus lying in their ranks, and this is a large proportion of casualties for any artillery fight.

When the batteries commenced firing, all the mounted officers sent their horses to the rear. This we did to protect them from the fire which was concentrated upon our position. I was immediately in front of my regiment from first to last, and between it and the batteries, part of the time lying down and part of the time moving in front of my men. While lying down a cannon ball passed over me and struck the ground so near my feet that it would have hit me had I been sitting or standing, and this narrative would never have been written. Col. Harker was lying by my side at the time. The shower of balls and shells was so incessant that it was one continued whiz and whir of solid balls or explosion of shells. I shall never forget a comparison or figure that presented itself to my mind as I was watching the cannon balls strike the ground near my regment, then ricochetting and bounding away over the eminence, disappear in the distance. I had often watched a locomotive engine drawing a long train of cars on the Michigan Central railroad, and regarded it as one of the best representatives of force that I had ever seen or could imagine, and now, on the battle field of Murfreesboro, seeing the cannon balls flying through the air, tearing up the ground and moving out of sight with apparently little or no diminution of force, the figure of the locomotive engine presented itself to my mind, and I could not but draw a comparison between the two, as I then did, so unfavorable to the latter as to lead me to say to myself that hereafter it would not be with me the first and leading representative of force.

This artillery duel continued for over an hour, and was the closest, heaviest and most hotly contested of any artillery fight during the battle. The ground in front and rear of my regiment was literally ploughed with cannon balls. Just before the close of the fight, one of our batteries, said to have been the "Board of Trade Battery of Chicago," retreated out of line and took position in rear of our right, from whence they by mistake or for a less excusable reason, opened fire on my regiment and the battery of Capt. Bradley. I immediately moved my regiment to the left and across the railroad, so as to be out of range of this fire in the rear. Capt. Bradley was very indignant, and said to me that he should prefer charges against the commander of the offending battery, but if he ever did so they were suppressed for the good of the service. About the time that I moved my regiment the confederate batteries finding that they could not drive us from our position, and were suffering as much damage as they inflicted, ceased firing and withdrew.

The same tactics which came so near being a success on Wednesday in the attack on our right wing, was on this day (Friday) again put in practice against our left wing. Immediately after noon that portion of the left wing which was across Stone river was attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy and driven back some distance, some of them even across the river in considerable disorder, and but for the foresight and ability of Gen. Crittenden the left wing might on this day have fared as badly as did the right wing on Wednesday. Gen. Crittenden had stationed his batteries on the north or west side of the river so as to completely command the opposite bank, and enfilade any force advancing down the river. When our troops were forced back and the confederates came within range they were met at once with so crushing and deadly a fire that their advance was checked. Gen. Crittenden had also, as soon as the force and effect of the attack was realized, dispatched reinforcements so that in a short time the advance of the enemy was not only checked, but the ground lost regained and held until the final close of the battle.

When the fight across the river was the hottest, orders came for our brigade to march at once to the rescue. Since the close of the artillery duel the horses of our mounted officers had not come from the rear, where they had been sent to avoid the cannon balls and shells. We now sent for them, but they could not be found. The fire had been too hot for our attendants, and they had gone to such a safe distance that our messenger could not find them, and we were all obliged to march on foot with our commands. This involved the fording of Stone river, which all alike were obliged to wade through, and we found it no desirable undertaking on a raw January day. The water was not above our knees and we at that time thought but little of it, so much were our minds engrossed with the stirring events of the day. When we arrived on the ground the enemy had retreated and the firing nearly ceased. We were stationed in a corn-field, where we bivouacked for the night, and in the meantime our attendants came up with our horses after having some difficulty in finding us when they returned to where they had left us. I was very glad to see them, as all of my scanty supplies were strapped to my saddle.

NIGHT OF JANUARY 2D, 1863.

Soon after dark the rain commenced to fall and continued to pour down heavily all night. The ground on which we were located—a cultivated corn-field—was one mass of mud. I had two rubber sheets strapped to my saddle, one of which I spread on the ground and with the other over me I laid down, "accoutered as I was," regardless of the mud, the rain, and of the report of the guns, great and small, of which there was more or less all night. During the night our troops were engaged throwing up breastworks, each regiment working two hours, and then relieved by another. When my regiment was called for, Lieut. White, who was acting as adjutant, said to me, "Colonel, don't get up; I can take out the regiment and superintend this work; you are very much fatigued and can be of no service, as it is merely labor that is wanted—lie still and you will be better prepared for service to-morrow." I felt that he was right, and that I would better perform my duty by following his suggestion than I would to get up and go with the regiment on fatigue duty, working in the intrenchments. There is a limit to human endurance, and I began to feel that so far as I was concerned, unless I took care not to expose myself unnecessarily, I should soon reach it, and I concluded it would be better for the service and for myself if I should remain where I was. I accordingly did so, though the degree of comfort with which I rested may be inferred from the fact that when I got up in the morning and pulled up the rubber sheet on which I had been lying there was an indentation in the mud made by my body of about one-third of its depth, and this immediately filled with water. Such were many of the "comforts" of the life of a soldier, and of which those who have had no experience can form but little if any correct idea.

THE SIXTH DAY.

Saturday, January 3d, 1863.—On Saturday, it rained nearly all day. We moved out of the mud, but remained on the Murfreesboro side of the river. There was no close or heavy fighting, but sharpshooting, skirmishing and artillery practice all along the line. From our batteries we shelled their lines, and it was evident that Gen. Rosecrans was making arrangements for a general advance as soon as the weather would clear off enough to enable troops to move. This, however, it did not do during the entire day on Saturday. Up to this time, though we had marched from Nashville in pursuit of the confederates for the purpose of forcing a battle, and had brought them to a stand at Murfreesboro, yet so far, in the actual fighting, we had up to this time invariably fought on the defensive. To this there was on no day and at no time an exception. Our army, as an army, had not since Monday night made an offensive movement. The confederates had taken the initiative on Tuesday morning and had followed it up so well as always to act on the offensive, and keep our army on the defensive. In my judgment Gen. Bragg had, up to this time, displayed decidedly the best generalship. His army every day had been directed for a purpose, which became apparent to us only when the attack was made. Our losses in men, cannon, provisions, and in all warlike material, was greater than theirs, and I am unable to understand why Gen. Bragg abandoned the field and retreated south across the Tennessee river with his army instead of renewing his tactics by again concentrating his forces and attacking some part of our line, or of acting on the defensive and awaiting the issue of an attack by our army. In doing so he, in my opinion, made a great mistake, and left not only the prestige but the fruits of victory with Gen. Rosecrans and our army, while he could not claim that his army had been so badly defeated as to make such a movement necessary. It was this error of the confederates, as well as the courage and tenacity with which our forces held their position, and the tactics of Gen. Rosecrans, which gave us the final triumph. After dark on Saturday night there was heavy musketry firing across the river and apparently in the centre, but there was no attack from either side and no engagement.

Sunday, January 4th, 1863.—On Sunday morning the rumor came from all quarters that the confederates had abandoned the field of battle, evacuated Murfreesboro, and were in full retreat south towards the Tennessee river. This we soon found to be true, and our forces occupied the town some time in the forenoon. Our brigade crossed the river and were taken to more comfortable grounds, where we bivouacked and were given an opportunity to take the rest that all, officers and men, so much needed: and where, for the first time since the Sunday preceding, they were allowed to build fires and supplied with food sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

The feelings of the men are best exemplified by the expression of one of them as we were marching by the right flank on to the grounds on which we were to bivouac. He exclaimed, so loud that I heard him, and the words came as from the bottom of his heart: "*Thank the good God, here are plenty of rails!*" meaning that they indicated good fires, warmth and some degree of comfort. I was more affected by the hearing of this cry than by any incident of the battle, and the tears came into my eyes. To understand the full force of what was said it must be remembered that this was in mid-winter, in January, and that not a man of my regiment had been near a fire since the previous Sunday, except a few officers a short time on Wednesday night, and in the mean time there had been heavy rains two nights and all of one day. In addition to this, rations were necessarily served so irregularly, when at all, that we were hungry most of the time. We did not get in any one day more than would suffice for one good meal. We were always in the front, and it is no exaggeration to say that there was no hour of daylight from Monday afternoon when we crossed the river until Saturday night that we could not hear the bullets whistle. That the battle was well fought, and was one of the most sanguinary on record is proven by the proportion of casualties. According to the official report of Gen. Rosecrans he went into the fight with 43,400 men, and of these 8,778, or over twenty per cent. of his entire force, were killed or wounded, while the comparative loss of the left wing, of which my regiment was part, was twenty-four and a half per cent., or almost one-fourth of the whole. In my regiment we had killed and wounded thirty-nine and three-fourths per cent. of our whole number, being within a fraction of double the proportion of the casualties sustained by our army as an entirety. This great loss in my regiment proves the fierceness of the conflict, and the courage and determination with which we held our ground on Wednesday, the

31st of December, when most of this great loss occurred. At the close of the fight, on Sunday morning, at roll call every man of my regiment was accounted for; there was not one man "missing." All who had left Nashville were "present," dead, or wounded and in the hospital. There were but few, if any, regiments in the whole army with so clean a record.

THE HOSPITALS.

After I had seen my men supplied with rations, and made as comfortable as they could be without tents, I went to the hospitals, to look after the wounded officers and men of my regiment.

I cannot describe the scenes I saw there or the impression made upon my mind by them, but I hope I may never be called upon to look on the like again. Stretched on each side of each of the doors of the main building were several dead bodies awaiting burial. Inside of this hospital, a large, abandoned brick house taken for that purpose, every room of which was filled with the dead, the wounded, and the dying, the odor, for want of proper ventilation, was simply intolerable. Capt. Webb, who was wounded on Wednesday, was in one of the rooms. I went in to see him, I am not squeamish or nervous, I never fainted in my life, and never before or since was made so sick by any offensive matter as to be in any danger of vomiting, but here, in this hospital, where the wounded officers were obliged to breathe this vitiated atmosphere all of the time, I was so overcome by the stench and became so sick that to avoid vomiting I was obliged to leave the building. Very many of the wounded were in tents, and I have no doubt but they had much better chance for recovery than those in the hospital buildings. Capt. Webb was not thought to be severely wounded. He was hit by a musket ball in the arm. The surgeons decided that it could be saved, and it was not amputated, but instead of saving his arm he lost his life. Owing, I have no doubt, to the impure atmosphere in which he was kept, gangrene set in and he died soon after. There were many wounded to be attended to, and quite a number of volunteer surgeons had come or been sent to the assistance of those attached to the army. Some of these were accused of taking advantage of the situation to perform surgical operations, particularly amputations, when they were not necessary. Certain it is many such were performed either through ignorance or design, and many times the responsibility of such an operation was taken by surgeons who acted with more haste than discretion. I, myself, heard an army surgeon, a medical director, say "the butchery was horrible," that much of it "was so unnecessary as to disgrace the profession," and such was his indignation at what he believed to be the principle, or want of it, governing the action of such surgeons that he said emphatically that "one-half the operators ought to be shot." I have no doubt but many of these operations were very reprehensible, but they were perhaps unavoidable under the circumstances, as the regular army surgeons could not attend to more than a tithe of the wounded. The only cause for surprise is that any surgeon from the loyal states could be so brutal and heartless as to experiment, or perform a surgical operation, without a sufficient reason, on men who were suffering at such a time, in such a cause.

In corroboration of what I have said I give the following extract from the letter of a correspondent of the *Ohio State Journal*:

"MURFREESBORO, January 14, 1863.

"On the morning of January 3d I visited the hospital tents of the eleventh brigade, and although I nerved myself to witness any amount of suffering it made me sick of life, and disgusted with humanity. In close proximity to a large tent I saw nearly a cord of amputated legs, arms, and feet, interspersed with slices of human flesh, lacerated and torn by shells and cannon balls.

"Every few moments men would arrive with a wounded man, and dump him down as if he were a log of wood. Such is war. The finer feelings of human nature are blunted by the frequent occurrence of death and suffering, and if you have no intimate friend or companion who has in former times messed with you, and is pledged to see that you are tenderly taken care of in case of casualty, you will stand a poor chance after a hard fought battle. You, at the north, who have neither seen or felt the realities of a sanguinary war, know nothing about it, neither can you realize it. The surgeons (with few honorable exceptions), the very men who are appointed and paid by the government to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers, become so accustomed to sickness and suffering that they are as hardened and callous as the nether mill stone; no word of condolence or encouragement ever escapes their lips."

After returning from the hospital I wrote my wife, in pencil, as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS 13TH REGIMENT MICHIGAN VOL. INF.
IN CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN., JANUARY 5th, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE:—After being under fire ten successive days we yesterday had a day of rest. We were three times in severe engagements, under a most terrific fire from musketry and cannon, and every day under scattering fire. Nearly half of my men are killed or wounded. In the engagement of the 31st over one-third of my men were hit, and my own escapes have been almost miraculous. I was on horseback on the 31st during the entire engagement, and had the bridle shot off so that the bits fell out of the mouth of the horse. The thirteenth was the only regiment of the brigade that was not driven off the ground, and we recaptured two pieces of cannon which our brigade had lost, and took sixty-eight prisoners The fight was a terrible one, and no regiment has done better, if as well, as mine, * * * * Our position was a most important one, and we maintained it. I send you a copy of my official report. For myself I can only say to you that the hotter the fight the clearer my perceptions were, and the cooler I was. * * * * I am very busy writing reports, looking after the wounded, procuring supplies, etc.

"We have had a good deal of rain and no shelter since I last wrote you, with but little to eat. The hospitals are awful to behold, worse than even the field of battle. You can form no idea either of the one or the other, and God knows I never want you to see either.

"I do not believe we shall have any more fighting here. As Gen. Crittenden said "it was a year's fighting crowded into a week." From Wednesday morning till Saturday night the fighting was incessant. Strange as it may seem, I have no doubt but my regiment saved the army. We were on the extreme right, which the enemy tried to turn, and if they had succeeded they would almost certainly have had our whole army at their mercy. Our brigade was attacked and every regiment but mine was beaten and dispersed, the battery driven back and two pieces of it captured, and nothing between the enemy and the accomplishment of their object but my little regiment. I knew the importance of our position and determined to make the most of it. I saw no superior officer during the fight, and managed the whole thing myself. I must confess we succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, for I verily believe the enemy outnumbered us ten to one. It was wonderful the way my men held themselves under fire. I have seen nothing like it. I was shouting to them all the time, and when we advanced I took off my hat, and swinging it around my head charged with them straight on the enemy, who turned and run, thinking undoubtedly that it was a large body of troops attacking them.

"I am very well, but excessively fatigued, as are all the officers and men. I think the number killed and wounded on both sides larger than in any battle ever before during the war. A lieutenant that we took prisoner told me that my regiment did terrible execution on them as they advanced on us; that they had a great many killed and wounded. Remember me to my friends. I have not heard from you since we left Nashville. We have no mail. Kiss the children.

Affectionately your husband,
M. SHOEMAKER."

FURTHER OF THE BATTLE OF WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1862.

The lapse of time—it is now 1878—reflection, and all the further knowledge I have since been able to obtain, not only confirm the opinion expressed in my narrative as to the important bearing the action of my regiment had upon the battle of Murfreesboro, but render it still more clear to my mind that if we had not made the stand we did, when we did, and as we did, the battle would have been irretrievably lost, and in this I think all unprejudiced minds acquainted with the ground on which the battle was fought and the facts, most of which are shown by the official reports, and as well known to my regiment and to the brigade, will agree with me.

In corroboration of my views, I give the following extract from the Nashville Union, Tennessee, which was copied into one of the Jackson papers, or I would not have known that it had been published:

"The bravery of the thirteenth regiment, and the gallant conduct of its commander, Col. Shoemaker, at the battle of Murfreesboro is universally applauded. The Nashville Union, of the 1st inst., thus compliments the regiment and its commander:

"A BAND OF HEROES."

"The smoke and excitement of the late bloody but victorious battle of Stone river has passed away, and most of the regiments that distinguished themselves have received their meed of praise from the press. But there is one regiment that deserves more than a passing notice. We refer to the Thirteenth Michigan Infantry, belonging to Col. Harker's brigade, Wood's division.

"Col. Harker was ordered with his brigade from the left wing to support the right, and arrived in time to render efficient aid in checking the further progress of the rebel horde that had so suddenly been precipitated against McCook. The brigade was at once brought into action, the thirteenth Michigan being one of the regiments held in reserve. The overwhelming force of the enemy brought against the advance line drove them steadily back, when two guns belonging to the sixth Ohio battery were captured by the enemy. But they did not hold them long, as the thirteenth, which occupied a little cedar grove, were speedily formed and rushed upon the enemy, yelling like hyenas, charged them, drove them from their position, retook the lost pieces of artillery and over sixty prisoners. In the gallant charge the regiment lost about one-third of their active number engaged, but drove back a force outnumbering them at least ten to one. Great praise is justly due to this regiment for its unparalleled gallantry, both officers and men, who are said to have fought like heroes during the day, and when night came and the roll was called every man was 'accounted for.' They were either dead, wounded, or in the ranks; there were no stragglers from this regiment. The commander of the regiment, Col. Shoemaker, is highly spoken of, not only for his bravery in leading his men to this gallant charge, but for the judgment and ability he displayed in the management of his men during the battle. Truly, the state of Michigan has reason to be proud of the troops she has sent to defend the government and the Union."

For the better understanding of all the causes which contributed to our success I will add, that both officers and men who were taken prisoners by us stated to me that when they halted on the line of battle of my regiment, the confederates gathered together in groups to examine the dead and wounded and to brake up the muskets on the ground. At this time the officers talked of the danger of an ambush, and that idea became prevalent in their ranks, so that when we charged down upon them through the cedar thicket, (their ardor having been dampened by the determined resistance which we had made), *they were prepared to be surprised*, and in reality fled without waiting to see our numbers or make any fight at all. Had the confederates not have halted—and they ought not to have done so until they encountered an opposing force—I would not have had time or opportunity to rally and form my regiment, and they would have encountered no opposition which they could not, with their numbers, have overcome without difficulty, and the flank of Gen. Rosecrans' army would have been turned. After this had been done it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have saved our army from annihilation.

It was audacious for us to act as we did, but it was in that very audacity that the germ of success was contained, for had we advanced quietly and in regular order, we would most undoubtedly have been repulsed. Our success was owing to a number of fortunate circumstances; but this does not in the least detract from the merit of our success, for it is by taking advantage of just such circumstances that the fate of most battles is decided. We did not wait to see what the confederates were going to do when we found they had halted and were hesitating, but charged them with such ardor and noise that we at once turned their hesitation and disorder into defeat.

> "Out of this nettle of danger we pluck the flower, safety."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

On the night of the 5th of January it rained from dusk until morning. We remained on the same ground until the 7th, when we crossed Stone river, marched through Murfreesboro and bivouacked on the Bradyville pike. On the 9th I visited Col. Bradley, of the fifty-first Illinois. That night it rained again all night, and we were still without tents or covering of any kind to protect ourselves from these cold January storms. On the 10th I went in command of my own regiment and the sixty-fifth Ohio for forage. We filled all our wagons, but were out all day in the rain. On the 13th I was visited by Dr. A. W. Bowen, father of Capt. Bowen, of the one-hundredth Illinois Infantry, and Franklin Mitchell, father of Lieut. Mitchell, of the same regiment, who was killed on Wednesday, both of Wilmington, Illinois, and O. W. Stillman, of Joliet, Ill.

The second and third brigades went out to-day (the 13th) southward, on an expedition, the object of which, so far as I could judge, was to see if there was any force of the enemy in that direction. Though absent three days, we found no opposing force in arms.

On the 14th it rained in the afternoon and all night, so that on the morning of the 15th our camping ground was entirely under water.

The two brigades (2d and 3d) returned on the 15th from the expedition on which they started on the 13th. We had rain, sleet, snow and hail nearly all day, so that on the 16th our grounds were covered with slush. On Sunday, the 17th, our quarters being almost entirely under water and altogether uncomfortable, we moved to the Manchester pike, and our transportation came up the same day with our tents and supplies. We were now for the first time since Sunday, the 28th of December, enabled to make ourselves in some degree comfortable and have our regular supplies and rations. For just three weeks, in the heart of winter, with frequent and severe storms, we, in common with most of the army of the Cumberland, had been without tents or shelter of any kind, and most of the time with but a very scant supply of provisions, yet this, with all the discomfort and suffering attending our privations, was borne without a murmur, though I must say we were very thankful when our extraordinary trials were at an end, and we had to bear only those attendant usually upon an army in the field, which of themselves are such as none but those who have endured them are inclined to believe.

The active campaign was now closed, and the army, instead of following Gen. Bragg and pressing our advantage by preventing him from recruiting his now demoralized forces, was for months thereafter engaged in building the fortifications at Murfreesboro (which was made the strongest place in the west), but which were so extended that they would require an army to defend them, and in my opinion were never worth a tithe of the money expended upon them.

I think it proper to add, in explanation of the details of this narrative, that I have for many years kept a diary. I was able to do this while in the army, and this has enabled me to refresh my memory as to many incidents of the war. I can by reference to my diaries tell where I have been on any given day for over thirty years.

My letters to my wife were written with a pencil. I took advantage of every oppportunity to write home, and frequently did so every day. At this time I had no thought but of consolation to my family in my absence. On my return I found most of them had been preserved, and as they always stated where we were and what we were doing, they, with my diary, gave quite a detailed history of the movements of the army of the Cumberland while I was in it.

ERRATA.

The Committee of Historians knowing the necessity, in historical papers, of correctness of statements, and names of persons and places, have been careful in preparing the matter for the volumes of the "Pioneer Collections," to see that the volumes should be as free from errors as circumstances would permit. To this end every paper contained in the two volumes now published was carefully examined, and many of them copied before being placed in the hands of the printer. Notwithstanding all the care bestowed upon the work, undoubtedly some errors will be found in the volumes, many of which will be found to be the fault of the writers of the manuscripts, and not the fault of the committee, or the printer or the proof reader. Nearly all the errors that have been noticed are of this character. When too late to be corrected in the body of the book, the following errors were noticed:

Page 273, line 22 from top, for Wilcoxnan read Wilcoxson.
Page 284, line 25 from top, for Track read Trask.
Page 289, in the last line, after the word Thompson insert the words "the west."
Page 296, line 12 from the bottom, for Mickam read Wickam.
Page 300, lines 24 and 25 from the top, for Lammons read Sammons.
Page 309, line 34 from the top, for Elemis read Linus.
Page 309, in the last line, for Brackman read Blackman.
Page 310, line 10 from the top, for DeRand read DeLand.
Page 314, line 26 from the top, for Portia read Porter.
Page 317, line 6 from the bottom, for Beber read Beebe.
Page 324, line 8 from the top, for B. L. Carlton read B. D. Carlton.
Page 325, line 18 from the bottom, for Norvell read Morrell.
Page 328, line 3 from the bottom, for 1840 read 1850.
Page 329, line 6 from the bottom, for George T. Gardner read George F. Gardner.
Page 330, line 26 from the top, fill blank with 7.
Page 331, line 25 from the top, fill blank with 1863-4-5 and 6.
Page 331, line 29, for active read acting.
Page 333, line —, first letter R instead of K.
Page 336, line 9 from the top, for William R. Gibson read William K. Gibson.
Page 336, line 24 from the top, for Charles K. Knickerbocker read Charles R. Knickerbocker.
Page 337, line 4 from the bottom, for 1858 read 1848.
Page 340, for Penney read Pinney.
Page 341, line 19 from the top, for Charles K. read Charles R.
Page 350, line 3, for Alma read Anna.

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